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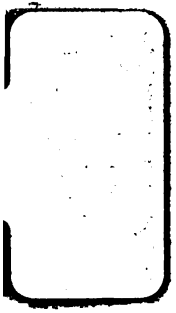

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THE Sporting Magazine; OR MONTHLY CALENDAR of the TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF THE CHACE

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 20.

LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR and Sold by J. WHEBLE

No. 18 Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Pauls.

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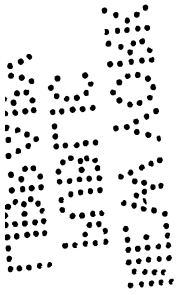

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For APRIL, 1802.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving, from the Design of Mr. TOMSON, by Mr. SCOTT, of CINNAMON, late NO SPICE; and an Etching of DEAD GAME, by Mr. HOWITT.]

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

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W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS,

Want of room, and a press of temporary matter, renders it necessary to apologise to several of our Correspondents this month, for the omission of their Favours.

DEATH OF WILLIAM CRANE, THE HUNTSMAN.—A few days since died suddenly, in the 81st year of his age, William Crane, of Rivenhall, Essex, many years Huntsman to Colonel Bullock.——P. S. This celebrated Huntsman, honest Will Crane, is mentioned in our last Magazine, page 306.—We expect to be favoured with a Portrait of him, and, if obtained, an Engraving from it shall be given in some future Number.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL, 1802.

CINNAMON, LATE NO SPICE.

[An Engraving from the Drawing of Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.]

THIS Horse, the property of the Honourable Lumley Saville, was got by Coriander. He won the King's Plate, of One Hundred Guineas, at Nottingham, on the 11th of August, 1801; next day he was second to Sir Solomon, for the Gold Cup, at the same races.

Hyale, of which filley we have already given a portrait, broke down when running with the above for the Cup. Sir Solomon, the winner, Cinnamon, and Hyale, the best three of the field.

THE SPORTSMAN.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IT can by no means be unknown to you, whose peculiar province it is, that the appellation of "SPORTSMAN" has, for time immemorial, been considered characteristic of strict honour, true courage, unbounded hospitality, and unsullied integrity; but in the present age we are so overrun with the prevalence of fashion, and what may be truly termed an assumption of character, that those only who analyse human nature by its most unerring criterion, can distinguish between the genuine old English stock and its spurious or illegitimate offspring. Formerly, the character of the Sportsman, like the Constitution, by which his person and his pleasures were protected, was equally unsullied, equally understood, and equally respected; but the caprice of fashion, and the ravages of time, have evidently been as productive of mutilation to one, as of depredation upon the others.

The Constitution of this Country, it cannot be denied, has, within half a century, undergone a variety of *trimming* from the different *pruning* knives of successive administrations, as may best have suited the prospects, gratified the pride, indulged the pique, or supplied the wants of those personally concerned in so hazardous a speculation. Great and unexpected, however, as those changes have

been, they have not, in the eye of the experienced observer, contributed more to the face of novelty, or constituted a greater contrast, than has been produced by whim, fashion, caprice, and luxury, between the sportsman of a former period, and of the present day. It is but a few years since, the appellation was truly idiomatic, and generally known to imply a man of the most open-hearted liberality; what kind of character it is now meant to convey an adequate idea of, it is certainly difficult to ascertain; the original having been, by various crosses, and different degrees of contamination, almost obscured in the collateral ramifications of consanguinity. We have now (though the first are but very thinly scattered) the old and only true-bred rustic sportsman; the affected ditto; the effeminate ditto; the polished ditto; the brutal ditto; the City ditto; and, "though last not least," the sportswoman, and the sporting lady; of all which, with your permission, I shall, through the channel of your entertaining miscellany, present your readers with a progressive, chaste, candid, and unembellished description.

The sportsman, upon whose qualifications I mean first to expatiate, is the character superior to all the powers of declamation; he is the very man upon whom "nature has lavished her choicest gifts," without standing in need of the least interposition from art. Born heir to the possession of his father's moderate property, he not only early discovered its utility, but rated its value too highly in estimation, to let it become the instrument of either mental or bodily prostitution. Generated in the prime and high health of his predecessors, his manly form and open countenance display no distinguishing trait of a fashionable and distorted imbecility, but evidently presents the unblushing aspect of a constitutional stamen, uncorrupted by the mercurial particles of a more refined education. Content with the common advantages of a plain classical education, it was not thought necessary by his prudent, but unfashionable parents, that he should pass the fiery ordeal of either University, where it was (from daily observation) to be feared, he might imbibe notions of dishonour, more than adequate to the degrees of dignity to be acquired at seminaries of so much celebrity.

Without further prelude, the Sportsman, whose distinguishing traits are held out as worthy of imitation, is the true old English Country Esquire, who, uncontaminated by the curse of insatiate ambition, is only happy himself in the happiness of his domestic dependents; the corresponding smiles of his tenants, who surround his mansion, and the hospitable association with his numerous neighbouring friends. His hounds are kept from an instinctive attachment to the sport itself, as well as to continue the respectable and enlivening establishment of his ancestors, and not from the least desire of having his name blazoned forth in every part of the county, for keeping what he has neither property to support, or spirit to enjoy.

Personally frugal, (amidst the most unsullied hospitality) his mind is never disquieted by the pecuniary solicitations of people in trade; who are invariably prevented, by his strict punctuality, from becoming a single application in arrear. The guardian of his own honour, he never suffers it to become degraded by the unprincipled pride of a subordinate, under the

appellation of Steward; or to be prostituted by the unqualified denial of a menial servant, bedaubed with lace, under the denomination of footman. Innately philanthropic, he is truly easy of access, and never countenances false consequence in one department, or impertinence in another; by a persevering adherence to which system, his rustic mansion is a scene of universal tranquillity, not a tradesman, but esteems him as a benefactor; not a servant, but looks up to him as his best friend. The pleasures of the field he extensively and judiciously engages in with all the fervency of a well-informed and experienced sportsman, but by no means with all the unqualified enthusiasm, and fashionable indiscretion of a determined devotee; capable of distinguishing between the use and the abuse of what is evidently and benignantly placed before him, as an excitement to exhilerating action, and indispensibly necessary to the promotion of health, he enters into all its spirit, avails himself of all its import, not more as a personal gratification (in respect to sport) than as a mental perusal of one of nature's many volumes, displaying to the ruminative and expansive comprehension, the applicable and coinciding speed and strength of the horse; the instinctive impulse, invincible ardour, and corresponding perseverance of the hound; the various shifts and evasions of the game; and, lastly, the firm and manly fortitude of those who join and surround him in the chase; for it cannot but be known, and will be freely admitted, that so congenial are the feelings, and so sympathetic the liberality of sportsmen in general, that few friendships are better founded, none more disinterested, few more permanent, none more sincere.

Having given you the outlines of what I conceive to be the most prominent features of a Sportsman in the old-fashioned sense of the word, if they should lay claim to your approbation, you may expect an unexaggerated delineation of the remaining *pseudo* characters in your future Numbers, from the leisure hours of your constant reader,

April 15, 1802. T. W.

NEWMARKET.

Abstract of the Sport this month, at Newmarket.—Particulars will appear in our next, when the Racing Calendar for the season will commence.

AT the Craven Meeting, Newmarket, Monday, April 19, the Craven Stakes, a Subscription of 10gs each, across the Flat, was won by Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, beating Mr. Moorhouse's Lucan, and six others.—Lord Sackville's Tag, beat Sir H. T. Vane's Rolla, across the Flat, 1000gs.—Mr. F. Neale's Hippona, beat Mr. Whaley's Bonaparte, 100gs.—Mr. Dawson's Quiz, beat Mr. Payne's c. by Toby, across the Flat, 100gs.

Tuesday, the First Class of the Oatland Stakes of 50gs each, was won by Mr. Lord's Lignum Vitæ, beating Mr. Whaley's Wilkes, and another.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for colts and fillies then rising 3 yrs old, was won by the D. of Grafton's b. c. by Pot8o's, beating Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Julia, and another.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, was won by Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Pippeline, beating Sir H. Williamson's c. by Sir Peter.—Mr. Payne's Buzzard, beat Mr. Dawson's December, 100gs h. ft.

Wednesday, the Second Class of Oatland Stakes, of 50gs, was won by Lord Sackville's Dick Andrews, beating Mr. Smith's Slapbang,

bang, and six others.—A Subscription Plate of 50*l.* was won by the D. of Grafton's Flambeau, beating Mr. Lord's ch. c. Babylon, and eight others. 5 to 1 against Flambeau.

Thursday, Sweepstakes of 100gs each, was won by Lord Sackville's Warter, beating Sir H. Tempest Vane's Cockfighter, and Mr. F. Neale's Hippona.—7 to 4 agst Warter—5 to 4 agst Cockfighter.

Subscription Plate of 50*l.* (the winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.) was won by Mr. Watson's ch. h. Canterbury, beating Mr. Panton's b. c. Frenchhorn, and three others.—6 to 5 agst Canterbury—5 to 2 agst French-horn. —— Mr. Whaley's Tuneful, beat Mr. Heming's brother to Sir Sidney, 50gs.—D. of St. Alban's Mittimus, beat Sir H. T. Vane's Bagman, 50gs.

The races at Newmarket were this season very numerously attended. The only absentees of note were the Duke of Queensberry and Lord Clermont.—Mr. Heathcote met with a most serious accident during the race between Tag and Rolla; numbers riding to be up at the winning post on the horses coming in, a countryman and his horse fell; Mr. Heathcote was close behind; his horse fell over the other, and broke its neck, Mr. Heathcote was thrown, and taken up apparently lifeless, as several fell over him; though severely crushed, we are happy to hear that he is in a state of recovery.

Sporting Subjects, by Mr. Marshall.

THE Sporting Pencil of Marshall is making rapid strides to pre-eminence. The favourite Roan of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the excellent Portrait of Tom Oldaker (mounted upon the Hon. Mr. Lamb's mare) with the leading couple of the Berkeley fox-hounds; and Mr. Mellish, upon a favourite hunter, getting forward with three couple of the fleetest hounds of the Enfield pack, are among the recent productions of this ingenious artist. Few of them, we fear, will grace the Royal Academy this season, Mr. M. like many others, not having the best confidence in the *hanging* committee.

A Sussex Fox Chase.

A Bag-fox was turned out, on the Downs, near Bair Lake, on Wednesday, the 2d instant, before the Buckingham hounds, belonging to H. Bridger, Esq. The morning was extremely clear and fine, and Reynard went off in a capital stile, crossing White-Lot Bottom, and then away towards Beden Chalk Pits, where the deep-toned pack being hard at his brush, he boldly took to the river, the hounds pursuing him through the water. The horsemen, who were numerous and respectable, now divided, and crossed the Ader, by the bridges of Old Shoreham and Beden. The fox, by this time pressed hard by the hounds, had reached Applesom, and was turning off for the furze field, which he soon after crossed, making frequent attempts to earth; but the holes having been previously stopped, his attempts were fruitless. Baffled in his designs, he seemed to acquire fresh vigour, and made briskly for Lion's Bank; but, being headed by a shepherd, he turned off, and inclined towards Chankbury Ring, and from thence to Steyning Holt, where, being again headed, he pushed for Bramber Castle; but his strength failing, he could not accomplish

accomplish his purpose. The dogs ran into him, after an uncommonly severe chase of three hours, and had nearly devoured him, "life still panting in each churned mouthful," ere H. Bridger, Esq. could possess himself of the honour of the brush, who, with Mr. John Attree, were the only persons in at the death.

ANOTHER SUSSEX FOX CHASE.

A Bag Fox was turned out near Mr. Saxby's barn, before the Brookside hounds, on Thursday, the 8th instant, which, for hard running and determined speed, by far exceeded any chase the season has produced. The weather being favourable, upwards of sixty horsemen took the field by eleven o'clock; when the Fox went off in a capital stile, taking a northern direction for better than a mile; then turning to the left, he crossed the hills of Newmarket and Basden, and made away for Rottingdean, where, the hounds being hard at his brush, he, quickening his pace, descended Rottingdean Gap, and turning to the right, ran nearly three miles on the beach. Reaching Greenway Gap, he re-ascended the cliff, and made away for Mr. Kemp's plantation at Ovendean; which finding too bare of cover, and being closely pressed, he took through Mr. Trill's furze field, crossed to Whitehawk-hill, passing the signal-house, and then on for Bevendean bottom, where, being headed by a shepherd's dog, he pushed for Mr. Poole's plantation, at Hodshrove, and from thence to Lord Pelham's, at Stanmer, where he continued until the hounds came up. Having by this respite recovered his fleeting strength, he neatly threadled the cover, and again set off in a gallant stile, passing through the village of Falmer to Crandean Hedges, and then on to Kingston Comb. Many of the horses were by this time knocked up; whilst others, of better bottom, dashed forward, regardless of danger and difficulties. From Kingston Comb, the Fox took the whole length of Kingston-hill, crossed by Kingston, and then made away for Telscomb, where, being headed, he turned to the left for Southease. Most of the remaining horses, that were enabled until this time to keep the field, now divided, and crossed the Ouse by the bridges of Southease and Lewes, not doubting but Reynard would take to the water. In this conjecture, however, they were deceived, for, having crossed the brook to the river side, he kept close to the dams, and at length entered the osier-plot belonging to Mr. Spence, where, being quite exhausted, the hounds ran into, and killed him, after a most gallant chase of nearly four hours. Mr. H. Newnham, of Newtimber, who kept up with the hounds during the whole of the chase, was the only person in at the death, and possessed himself of the well-earned honour of the brush.

KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

SATURDAY, the 3d inst. a stag was turned out, before his Majesty's hounds, on Iver Heath, from whence it bent its course to Ruslip, where, being hard pressed, it made a desperate attack on the horsemen, particularly a Mr. W. of Uxbridge, butting the flanks of his horse, with a ferocity never before witnessed in any of the species, to the terror of the rider, whom

whom it chased for near a mile, affording great amusement to the spectators, who enjoyed, with repeated peals of laughter, Nimrod's distress; while he, giving his able horse the head, never ventured to look behind him, till after the stag had been headed, and turned by the hounds; nor did he perfectly recover his recollection before the chase was ended. The incident being narrated by the sportsmen, on their return home, the dangerous situation and fortunate escape of *My Lord W.* now forms a theme of admiration for all the *fair prattlers* in the vicinity of Uxbridge.

Hertfordshire Fox-hunting.

ABOUT the end of last month, Mr. Calvert's fox-hounds unkennelled a fox in the neighbourhood of Haddam, when, after a burst of two hours, they were close at his brush. Poor Reynard, finding his strength nearly exhausted, took shelter, in a dell or pit, on Kiln farm, where he earthed, when the hounds rushed on with great impetuosity; three couples of the headmost dogs were precipitated into a well forty feet deep, two couples of which were killed on the spot, and the others much bruised. The rest of the pack would have shared the same fate, had it not been for the exertions of the huntsman's assistant, who saved them at the risk of his life.

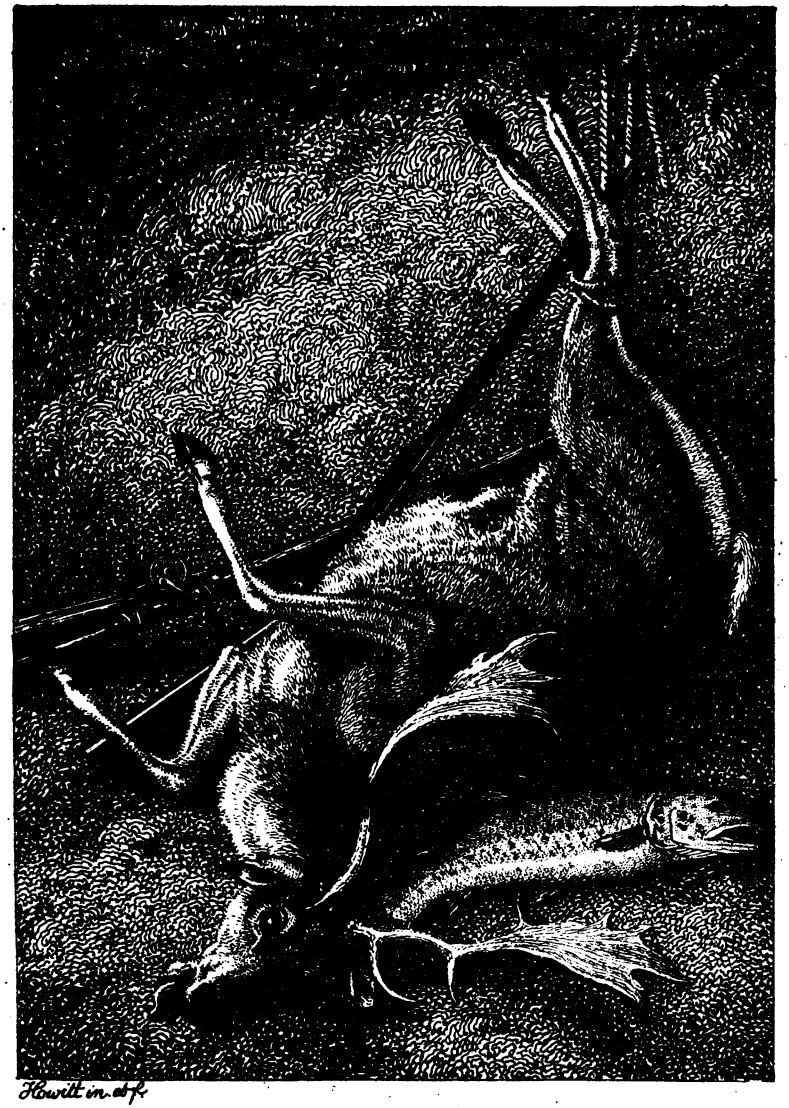
Shaw's Time-Matca.

ON Tuesday morning, the 20th instant, at five o'clock, Mr. Shaw set off from Barton, on his famous time-match, to ride to London, being one hundred and seventy-two miles, which he was engaged to do in twelve hours. The first horse he rode tired with him at Brigg; a Mr. Young, of that place, immediately supplied him with another, which took him four miles to Redbourne, his first intended stage. His next stages were, Spital, six miles; Lincoln, twelve; Ancaster, eighteen; Coulsworth, fourteen; Stamford, fifteen; Stilton, fourteen; Alconbury Hill, eight; Huntingdon, seven; Arrington, sixteen, Buckland, eleven; Ware, thirteen; Waltham Cross, eight, and London, twelve. He performed the whole of the journey on horseback, having changed horses fourteen times. The original wager was for One Hundred Guineas, and bets to a great amount were depending.—Mr. Shaw arrived at the Vine in Bishopsgate-street, London, at thirty-three minutes after three o'clock, seemingly in good health and spirits, being an hour and twenty-seven minutes within the time.—The first eighty-four miles he rode in four hours, and one hundred and twelve miles in six hours; at one stage, the horse intended for him not being ready, he continued his journey six miles further, making twenty-one miles, which he went two minutes within the hour, and leaped over a dog that lay in his way at Godmanchester, upon a grey mare the property of J. Hall, Esq. Mr. Shaw reached Lincoln on Thursday night, on his return home, to Hull. He was attired in an orange-coloured jacket, with hunter's cap, &c.—The statement of his weight (which some of the papers have rated at fifteen stone and a half) is erroneous, as he cannot possibly weigh more than ten stone.

DEAD GAME.—PLATE 2.

[An Etching by Mr. Howitt.]

FACING this page is to be placed the Etching by Mr. Howitt, of Dead Game, plate 2.



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Dead Game, Plate 2.

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PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES.

(*Continued from page of last Vol.* 308.)

REGULUS,

THIS horse, the property of Mr, Martindale, was got by the Godolphin Arabian; his dam was the noted mare, called Grey Robinson, which was got by the Bald Galloway; his grand dam by Old Snake; his great grand dam was the famous mare, called Old Wilks, got by Hautboy, &c, &c.

He ran but one season, in which he won eight Royal Plates, and one of 50gs.

He then became a stallion, and was sire of many capital horses; among which were, Careless, Denmark, Cato, Trajon, Rocket, Adolphus, Apollo, &c. &c.

BOSPHORUS.

THIS famous brown horse, full brother to Cardinal Puff, was got by Old Babraham; his dam by Hampton Court Childers (son of the Devonshire Childers); his grand dam by Old Leeds, out of the Moonah barb mare. Bosphorus, at 3 yrs old, then the property of Lord Chedworth, (who gave 200gs for him) won three 50l. prizes, and the 5 yr old Plate at Newmarket, beating some of the most capital horses of the year. After which, he was sold to Lord Portmore (for 500gs); in whose possession, 1760, he won seven Royal Plates; one of which was at Newmarket, October 2, carrying 12st. beating Belford and Acton.

In 1761, he won a match against Lord Grosvenor's Panglos, for 800gs, and, in the October following, a match against Lord Bolingbroke's Lustre, for 500gs (odds in favour of Lustre).

In 1762, he won 50gs at Guildford, and 50l. at Enfield, beating Bumper and six others; and 50l. at Swaffham, beating Contest, and five others.

In 1763, he won 50l. at Burford, beating Dorrimond, and three others, &c. &c.

After which, he became a stallion, and was sire of Warwickshire Wagg, Young Boss, &c. &c.

SPORTSMAN,

BRED by Mr. Warren, was got by Old Cade, (son of the Godolphin Arabian) out of his famous Silver-tail mare, the dam of Careless, Feather, &c. &c.

He won, 1760, 50l. at Nottingham, beating Darrington, Cade, and three others; and beat Mr. George Juniper, a match at Lichfield. He likewise won the Jockey Club Plate, at Newmarket, beating Bosphorous, and seven others; and the same year he beat Mr. Shafter's Wildair, and Sir James Lowther's Babram, for 60gs each, at Huntingdon, and won several other prizes.

BRILLIANT

WAS bred by Lord Portmore, got by Crab, (a son of the Godolphin Arabian, out of a full sister to Blaze) his dam, by the Godolphin Arabian, was out of Silverlock, a well-bred daughter of the Bald Galloway, &c. &c.

In 1754, July 2, he won the King's Plate, at Ipswich, beating Lord Godolphin's dun colt, Mr. Keck's b. c. Ruby, and Duke Ancaster's g. c. Lizard, 50l. at Huntingdon, and 50gs at Newmarket.

In 1755, he won Two Plates of 50gs at Newmarket, and 50l.; and on the 8th of July, the King's 100gs at Burford, beating Mr. Martindale's Adolphus, and distancing Boreus.

In 1756, April 24, he beat Mr. Panton's gr. h. Pytho, (by Crab) for the 100gs, for 5 yr olds, at Newmarket, 10st. each, &c. &c.

He was afterwards a stallion, and covered several years at 10gs a mare.

SPIDER.

A Ch. horse, was the property of his Grace the Duke of Cumberland. He was got by Cartouch, out of Miss Langley.

At 4 yrs old, 1756, then the property of Lord Portmore, he won a Great Sweepstakes at Huntingdon, and 50l. at Swaffham.

In 1757, then 5 years old, he won the King's 100gs, at Burford, beating Miner, and two others; 50l. at Huntingdon; a Sweepstakes at Bedford, beating Spectator and Myrtle; the King's 100gs at Litchfield, beating Dumplin, Hamilton, and distancing three others; and 50l. at Swaffham.

At 6 yrs old, he received a forfeit of 500gs at Newmarket; and 1758, beat the Duke of Kingston's ch. horse Minor, (by Tartar) aged, over the B. C. for 500gs. He then again became the property of Lord Portmore, and won 50l. at Bedford, &c. &c. &c.

GOLIAH.

HE was foaled in the year 1730; got by Fox, and bred by Mr. Hutchinson.

In 1736, then the property of the Duke of Bolton, (the 18th May) he won his Majesty's Plate of 100gs at Winchester, carrying 12st. each. He also won the Royal Plates at Salisbury, Guildford, York, and Nottingham; and started alone for the King's Plate at Lincoln; and likewise walked over for ditto at Newmarket.

MARC ANTHONY

WAS got by Spectator; his dam (Rachel, the dam of Highflyer, was bred by the Duke of Ancaster) by Blank, his grand dam by Regulus, (which was the dam of Makeless) his great grand dam by Soreheels, &c. &c. This famous horse won twenty-seven times over Newmarket, and received forfeits and compromises to the amount of 2500gs, beating, at different times, Trentham, Firetail, Solon, Mahomet, Chalkstone, Ancastor, Pumpkin, Enterprize, &c. &c.

DENMARK.

HE was bred by Mr. Crofts, of Yorkshire; was got by Regulus, his dam by the Bald Galloway; she was the noted mare, called Grey Robinson; his grand dam by Old Snake, his great grand dam by Hautboy, which was the famous mare, Old Wilks.

In September, 1768, then 4 yrs old, he won 50l. at Richmond, beating Bay Richmond and Kiplin. At 5 yrs old, he won 50l. at Barnet, 50l. at Manchester, 50l. and the Gold Cup of 100gs, at Doncaster; 50l. at Northallerton; and 100gs at Carlisle.

At 6 yrs old, he won 60gs at Newcastle, 100gs and the King's Plate, at Edinburgh, and the Gold Cup at Richmond. When aged, he won 60gs at Newcastle upon Tyne, 50l. at Barnet, and beat the famous horses, Amaranthus, Holybuck, Chatsworth, and two

two others, for the Jockey Club Plate at Newmarket.

YOUNG STARLING,

COMMONLY called the Martindale, or Ancaster Starling: he was bred by John Crofts, Esq. got by Old Starling, his dam by Old Partner, out of the grand dam of Lampton's Miss Doe, which was got by Croft's Bay Barb, her dam by Makeless, her grand dam by Brimmer, her great grand dam by a son of Old Dodsworth, out of a Burton Barb Mare, &c. —Starling won Seven Plates of 50l. Two of 50gs. One of 118l. received a premium of 20gs not to start, Six King's Plates, and a Match of 200gs. against Babraham

He was then sold to the Duke of Ancaster for a stallion.

OBSERVATIONS UPON THE MODERN REFINEMENTS OF COMMON PHRASES,

In Town and Country;

With Proposals for a History of Castration, &c.

OUR Correspondent, whom we have formerly called, our Old Friend, observes, that learning, refinement of expression, delicacy, and elegance of phrases, are now become so prevalent, that they frequently may be heard in country towns and villages, from the mouths of the lower orders in society, as well as from the liberally educated in places of politeness and fashionable resort. As a convincing instance of this remark, he says, 'tis now common to hear, Miss Carter, Miss Wheeler, Miss Anvil, Miss Doubletoll, and other fashionable Misses, say, that Mamma, after perambulating the garden, had stept into the Temple of Cloacina, or, as I was paying my diurnal devotions there, &c.

I know not, Messrs. Editors, what may be your sentiments of such refinements, but for my part, I think they can never be sufficiently admired.

Another striking instance to corroborate the progress of delicacy, and elevation of diction in the country, and amongst the common ranks in society, was lately exhibited over a door in a village, not twenty miles from Colchester, passengers being informed by a board, that *Castration*, &c. was performed by ———

How preferable is this advertisement to John Hart, or Stephen Buck, sow-gelders! What a great and truly admirable stride towards an elevated style! We cannot but admire the peculiar modesty and delicacy, that this notice manifests. Then its learning must surely strike every beholder. 'Tis true, Castration is not a six-feet word, but it may very well pass for four. It must be acknowledged, likewise, that the word is neither musical nor poetical, yet it has something of a classical sound, and its asperity renders it very proper for the organs of an English orator. Behold the translucid stream of learning, elegance, refinement, and sublimity, winding its way to the summit of Parnassus!

Ye sow-gelders all, to my lesson incline,
Mark this rare example, and learn to refine;
In phrase that is elegant, words that are big,
Make it known to the world, that ye castrate a pig.

Now, Pindar, bow your head! Homer and Virgil, fall ye prostrate, for an age of learning is fast

the day. After the toil and trouble of weighing out groceries, &c. it is a relief both to body and mind to discuss those affairs which are carrying on in Cabinets and Parliaments; and during the war, refighting a battle was an *amusement* which sent many a worthy tradesman home exceedingly refreshed, and ready for his pillow; and it was to little purpose that councils were held, and senates assembled, unless their proceedings were thus ratified.

Another use of these clubs, to some worthy people, was by way of relaxation of another kind—a sort of armistice from domestic war; and the reason why some men are of a domestic turn, was often the reason why others are not so, namely, that "they had a wife at home." But I do not insist on this as being a very general case. It may be mere scandal. I am rather inclined to think that these clubs had their rise originally in the blunders of Generals who commanded armies, or of Statesmen who were appointed to govern nations.

But I am running into a panegyric on clubs, when I mean quite another matter. The purport of my letter was to represent to you, that since this time twelvemonth, when a change of ministry took place, and particularly since October, when the news of peace arrived, the great politicians and orators of these clubs are quite at a stand. Such chops and changes, such confusion of in's and out's, such surmises of opposition turned into ministries, and ministries turned into opposition, have nonplussed us all to such a degree, that the president dare scarce venture to call for a toast, or propose any of the accustomed healths, for fear he should be drinking to somebody, that it is no longer worth while to drink to

In our club we used to have a majority, as usual, on the ministerial side, and a small minority on the other. But of late we are all so confounded that we know not what to drink, or where to look for a bumper; and it is but a few nights ago, that a member, formerly in opposition, seized the poker and stirred the fire, although that has been, for the last eighteen years, the inalienable privilege of a Pitt's man.

But what is still worse in this alarming uncertainty, not half the quantity of liquor is drank, and the tobacco-trade falls off amazingly. Indeed no man has any thing to say now which he would wish to back with a bottle, and our friends and favourites being, as a body may say, neither in nor out, neither here nor there, no man offers at the heel of the evening to be his shilling for a fresh bowl; and for some months past, several of our *dryest* members have slunk off when their pint was out, for want of a reasonable excuse for an overtaker. Even the deputy, a famous sitter up, and generally the last to depart, declares—"he will smoke just one pipe," and keeps his word. I have known the time when he would have gone on with "nine corns more" till the clock had struck two. But past are those happy days.

I would have the Chancellor of the Exchequer look at this matter; let him consider what the revenue will suffer, if *butts* remain *entire*: and *tobacco* is no longer called for a second time. Let us know what we are about, who are in, and who are likely to be in, and we will call for the bottle, or mix the punch accordingly; at present the law of bumpers is suspended, and every man fills what he pleases, and will

continue

continue to do so, until he knows what is the toast.

I have taken the liberty, therefore, to suggest these matters to your readers, Gentlemen, and I hope they will attend to them. Already have some landlords given hints that the club may as well sit in the tap-room, and some have gone so far as to illuminate our discussions with *tens* instead of *long sixes*. I am Sir, your humble servant,

DICK DOUBTFUL.

Sub Rosa, Feb. 19, 1802.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF The Two Self-taught VETERINARIANS, OR, WHITWORTH DOCTORS.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS several erroneous accounts have been given in the different newspapers, of the late Mr. John Taylor and family, I send you the following, which, from my personal knowledge of the parties, may be relied upon for its authenticity.

I am yours, &c. L.

TO introduce to you more familiarly the characteristics of this remarkable family, I shall first give you a brief description of the individuals who composed it.—They consisted of the late Mr. John Taylor, so universally known as the *Whitworth Doctor*; Mr. Geo. Taylor, his brother; their two wives; and John and James, the sons of *Old Doctor John*, a title by which the latter was generally distinguished.

Dr. John was a man devoid of education; but nature had befriended him with strong natural abilities, and an acuteness of intellect by no means common. Dr. George had no more learning than his brother, nor had he to boast of more perspicacity than what falls to the lot of most other men. The wives of these two acted as apothecaries, and compounded most of the medicines; and the business was conducted by the brothers on a joint partnership account. Mr. James, who claims a superiority for surgical knowledge and gentlemanly behaviour, usually dressed the wounds of his fellow-creatures; and Mr. John, jun. those of the brute creation; but both under the immediate direction of Old Doctor John.

The father of the two elder branches of this family, was a farrier and a cow-doctor, at Whitworth, near Rochdale, Lancashire, to which profession they were both brought up. In their Veterinary practice they were eminent and respectable; and the possession of several excellent family recipes, and their successful application, soon brought them into that notice which few other parts of this country are so well calculated to produce; and that they well merited the encomiums bestowed on them for their superior skill, in the treatment of several diseases peculiar to the human race, the subsequent facts will leave uncontroverted.

The practice of these brothers was immense. A hogshead of Glauber's Salt was brought in at once; and it would astonish any one to see the wonderful number of gallipots delivered in at a time. They sell salves and medicines, as it were by wholesale, and supply vast numbers of persons who practise in their way. Their salves are prepared in large furnaces. In their shop stand two jars; one contains Green Digestive, and the other White Cerate. These jars will hold at least four gallons each, and from one of which every patient, that is able, spreads his own plaster upon paper, as a substitute for lint.

The

The village of Whitworth may, indeed, be termed an University of Hospitals; almost every house being a receptacle for patients.—Upon an average, the Doctors dress one hundred and forty patients daily; and on Sundays the number to these is most wonderfully increased. But the assertion, in other accounts, of troughs being placed round a room, to receive the blood of the great numbers that are bled at a time, *gratis*, on Sunday mornings, is wholly unfounded.

Every Monday they practised in Rochdale, and the extent of their business in that town almost exceeds comprehension to one who never witnessed it.—Their celebrity is certainly owing to their success in the cure of cancers, wens, fistulas, &c. In these operations a liquid caustic was their surgical knife; and with it they performed wonders. Having been in the constant habit of exercising it as their chief surgical instrument, they use it with that precision and success with which the present regular medical practitioners are unacquainted. With this they extirpated cancers, dispersed callosities, reduced nodes, and eradicated fistulas.

Their fame for the cure of these, and several other obstinate complaints, was very far from being of a local kind; it was expanded, and its voice was heard in every parish in England, and in every province in Europe. I myself saw two patients under their care from North America. I have seen surgeons of our own land who had come there for surgical help in their own cases, which they themselves could not relieve, and they have returned perfectly cured.

The celebrated Dr. Stableton, of Prescot, brought his wife in his own carriage to Whitworth, for the cure of a cancer in the tongue and throat; and in the course of nine months many women left the place cured of cancers in the breast; and five patients cured of cancers in the tongue during the same time can proclaim their merit.

The late Bishop of Durham, brother of Lord Thurlow, received that relief from Mr. J. Taylor which he could not obtain from men of the first medical and scientific knowledge. The Duchess of Queensborough was greatly relieved by the Doctor; and the Princess Elizabeth perfectly cured of a pain in her head which had resisted the efforts of regular practice.

In my own case, you have a striking proof of his skill, or success, call it which you will. Before I was his patient, I became daily worse; he stopped the further devastations in my mouth; had I not been his patient, 'tis probable I should now have numbered with the dead. I do not say he understood the cause of my complaint; he certainly did not. As far as it required surgical skill he was successful: as a physician he was a nothing.

As setters of broken bones, and placers of dislocations, they were extremely skilful. To this part of their knowledge might be attributed no inconsiderable share of their surgical celebrity; and I think, an equal cure to the following is not to be met with in medical annals. It happened, that the owner of a cotton-mill, worked by a powerful stream, was drawn in between the cogs of two wheels, to that degree, as to stop the motion of the whole mill. Never was seen so mangled a body; scarcely a rib that was not dislocated: I saw the poor creature dressed; the doctor wrapt him in what he calls a black salve plaister; after

after that in a sheep skin, with the wool on: he made a perfect cure. In a desperate surgical case, he was the first man in Europe, I sincerely believe.

His brother's wife, Mrs. George, was the chief compounder of medicines; too often did she apportion the drugs by the *rule of thumb*. They made up vast quantities of horse and cow medicines; on these occasions she never used the balance. Nor did she, in other cases, often trouble herself with scales and weights; I have seen her some times attempt it, but never could she make out the weights. It happened, on a Monday, while they were all at Rochdale, except Mrs. John, that a person brought an order for some medicines: in a hurry, a servant was dispatched to my lodgings; I returned with her, in haste; in short, I was requested to read the letter; Mrs. J. could not.

The learned Dr. White, of Manchester, often asked Dr. Taylor, how many he had killed that year? John Taylor always replied, it signifies not how many; I kill them cheaper than you. Yet, Dr. White frequently sent him cancerous patients. I have often heard Mr. John say, in the dialect of his province, to some one of his patients, "Howd, mon, yo mun wheat a bit; yond horse has been comn au lung while; I mun goo toe it; so yo mon stop 'till E dun it!"

His dialogue with a most exalted female personage, *incog.* at the Duchess of Q.'s house; and that with Lord Craven, when sent for to set the thigh bone of a favourite racer, must have been highly diverting, for Dr. John generally used the pronoun 'thou' to his patients of whatever description; for as to any distinction of rank or situation, it never once entered his head. His rough jokings with his patients at home were often very entertaining, both from the singularity of his dialect, and the shrewd bluntness of his observations.

The situation of the Dr.'s bed will give you an idea of his physical knowledge. It stood in the very room where he dressed his patients; of course, you will conclude, the air could not be very pure. What with old plasters, &c. &c. it was rendered, to any other person, most intolerable. Now this bed was fixed in an angle of the room, and boarded up as close as any cupboard in your house, and the Doctor went to bed through a door, which he shut after him.

Their charge was astonishingly moderate. To ordinary patients, who submitted to the rules of the house, and were content to be dressed and dealt with *en masse*, their charge was only two shillings per week, including attendance, surgical operations, and medicines! When a patient left them and returned home, they were furnished with medicines sufficient for several years, at an expence of six or eight shillings.

Notwithstanding his apparently trivial means of accumulation, Dr. John, it is said, died possessed of a fortune of more than Thirty Thousand Pounds. But he never altered his way of living to the last.

The only luxury in which the deceased indulged himself, was a pack of hounds, of which he was uncommonly fond.

NEW PROPOSALS FOR THEATRICAL BENEFITS.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE benefits being on the eve of taking place, I recommend the following characters to the notice of the public. At the same time, I have submitted to your considerations suitable Plays, wishing them success and overflowing houses,

I. I. B.

	For the benefit of
Wit without Money	R. B. Sheridan, Esq.
Management	T. Harris, Esq.
The Farmer	Sir John Sinclair.
The Old Batchelor	Duke of Queensberry.
The Gamesters	The Subscription Houses.
The Road to Ruin	Coffee-house at Newmarket.
The Naval Pillar	Lord St. Vincent.
The Poor Soldier	Colonel George Hanger.
The Way to Keep Him	Mrs. Jordan.
Cato	Lord Thurlow.
The Mysterious Husband	The P—— of W——.
The Widowed Wife	P——ss of W——.
The Irishman in London	Claudius Beresford.
Blunders at Brighton	Messrs. Tilt, Shergold, and Hicks.
The Rivals	Giffard and Peter Pindar.
The Wheel of Fortune	Sir Harry Vane Tempest.
The Roman Actor	Mr. Kemble.
The Smugglers	The Cornfactors, &c.
The Constant Couple	Lord and Lady Derby.
All the World's a Stage	Margravine of Anspach.
The Critic	Dr. Parr.
The Humourist	Caleb Whiteford.
Distressed Baronet	Sir John L——.
Election	Borough-mongers.
Tender Husband	Earl of Derby.
Provoked Husband	Mr. Hoare.
Love for Love	Mr. and Mrs. Dormer.
Cheap Living	Jack Wilmot.
Poor Gentleman	General C——.

New Improvements in the Diversions of the Carnival, at Paris.

THE close, or winding up of the late revelry, in that city, is thus spoken of by a person that was present.

"The preparations which were made for *Mardi gras* (Shrove Tuesday) were of the most extraordinary description. From La Madelaine to the *ci-devant* Bastile, the Boulevardes were occupied through the whole of the day by a double line of carriages, filled within, and covered, for the greater part, without, by masks of different descriptions—The line, including those which paraded the Rue St. Honore, &c. could not be less than five miles in length. Turks, Greeks, Chinese, Sultanas, Circassians, and Poissardes, met the eye in every direction. Harlequins, clowns, and punchinellos, filled every street, in defiance of a very heavy rain. The general appearance was such, that a stranger might easily have been induced to believe that nine-tenths of the people of Paris were actually gone mad!—There were, indeed, some circumstances which went very nearly to justify such a persuasion. I saw an equipage, consisting of a landau, drawn by six horses, with postillions and out-riders, all very superbly dressed. The group in the carriage was a Neptune and Amphitrite, with their attendant nymphs, all in characteristic dresses of velvet and embroidery.—The horses and the landau were covered with rich bear-skins. The expence of this single display, was calculated at no less than Ten Thousand Livres (Four Hundred Pounds); and what adds to the singularity is, that the best informed persons in this capital are completely ignorant of the persons, who lent themselves to this strange extravagance. There was also a splendid car, exhibiting a Venus and Adonis, with decorations nearly as superb as the preceding. From these the folly descended in gradation, until it reached the *Canaille*, who proudly stalked about in their suits of coloured paper, or in a complete armour of oyster-shells, strung one over the other. There were two or three English carriages in the procession, which were much followed on account of the profusion with which the masks distributed oranges and *bon-bons* to the mobility.—The official Journals seemed to dwell with satisfaction on this species of amusement, "which the people furnished to themselves." It is shrewdly suspected, however, that the police contributed, in the first instance, at least, something more than its tacit permission. The political inferences to be drawn from the gaiety and confidence of the people were certainly not without their value.

"The saloons, which were opened for the masks, were beyond all calculation. At the *Vauxhall d'Ete*, the *Pavillion d'Hanovre*, and a number of others, decorated in the English fashion, the admission was *trente sols* (fifteen-pence); and those who take pleasure in the *Pele-mele* and confusion of this species of amusement, might there have been gratified even to satiety."

History of Clubs.

the lords.

A DISPOSITION to imitate their superiors, is often observable in the middling and lower ranks of life. If exalted characters always possessed exalted minds, and adopted an elevation of virtuous conduct, this temper would

be of infinite service to society: but the great too frequently leave us nothing but their grandeur and extravagance to imitate; and thereby involve themselves in disgrace, and those who follow their example, in ruin. However, in the instance before us, treading in patrician steps, is attended with no material danger; as the Peers are imitated in their senatorial capacities only, and not in their private deportment.

The House of Lords is a society that has been established in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane some years. It has been frequently removed, and is now held at the Yorkshire Grey, near Rolls buildings. The President of this Association is formally stiled Lord Chancellor. He wears a legal wig and robes; and has a mace placed on the table before him, which denotes the sitting of the House, and consequent necessity of observing order. The principal business of this high officer is to regulate debate, and administer the engagement which is entered into by new-made Peers; that is, to obey the Chancellor, to conform to the rules and orders of the House, and to act in a polite and friendly manner towards the members. Here, as well as at Westminster, dignity is not proportioned to merit, but the titles to the sums given for admission. A Baron pays one, a Viscount two, an Earl three, a Marquis four, and a Duke five shillings for his honours. The form of making a Peer of this House, is as follows:—One of the Nobles proposes the intended member as an Esquire, desirous and worthy of a seat among the Lords. This motion being duly seconded, and carried by a majority of voices, the new Peer is introduced by the Usher of the Black Rod, and certain Lords commissioned for the purpose. He bows thrice respectfully in his way to the chair, and then takes promise before spoken of, which he engages to perform upon his honour. If he fails so to do, an impeachment is formed against him, a Lord High Steward is appointed, the Peers are summoned, he takes his trial, is expelled, fined, censured, or acquitted, as his case may demand; after which, the presiding officer breaks his wand, and the proceedings end. To preserve order, there are likewise a Clerk of the Crown, and a Serjeant at Arms. Thus much for the component members and officers of the House. With respect to the business of it, that consists chiefly of debate on the most popular religious, political, moral, or scientifical subjects. No Lord speaks twice on the same topic, but him who opened the controversy. When the arguments are closed, the House is adjourned, the Peers lay down their dignities, and conviviality ensues. The titles are of two sorts; at the option of the member when chosen, either such as exist at Westminster, or original ones, but they must be distinct.

Here you meet with Attornies and their Clerks, under the distinguished denominations of Kenyon, Eyre, or Loughborough. Here you may find a Fishmonger at the head of the Admiralty, under the title of Lord St. Vincent, and one of a City Association, Commander in Chief of the Army, in the character of the Duke of York. But as these gentlemen are not the mere echoes of their principals, you may find them at times in singular situations. Thus do a number of thinking characters associate and amuse themselves, mixing rational

tional conversation with conviviality, and instruction with entertainment. How much superior is this design to those which tend only to promote riot and intemperance.

Trial of Lieutenant Oswald Wilkins, and Ensign Robert Spunner of the 55th Regiment of Foot,

For an assault upon Mr. Haiselden, of the George Inn, at Robertsbridge.

At a General Court-Martial, held at Silver-hill Barracks, Sussex, on Tuesday, March 3, 1802.

The Court was composed of the following Members:—

PRESIDENT,

Colonel Coote Manningham of the Rifle Corps.

Right,

Colonel R. Bingham, 9th foot;
Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Imhoff, 4th foot;
Captain John Varlo, 18th light dragoons;
Captain John Welsford, 4th foot;
Captain Christopher Vowell, 9th foot;
Lieutenant John Chester, Royal Artillery; and
Lieutenant T. W. Butter, 9th foot

Left,

Lieutenant-Colonel Honourable C. W. Stewart, 18th light dragoons;
Major Henry Crawford, 9th foot;
Captain Thomas C. Gardiner, rifle corps;
Captain Thomas Downman, horse artillery;
Lieutenant Alexander, 4th foot;
Lieutenant William Glenn, 9th foot; and
Lieutenant C. Robertson, 18th light dragoons.

Deputy Judge Advocate, J. C. Mitchell, Esq. Brighton.

CHARGES.

1. For shameful and disorderly behaviour, in having, between the 25th and 30th days of November, 1801, at the George Inn, at Robertsbridge, after drinking there till a late hour, violently assaulting Mr. Haiselden, keeper of the said Inn, his brother, and others, whom they struck and wounded with sticks and a sword; and having by such conduct, subjected themselves to be treated and exposed in a manner highly derogatory to the military profession; thereby behaving in a manner unbecoming the character of officers and gentlemen.

2. Charge against Ensign Spunner;—for having, whilst in the custody of the civil power, so far forgot what was due to his situation as an officer, as to endeavour to persuade the Surgeon of the 55th regiment, to threaten Mr. Haiselden with the vengeance of the soldiers, if he did not speedily release him and Lieutenant Wilkins; thereby behaving in a manner unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman.

3. Charge against Ensign Robert Spunner;—for endeavouring to evade the fulfilment of his engagement, to leave the 55th regiment, which he had agreed to do, in consequence of his improper conduct, as stated in the first charge: 1st, by a submissive memorial, addressed to the officers of the regiment, humbly intreating their intercession with the Commanding Officer, that he (Ensign Spunner) might be restored to his former situation in the regiment, and afterwards defying his Commanding Officer to prove any thing to his prejudice, and demanding a General Court Martial; thereby behaving in a manner unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman.

The

The proceedings closed on Tuesday the 12th.

The Court sentenced Lieutenant Wilkins to six, and Ensign Spunner to twelve months suspension, which, his Majesty having confirmed, they are suspended accordingly.

The military assault on Mr. Haiselden, probably caused the removal of the 55th regiment, which soon after marched from Silver-hill, to the barracks at Horsham.

During the sittings of the Court Martial, the master of the George Inn, in aggravation of his former sufferings, experienced two elopements from his house, one of which was effected by his pretty, salacious cook-maid, with a strapping grenadier; and, the other, by one of the tribe of pilferers, with the boots and great-coat of the Deputy Judge Advocate!

Fracas at Maidstone.

ON the evening the late Assizes at Maidstone terminated, several of the King's Counsel and Serjeants retired to dinner at the Star Inn, and indulged themselves in the pleasures of the table till towards twelve o'clock at night. At this time Mr. Serjeant Best quitted the company in order to call upon his relation Mr. Knapp, to arrange their return to town in the morning. As he was walking down the street leading from the Star to Mr. Knapp's lodgings, he was passed by two men who appeared to regard him with particular circumspection; they returned, and passed him a second time, and kept their eyes fixed on him till he reached Mr. Knapp's door. Mr. Serjeant Best, on returning to the Inn, perceived the same two men standing opposite Mr. Knapp's door. He had not gone far, when they passed him a third time, and one of them accosting him, asked, "if he was Mr. Serjeant Best?" Upon his replying in the affirmative, the man who had accosted him, said, "then, Sir, you are a d—d impertinent scoundrel." Mr. Best immediately did that which every gentleman would have done, he knocked him down, and not knowing what sort of characters he might have to deal with, he endeavoured to reach his lodgings. They pursued him, and came up with him just as he had got to the door, when the same man who had used such illiberal language assaulted and struck him several violent blows; a scuffle then ensued, and the Serjeant's Clerk having opened the door, the aggressor and his companion were forced into the house, when they turned out to be Mr. Samuel Ferrard Waddington and his Clerk. The latter addressing the Serjeant said, "Sir, you will recollect I neither spoke to or struck you." Immediately the Serjeant's Clerk observed, that the same person had, in the course of the evening, left a letter for him. The letter was brought and opened; it appeared to contain a printed address from Mr. Waddington to the Hop Planters of Kent, setting forth the services he had endeavoured to render them; the sacrifices he had made of his fortune; the injury he had sustained by the breach of their contracts with him, and the persecutions he had undergone. On the back was written a note to Serjeant Best, intimating, "that he was a scoundrel, for having (in the exercise of his professional duty) applied the term fraudulent to those contracts, and inferring that every man, who either publicly or privately stated them as such, was a scoundrel; and adding, that he was to be found at a certain inn in the

the town till the next morning, when he should set off for Dover, where he was also to be met with till a particular day."—Mr. Best observed, that Mr. Waddington's conduct rendered it impossible to meet him as a man of honour. The parties then separated, and the Serjeant has submitted the whole of the affair to the consideration of Mr. Erskine and another legal friend.

[Vide a humourous and original song on this subject, in our Poetical Department.

Striking Account of The LEMMING, or NORWAY RAT.

[From Dr. Shaw's General Zoology.]

THIS animal sometimes descends, in troops, from the mountains, and, by its incredible numbers, becomes a temporary scourge. This does not happen, upon an average, above once in ten years, and is supposed to arise from a temporary want of food, or an instinctive knowledge, possessed by these animals, of an approaching season of want. Autumn is the period they generally chuse; they then form themselves into a compact phalanx, move on in a strait line, resolutely surmounting every obstacle, and undismayed by every danger; they cannot be contemplated but with astonishment. The ground they go over appears, at a distance, as if it had been ploughed, the grass being devoured to the very roots, in numerous stripes, or parallel paths, of one or two spans broad, and at the distance of some ells from each other.

This army of animals move chiefly at night, or in the morning, devouring the herbage in such a manner, that the surface appears as if burnt. No obstacles they meet have any effect in altering their route; neither fires, nor deep ravines, neither torrents, nor marshes, nor lakes: they proceed inflexibly in a strait line; and hence it happens, that many thousands perish in the waters, or are found dead on the shores.

If they meet with a rick of corn or hay in their march, they eat through it; but if rocks intervene, which they cannot pass, they go round, but immediately resume their former direction. If disturbed or pursued, while swimming over a lake, or their line is broken by oars or poles, they will not give back, but regularly collect again, in a strait line, and have even been sometimes known to endeavour to board, or pass over, a vessel.

On their passage over land, if attacked by men, they will raise themselves up, uttering a kind of barking sound, fly at the legs of their opposers, and, fastening at the end of a stick, cling so strongly to the same, that, being swung round with it, they will not fall off. They are with great difficulty put to flight; and, though it is said, that an intestine war among them takes place during these migrations, and that they destory each other, it is certain that the major part of them perish by owls, hawks, and weasels, exclusive of the numbers which die in the waters; so that a very small proportion survive long enough to return, which they are sometimes observed to do, to their native mountains.

Dr. Shaw, likewise, gives an account of the Economical Rat, in the Second Volume of his Zoology, which we shall extract hereafter, as a case uncommonly curious and remarkable.

Extra-

Extraordinary Sporting Performances, &c.

LORD Chedworth's famous horse, Regulus, in the year 1739, won seven Royal Plates. He was never beat; proved an excellent stallion, being the sire of Adolphus, Trajan, the dam of Eclipse, the great grandam of Highflyer, and many other capital horses and mares.

In the year, 1740 Mr. Panton's black horse, Sloe, won five Royal Plates, and two other prizes. Sloe was never beat, and was sire of Sweeper.

Mr. O'Kelly's famous mare (dam of Mercury, Volunteer, &c.) bred a foal when she was *thirty-six* years old.

An extraordinary instance in skaiting took place, in 1760, from Montreal to Quebec, by the two couriers sent by General Amherst to General Murray, who, in the space of eighteen hours, went over a surface of ice extending one hundred and ninety miles.

In 1761, Mr. Gilbert Young, bookbinder, (who was famous for dancing, leaping, and fencing) at a standing leap, crossed the great cistern at Hexham Market-place, which was seven feet nine inches wide, and the parapets two feet three inches high.

On the 22d of December, 1762, a wager, of a thousand pounds against fifty, laid some time before, by two gentlemen of note in the city, was determined and paid. The fact in question was, whether the Preliminaries of Peace were signed on the second or third of November? He that betted the thousand pounds opined for the second, and was so positive, as to lay against fifty; but the matter being plainly proved against him, he generously paid. It is probable his positiveness in this wager arose from his correspondent's wrong information by twelve hours. The Plenipotentiaries did agree about all the Preliminaries the second of November, at night, over a bottle, but did not sign them till the next morning.

On the 28th of June, 1765, was determined a wager, between two noblemen, for one thousand guineas, that a boat should go twenty-five miles in an hour. For this purpose a large circular trench, of one hundred feet diameter and nine feet wide, was dug in a field behind Jenny's Whim, near Chelsea Bridge; and, in the centre of the land surrounded by this trench was fixed a post, with a radius, extending to the middle of the canal; so that the boat, being tied to the moveable end of the radius, might be moved with great velocity by a very slow motion, by a horse fastened to some point of the radius, between the boat and the centre. The wager was, however, lost, by part of the tackling giving way; though the trial had succeeded perfectly well the day before.

September 30th, Mr. Thomas Scott, of York, rode his own horse, from that city to London, in thirty-two hours and forty minutes, being one hundred and ninety-two miles.

The Reverend Mr. Corsellis, who chanced to be wind-bound at Dover, having a favourite greyhound with him, and a hare being then in the neighbourhood who had beat all her pursuers, his dog was so superior to her in speed, and pressed her so close, that she ran for the Cliff, as her only chance of escaping; but the greyhound threw at her, caught her on the brink, and went, with the hare in his mouth, to the bottom of the precipice, where they were both, literally, dashed to pieces.

On

On the 1st of August, 1786, at Brighton, an uncommon race was run, for one hundred guineas a side, which afforded excellent sport for the diversion of the company. A military gentleman, with a jockey on his back, weighing 7st. 5lb. booted and spurred, ran against a fat *Bullock* *, unmounted, across the Steine, and won with ease. The bets, before starting, were 10 to 1 against the winner.

At a hunting-match, given by Prince Esterhazy, Regent of Hungary, upon signing a treaty of peace with France, the day's sport bid fair to vie, in point of blood, (if the King of Naples's slaughter be excepted) with any of those recorded in modern history; as there were killed one hundred and sixty deer, one hundred wild boars, three hundred hares, and eighty foxes.

The King had a larger extent, and a longer period, for the exercise of his talents; and it was proved, that during his journey to Vienna, Bohemia, and Moravia, he killed five bears, one thousand eight hundred and twenty boars, one thousand nine hundred and sixty deer, one thousand one hundred and forty-five does, one thousand six hundred and twenty-five roebucks, one thousand one hundred and twenty-one rabbits, thirteen wolves, seventeen badgers, sixteen thousand three hundred and fifty-four hares, and three hundred and fifty-four foxes.

The monarch had, likewise, the pleasure of doing a little in the bird way, by killing, upon the same expedition, fifteen thousand three hundred and fifty pheasants, and twelve thousand three hundred and thirty-five partridges.

* Meaning Mr. *Bullock*, the brewer, well known on the turf, and who died lately.

On the 22d of March, 1787, a walking match, between Mr. May, and Colonel Thornton, on which many thousands were depending; which was, that the Colonel was to walk fifty miles in fourteen successive hours. The Colonel completed the distance, and near a mile over, in one hour and thirty-five minutes less than the time, in Lanesborough Gardens, near Beverley, in Yorkshire.

In October, 1788, Mr. Hughes, of Parados, near Oswestry, in Shropshire, rode a nag of his for a considerable bet, from that place to Shrewsbury, being a distance of twenty-two miles, in one hour and five minutes. One hour and fifteen minutes was allowed.

Mr. Hughes, a short time afterwards, rode the same nag, from Shrewsbury to London (one hundred and fifty-five miles) in twenty-four hours and a half.

In February, 1789, the hounds of Mr. Barnard, of Lindsell-Hall, found a hare near Felstead, in Essex, which was taken alive out of a drain in a farm-yard, after a chase of upwards of twenty miles in little better than an hour.

In the same year, a Match was made in Wiltshire, between two hounds as to speed, and that they should kill a hare by themselves. The hare was started upon Stoke Down, and it was supposed that they ran near fifteen miles in three-quarters of an hour, when the hare was killed by a hound that carried four pounds weight of shot.

The fastest trotter ever known in these kingdoms, was a bay gelding, called Archer; from the name of the person, who brought him to London from Norfolk. He was from the get of Old Shields, and afterwards the property of Mr. Marsden, the dealer, now of Tottenham Court Road. He several times trotted at the rate of twenty

miles an hour, carrying fifteen stone while in his possession. Mr. Marsden had, at the same time, a one-eyed black gelding, supposed to be the speediest for one or two miles, the former of which he performed considerably under three minutes. The rapidity of his burst in the course of a mile's trotting, was at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

Mr. Cartwright's old gelding was a famous trotter. This noble animal was cruelly and sottishly murdered about ten years ago, by being trotted over the road in a hard frost. He performed sixteen miles in fifty-four minutes and a half, carrying eleven stone. The excessive shaking which he suffered from the hardness of the road, brought a fever and inflammation upon his feet, which, with the aid of suppressed perspiration and improper treatment, soon killed him.

As Archer was the speediest, the well-known brown mare which died, the property of Mr. Bishop, proved herself the most lasting trotter in the world. This mare was full fifteen hands high, with bone sufficient to carry twenty stone; shewed some blood, with a mixture of the cart-breed, such as we frequently see in farmer's hacks. In her latter days, she was a dashing goer, but was never remarkable for speed, nor ever able to trot the mile in three minutes. In the year 1783, or thereabouts, she trotted over the Epsom road sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes and a half, carrying twelve stone, rode by Mr. Aldridge, who at present keeps the Repository in St. Martin's-lane. She was matched to trot seventeen miles on the Hertford road, carrying sixteen stone four pounds, and received one hundred and fifty guineas forfeit.

In October, 1791, being then eighteen years old, she trotted on the Romford road, sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes some odd seconds, with 12st. beating Green's horse, Shields, for 50l. The loser (now the property of Mr. Reed, distiller, of Fann's-street, Aldersgate-street) trotted the sixteen miles within the hour. It was probably within the powers of this mare, to have trotted thirty miles in two hours, which distance was actually trotted in two hours and ten minutes, by Mr. Ogden's chesnut mare, who likewise trotted four miles in twelve minutes and four seconds; forty miles in three hours, carrying 14st.; ten miles in thirty-three minutes; and, at another time, the same number of miles in thirty-two minutes.

The brown mare, died Jan. 30, 1794. She had been nearly starved by running the winter in a Park near Hounslow; and the morning she was taken home dropped down dead, as the boy was exercising her after water.

Very good Portraits of the above two mares; viz. Mr. Ogden's, and Mr. Bishop's; the former in page 31, and the latter in page 237, in the Fourth Volume of the Sporting Magazine.

The same year, a grey mare, called the Locksmith's mare, a running trotter, trotted seventy-two miles in six hours.

In April, 1792, the yellow bay gelding, called Spider, and Mr. Cartwright's chesnut gelding (above-mentioned), then near thirty years of age, trotted thirty-two miles in two hours, between Stilton and Cambridge, rode by the same person, weighing nearly 10st. Spider trotted the first twenty-four miles in an hour twenty-eight minutes and a half; and the old chesnut horse the remainder. It was

said

said they could have performed thirty-four miles within the given time.

A five-year old, son of Young Pretender, (which Pretender was got by Hue-and-Cry, son of Old Shields, out of a bred daughter of Lord Abingdon's Pretender) trotted, in 1792, in Lincolnshire, sixteen miles in fifty-nine minutes, carrying 15st.

In 1793, Crocket's grey mare trotted one hundred miles in twelve hours, and twenty minutes to spare.

In Sandpit-wood, in the parish of Terling, in Essex, a pack of fox-hounds, very early in the season of 1782, had just unkennelled, and the hares of which, as well as of foxes, there being plenty in the cover, many of them were disturbed. In one of the paths, a hare met and run against a terrier, who was hastening to the cry, with such velocity, that both animals were apparently killed. The dog was with some difficulty recovered, but the hare's skull was fractured to pieces.

In October, 1792, a hare, after a chase of sixteen miles, by the Seaford hounds, took the Sea, near Cuckmere, in Sussex, and swam a quarter of a mile from shore, before she was overtaken by the dogs.

In December, 1794, a company of gentlemen were coursing at Finchingfield, in Essex; a hare was started, and a brace of greyhounds, in running at her, ran against each other, and were both killed on the spot.

Merkin, a fox-hound bitch, bred by Colonel Thornton, some years since, ran a trial of four miles over Newmarket, and the time she performed it in was seven times and half a second. She was challenged to run any hound of her year, five miles over Newmarket, giving two hundred and twenty yards, for Ten Thousand Guineas. This bitch was sold, in 1795, for four hogsheads of claret, and the seller to have two couple of her whelps.

In 1797, October 19, a person, of the name of John Taylor, ran three miles in seventeen minutes, on the Harrow Road, for a wager of twenty guineas. The bets were five to three against him.

Lord Ongley's harriers, in March, 1798, in the course of a very hard chase of three hours, ran a hare through a part of eight parishes and three counties.

In the summer of 1799, a bay mare, called Betty, belonging to Mr. Robinson, at the livery stables, in Little Britain, trotted, on the Huntingdon road, nineteen miles in an hour. What is more extraordinary, she trotted the last ten miles in half an hour. She is now the property of Mr. Dagley, at Shepperd's Bush.

On Saturday, May 17, 1800, at Newmarket, Sir T. Gascoigne's Timothy, by Delpini, 8st. beat Mr. Heathcote's Warter, 8st. 5lb. from the starting post of B. C. to the end of R. M. (about three miles and a half) for Five Hundred Guineas; thirteen to three, and in running, five to one, on Warter, who took the lead, and during the race, made play for his adversary. Warter ran on the lowest ground of the course, and consequently lost the whip-hand; by this means, Timothy, who shewed less bottom than Warter, was frequently kept in the course, by running upon the rising ground. The greatest skill and judgment was shewn by the riders, in one of the best races ever rode, and which was won only by about a neck. Much money was depending on this race. Timothy was rode by Dennis Fitzpatrick,

trick, and Warter by Francis Buckle.

On Friday, August 29, 1800, at the York (second) Meeting, was run for the Great Subscription of 25gs each, with 50l. added, by the City of York, for 4 yr old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—4-miles, twenty subscribers.

Sir H. T. Vane's br. c. Cockfighter, by Overton (rode by Thomas Fields) - 1
Mr. Peirce's gr. f. Constantia, (rode by J. Shepperd) 2
Duke of Hamilton's gr. c. by Walnut, (rode by Richard Spencer) - 3

6, 7, and 8 to 1, on Cockfighter, and 10 to 1 against either of the two.

Cockfighter bolted at Middlethorp Corner, and lost about three hundred yards; after which, even betting, and 5 to 4 on Cockfighter. An excellent race; and in which, as was allowed by every judge on the race ground, Mr. Fields displayed great judgment and coolness in bringing up Cockfighter to his antagonist, almost, as it were, inch by inch, which won him the race, though with some difficulty.

On the 3d of September, 1800, at Egham Races, 50l. was run for by three and four year olds; two mile heats, which was won by

Mr. Fletcher's ch. f. Allegranti, by Pegasus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	0	0	1	1
Mr. Stark's b. f. Lady Skirmish, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3	3	3	2
Sir C. Bunbury's Gig, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	0	0	2	dr

At starting, 5 to 4 on Allegranti.

After the first heat, Allegranti, the favourite; after the second heat, the same; after the third heat, four to one she won.—Allegranti was rode by young Chifney, a boy about fifteen years of age; and Gig, by young Goodisson, who rode him in great style; but, unfortunately, could not reduce himself to the proper weight within two pounds. It was the opinion of many, that if he could have accomplished this, he might have won.

An incident occurred in December, 1800, which brought the speed of the greyhound, and racehorse, into direct competition. A match was to have been run over Doncaster Course, for One Hundred Guineas; but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone to make good the bet; and after having gone the distance of about a mile, a greyhound bitch started from the side of the course, and ran with her the other three miles, keeping nearly head to head, which produced a singular race; and when they arrived at the distance post, five to four was laid on the greyhound: when they came to the stand it was even betting. The mare won by about a head.

A Pickpocket Hunt.

ON Tuesday, April 6th, as a gentleman was passing Somerset-House, he was surrounded by four pickpockets, one of whom contrived to get away his pocket-book, but being seen, he dropped the book, and made off. A *pursuit* immediately took place, and as the fellow had a light pair of heels, the *chase* afforded no small degree of satisfaction to the lovers of fun. The miserable object of pursuit had, at one time, nearly *distanced* his pursuers, by getting into

into the avenues leading into Clare-market, when they were actually *at fault* for a minute or so, but it was discovered the *game* had taken *cover* under one of the butcher's shambles; the cry, or *view-halloo*, was given, the game again burst forth, and led his pursuers an excellent *run*, for near a quarter of an hour, when, after *doubling* through many an alley, he was *taken* almost breathless, in Stanhope-street, and hurried before the Magistrate, in Bow-street, who committed him to answer for the offence. What is remarkable, no less than four persons had their pockets picked in the mob collected together when the above offender was taken: his companions having followed in the *chase*, and finding all their endeavours to *draw off the scent* to be fruitless, they used their best skill to turn their friend's misfortune to their own profit, and made the above persons pay for the *sport* they had partaken of.

Interruption of a Sparring Match.

On Tuesday, April 6, about eight o'clock in the evening, a number of persons met at the Pea-Hen public-house, in Gray's-inn-lane, for the purpose of seeing Belcher, Bourke, Gamble, and other noted pugilists, spar, for the benefit of Belcher. They continued to exhibit, in turn, until near ten o'clock, when they were interrupted by a visit from a party of the Bow-street officers, accompanied by a number of constables, armed with cutlasses, who separated into two divisions, the one taking their station at the door, to prevent any person escaping, while the others entered the room, and took into custody, not only the principal boxers, but also the company assembled, who all suffered themselves to be carried quietly to a place of safety.

A morning paper, on this occasion, humorously observed, that the above gentry, taken at the *Pea-Hen*, were very properly sent to the *Poultry*.

Crim. Con.

Martin v. Popjoy.

Saturday, April 3, in the Sheriff's Court, an inquiry of damages took place, in a case of *Crim. Con.* wherein Wm. Martin, a master tailor, was the plaintiff, and Fortescue Popjoy, his foreman, the defendant, who suffered judgment to go against him by default. One evening that the plaintiff supped at a public-house, finding himself unwell, he returned at a much earlier hour than his wife expected, rapped several times at his door before he was let in; and, when admitted, saw his wife so confused, that, having previous suspicions, he was convinced of her infidelity. He then called up the maid-servant, and threatened to carry her before a Justice and send her to prison, if she did not tell who had been with her mistress. The girl, intimidated, confessed that the defendant had supped with her, and been locked up with her in the bed-room for two hours: his wife then acknowledged her guilt, and implored forgiveness. The plaintiff immediately rushed up stairs into the bed-room of the defendant, and struck him a blow with a poker, which broke his arm; and the next morning he sent his wife away from the house.—The facts were proved by

by the maid-servant, who had no doubt of the criminal correspondence. The Attorney for the defendant urged, in mitigation of damages, the great loss he had sustained in consequence of the breaking of his arm.—The Under Sheriff said he came off very well, for if the plaintiff had killed him he would not have been legally answerable for it.—The Jury gave the plaintiff Thirty Pounds damages.

On the Wild Animals peculiar to Great Britain.

By a Correspondent.

THE FOPPE,

OTHERWISE called the *fop*, or *petit-maitre* of the French naturalists, is an animal which does not appear to be a native of this country, although it now abounds with them. As far as I can trace its history, it has migrated from France, probably a great many years ago, and is, I am told, to be seen in most countries in Europe, but the species has increased here far more than in any other. Its nature leads it to avoid excessive heat and cold, and therefore it increases most in large towns, where the degrees of heat and cold may be moderated by artificial means.

This animal has some resemblance, though rather faint, to the human shape, but its legs are longer, and its general figure far more slim and taper, rising gradually to its head, which very seldom resembles that of the human, the neck and throat being a continuation of the breast, into which the head is inserted as a ball into a socket. Its voice is shrill, and scarcely articulate, but its notes are so well known, as scarcely to deceive any body. It is perfectly harmless, unless by the disagreeable noise it makes, even in the wildest state; and when troublesome by its cries and gabbling, may be quieted in a moment by the sight of a cane. It abounds, however, in tricks and mischief, like the apes, which sometimes frighten women and children, but it has none of the docility of the ape, nor of its cunning. It feeds very gently, avoiding strong food and liquors, and living mostly on slops, and little things which it picks up at every table. Why it has been so long domesticated, I know not, probably from sympathy with its helpless situation; but there are few families of rank or opulence without one of them; and even the lower orders have a spurious breed, which I at first took for a distinct species, but upon closer examination, found to be only a bastard kind, differing principally in its coat, and having less of the yellow stuff in its pouch.

This animal is not long lived; whether the soil which produces it is not sufficient to provide for it in more mature age, as the soil of France used to do, even to longevity, I am not able to determine, but it either dies about the age of four and five and twenty, or degenerates into an animal of a very different species, called a *sloven*, on which change it loses all its former characteristics. It has been said, that the women are very fond of the *foppe*, and even admit them to their toilets, but this, I hope, is untrue.

There is one very great singularity about this animal, which is, its fondness for being in places of public amusement; but this is not

a mark

a mark of its curiosity or taste, for it never seems to attend to any thing but itself, and if it meets with one of its own species, they chatter and gabble so loud and offensively, that it is often necessary to turn them out, which is never a matter of great difficulty, as the sight of a cudgel or whip would disperse a whole herd of them.

There is, perhaps, a yet greater singularity in this animal, which is, that it never breeds. I have never seen any but males, a circumstance I am utterly at a loss to account for, unless by supposing that it is like the mule; an animal produced by two different animals, and different from both. Some very able naturalists pretend, indeed, to have discovered female *fops*, but they are obviously of another class, about which I shall speak hereafter.

It is to be observed, that since the number of *fops* increased in this country, they have come much sooner to perfection, than they did some years ago. It is not uncommon now to see a perfect *fop*, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and as wild and as mischievous as they were formerly at twenty-one. This we ought not to be very much surprised at, because little or no pains are taken to curb them, and without that, they naturally acquire a greater degree of wildness, sometimes approaching to ferocity. Generally speaking, it is good-humoured, though its grin is very frightful.

I have dissected some of these animals, but without any remarkable appearances. In all of them there were few brains, and little or no heart; circumstances which easily account for their strange habits and tricks.

J. J. B.

Opening and Proceedings of the Dilettanti, or Pic-Nic Society.

In our last Number, page 344, we gave an account of the origin, and all the arguments for and against this new institution, previous to the commencement of their operations. The following sketch of the proceedings of the two first nights, we presume, may exhibit a tolerable specimen of what these actors, in high life, may be able to produce.

THE Pic-Nic Society, on Monday night, March 13, held their first General Meeting, in Tottenham-street.—The play was to have been *The Spanish Barber*, in French; but Parisot having refused to perform, the entertainments were necessarily changed to a Prologue and Epilogue (the former by Mr. H. Greville), to two French Proverbs, and a translation from *The Bedlamites*. The plot of this turns upon the folly of a nobleman, who supposes he is a Poet, but whose brain is so barren, that he cannot produce a single line in favour of his mistress, without the assistance of an indigent son of the Muses; and the joke lies in the delusion of the noble *soi-disant* Poet, who fancies he writes what is artfully suggested to him. The company was not numerous, though three hundred cards were issued. The entertainments were followed by a supper.

What drove the company away (between two and three o'clock), was an attempt at Catches and Glees, executed with the worst effect imaginable; Messrs. Maddocks and Greville were the only singers amongst the amateurs—the Colonel possesses what is called *a Gentleman's voice!* A Frenchman presided at the harpsichord. What seemed to give the most offence was, three Frenchmen, dressed in womens

womens' clothes, attempting to pourtray the levity of the female character, the affectation of their manners, and the absurdity of their conduct, in high as well as low life.

When the divertisement was over, Colonel Greville came forward, to apologise for the indifferent manner in which the company had been that night entertained; but he promised, that on Monday se'nnight things would be got up in better stile. The Colonel next read a paper, which he said had been sent to him by Mr. Sheridan, the purport of which was, that the Proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre had consented to withdraw all opposition, provided the performances were confined to *ten* nights, and that no professional men were engaged.

A *Pic-Nic* Supper consists of a variety of dishes. The Subscribers to the entertainment have a bill of fare presented to them, with a number against each dish. The lot which he draws obliges him to furnish the dish marked against it, which he either takes with him in his carriage, or sends by a servant. The proper variety is preserved by the talents of the *Maitre d'Hotel*, who forms the bill of fare.

The Pic-Nic.

The second Meeting of Subscribers was on Monday night, the 5th of April; the Theatre was well filled, and the performance went off with great *éclat* and success. The amusements of the evening were introduced by a Prologue, spoken by the Hon. Mr. Lambe, which turned upon the many fabrications and ridiculous stories invented to run down the innocent amusements of a select society of persons of fashion, and scandalising the motives of those who were the promoters of it. It entered into a humourous comparison of the little stage of the Tottenham Theatre, and the great pile of building of Old Drury, and asserted the privilege of individuals to amuse themselves as they please, while they kept within the bounds of law and decorum. A French proverb, called, "*Le Fou Raisonnable*," was performed, and General Arabin, in the character of *Lord Ogleby*, delivered an Essay on Taste, written by the late David Garrick, Esq. In the course of the evening, Mr. Angelo was introduced as a *Lady Pentweazle*, and afforded much mirth. Catches and Glees, and a supper, closed the evening's amusement.

A Spirited English Female.

The following circumstance is said to have occurred at the Theatre at Paris—

During the performance, Lady Cahir was very free in conversation, to the annoyance of some neighbouring rich contractors and their ladies, who insisting on decorum, sent a police officer to order silence. Her ladyship did not brook his rebuke, and refusing to obey his injunctions, he was proceeding to hand her out, not knowing who she was. A bustle arose in her box, which attracting observation, her ladyship addressed the audience, and complained to them, saying, she came from a land of liberty, to a country, as she supposed, of freedom, and that the proceedings now against her were worse than if the Bastile still existed. The audience took fire in a moment, loudly applauded her, and espoused her cause so warmly, that she took her seat again in triumph, and is now considered as privileged to talk as she pleases.

The

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

[Continued from page 327, of last Vol.]

IT was agreed between Tarleton and me, before he returned to England from his friendly visit to me at Calais, that I should not return to London until I had heard from him and Mr. Tattersall after his arrival there. In about ten days I received letters, and took my passage in the next packet for Dover, and arrived at my old friend Tattersall's house, Hyde-Park Corner, where I was received with the truest friendship, and remained under his hospitable roof for near a twelvemonth afterwards. I here held a consultation with my lawyers, when they were of opinion, from the securities I had given, before my departure from England, for every farthing I owed, that I could not be cast in any action by which I might be arrested; however, to make things more secure, my lawyers were prepared to plead the statute of limitations. I knew not then what that statute meant; but I do now most thoroughly; and I hold it disgraceful for any man to plead that statute to evade the payment of just debts; but not in my case, plundered and stripped as I had been, and brought in debt by those who were the cause of my ruin, by compelling a sale of my estate, the particulars of which I have already related, from the unfortunate death of my agent, Mr. Wyatt, who, had he lived, would have prevented all my misfortunes. While he lived, they could not have foreclosed the mortgage on my estate; and I should have been worth ten thousand pounds, instead of being beggared and ruined. It is not for me to comment on the propriety or impropriety of my own conduct: I relate the facts; and let the world judge me. From Tattersall's house I sallied into the world, and in a short time was arrested for between seven and eight hundred pounds. This was all that was against me. Old Mr. Richard, and his son Edmund, (now my friend, the present Mr. Tattersall,) were my constant bail.

I brought the actions into court; and, the first cause I tried, the jury never left the box, nor even consulted together for more than a couple of minutes, and gave a verdict for me: after which, all the rest withdrew their actions, of which, I believe, there were nine or ten.

My lawyers being prepared with the statute of limitations, as the great salvo of all, was of no material benefit to me; for the whole world knows that a jury (especially of tradesmen) will never permit any statute to be pleaded to bias their judgment, when they perceived a direct intent of the person to defraud a just creditor; but mine was a very different case. After I had been ruined and robbed of my estate, and plundered of my whole property, these creditors of mine were not satisfied, without endeavouring to confine my body in a gaol. Thus, by compelling a sale of my estate before a Master in Chancery, from the unfortunate decease of my friend, Mr. Wyatt, at a time when land was fallen full one-third in value, I was undone; and, instead of being worth ten thousand pounds, was made eight hundred pounds worse than nothing. I had now to begin the world again, after having served my country faithfully seven years. Had I not gone to America, I

should have kept my estate to this moment; for, while I remained in England, my creditors could not have forced a sale.

The summer after I came to England, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales did me the honour to take me down with him to Brighton. I never shall forget the two or three first seasons I had the honour of being with him there. In all my days before and since, I never passed my time more agreeably, or with greater happiness; they were indeed the pleasantest days of my life. I had good health, good spirits; was not in debt; and had no earthly care whatever to distract my mind. But, of late years, how has fortune frowned upon me!

If I were not to acknowledge the obligations I owe to the Prince of Wales, I should be worse than ungrateful; I should be the basest of men. In affluence, in poverty, at liberty, and when in prison, his kindness to me has never varied: but for one action beyond all others, I am truly indebted to him; when a prisoner, and deprived of the power of vindicating myself in public circles; where the ever-busy tongue of calumny tried to strip me of the only wealth I possessed, my character, as an officer and a gentleman; he nobly came forward, pledging himself to the falsehood of the assertion, and stemmed the tide of public calumny, until justice and the law of the land proved the baseness of the aspersion, and covered my enemies with shame. For above sixteen years I have had the honour of his protection and acquaintance: it is hard, indeed, if I did not know him in so long a period of time, when I have viewed him in every stage, in health, on the bed of sickness, in convivial and in serious hours. This Prince is but little known to the world at large, who judge of him from report only. What is common report, but a common prostitute? To make her the standard of truth, is as erroneous as to make the cameleon the standard of colour. A day shall come, vipers, when ye shall be compelled to swallow the poison you here spit forth. By my honour, and the sacred love and reverence I bear to truth, I am not induced to speak of him from his dignified station in life; I speak not of him as being Prince of Wales. Where he an ensign on half-pay, with no other support than that scanty pittance, or a clergyman serving three churches for forty pounds a year—two situations most deplorable, and the least to be envied in life—I would select him, above all mankind, for a companion and friend; and by his judgment I would be guided in the most weighty and intricate concerns. His enemies even acknowledge that he is the most accomplished and best-bred gentleman of the age; a master of languages, and an elegant classical scholar—three distinguished qualities rarely to be met with in one man.

The year I came to England, the contested election for Westminster (Fox, Hood, and Wray, candidates) took place. The walking travellers, Spillard and Steward, the Abyssinian Bruce, who has feasted on steaks cut from the rump of a living ox; and various others, who, in their extensive travels, have encountered wild beasts, serpents, and crocodiles, breakfasted and toasted muffins at the mouth of a volcano—whom hunger have, with joy, compelled to banquet on the leavings of a lion or a tiger, or the carcase of a dead

alligator

alligator—who can boast of smoking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter and the Mad Dog—and lived on terms of the strictest intimacy with the Cherokees, the Chickesaws, and Chuctaws, and with all the *aws* and *ees* of that immense Continent—who, from the more temperate shore of the Mississipi, have extended their course to the burning soil of India, and to the banks of the Ganges—from the frozen north European seas to the banks of the temperate and more genial Po—may boast their worldly experience and knowledge of human life—but no one, in my humble opinion, has seen *real life*, or can know it, unless he has taken an active part in a contested election for Westminster. In no school can a man be taught a better lesson of human life than at a contested Westminster election: there can he view human nature in her basest attire; riot, murder, and drunkenness are the order of the day, and bribery and perjury walk hand in hand; for men, who had no pretensions to vote, were as plenty to be found in the Garden as turnips, who, at a very moderate rate, were induced to poll. A gentleman, to make himself of any considerable use to either party, must possess a number of engaging, familiar, and condescending qualities: he must help a porter up with his load, shake hands with a fishwoman, pull his hat off to an oyster-wench, kiss a ballad-singer, and be familiar with a beggar. If, in addition to these amiable good qualities, he is a tolerable good boxer, can play a good stick, and in the evening drink a pail-full of all sorts of liquors, in going the rounds to solicit voters at their various clubs, then, indeed, he is a most highly finished and useful agent.—In all the above accomplishments and sciences, except drinking, which I never was fond of, I have the vanity to believe that I arrived nearer to perfection than any of my rivals.

I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not testify my thanks to those gallant troops of high rank and distinguished fame, the knights of the strap, and the black-diamond knights*, who displayed so much bravery and attachment to our cause. By my soul, they are higher in my estimation than all the knights in Christendom together, not excepting even the Knights of Malta, with Quixote Paul at their head. At that time I formed a great intimacy with them, which has continued to this day between us, for I never forget my old acquaintances whenever I meet them, nor look upon my *old* friends with *a new face*, which is too much, in general, the custom of the world. We have shaken hands and drank together frequently since the time of our active services; and I trust I shall live to taste many a good pot more of brown stout with them: I will ever acknowledge their gallantry and honest attachment.

I was eye-witness to a very singular circumstance, which if I did not relate, I should be a very unfaithful historian:—When the numbers for Lord John Townshend began to increase rapidly on the poll, the adverse party, to delay our polling so many in the day, substituted a device to delay our exertions, and to lessen the numbers on the poll-book, and insisted that every man who came to vote should take the test-oath. The celebrated Edmund Burke, of pensioned memory, came before the hustings to give his vote, accompanied with

* The Irish chairman and coal-heavers.

Peter Delmé, Esq. when the poll-clerk for the opposite party informed Mr. Burke, that he had positive orders not to permit any person's name whatever to be entered on the books, unless they had taken the test-oath. Mr. Burke began to expatiate with him on the subject, presuming, that, as he was a Member of Parliament, he would not insist on his taking the test-oath. But the clerk was positive, and Mr. Delmé made no objection, though he also was in Parliament, took the test-oath, and accordingly gave his vote. But when the clerk offered Mr. Burke the Testament, Mr. Burke, with an indignant look, and a rage not to be described, snatched the book out of the clerk's hands, and threw it at his head; then walked indignantly away, muttering his resentment, but without giving his vote. I do not mean, by this narrative of simple facts, in the smallest degree, to imply any thing more than that Edmund Burke was very shy of the Testament on that occasion.

I beg it may be well understood, before I proceed with remarks on the Westminster elections, that it is very far from my intent to sing a recantation of my own actions; but, after years of cool reflexion, I reflect with horror, that the capital should have been so convulsed for four or five weeks, by the faction of two parties contending for power. I trust I shall live to see the time that all elections will finish in one day, and the votes taken parochially, which would effectually prevent riot and perjury, and many other inferior crimes which at present are committed at all elections. Fine speeches every day were delivered from the hustings, endeavouring to impress the minds of the people with the freedom of elections, and how disinterestedly both parties acted for the public good, for the liberty of the people, and freedom of the nation.

I am bound in honour to render justice to each party for the striking proofs they gave of the sincerity of their professions; as it must be admitted, that they manifested it to an eminent degree by the freedom they displayed in breaking each other's heads. Of that species of liberty each were abundantly lavish.

At present I must conclude the subject of Westminster elections; but, in my third volume, it is my intent to treat more at large on that and on all other elections.

Bull-Baiting.

Assault and Battery.

On Friday, April 9, a respectable bookseller in this metropolis, was summoned by an author for One Pound Fifteen Shillings, part of payment for a pamphlet, entitled "*Bull-Baiting Considered,*" which he had written against Bull-Baiting, a sum which the bookseller admitted was his due, but from the violent and brutal conduct of the author ever since he had any thing to do with him, he complained that his house had been one continued scene of confusion. The author contended, that having often called for his money, which the bookseller refused to pay him, he had been abused both by him and his shopman. The bookseller then complained, that the author had knocked his shopman down in his shop, and tumbled several hundred volumes upon him, just brought in from a sale; for which, as the man

man had brought an action against him, he only withheld the sum due, that in case of the author's being cast, that trifle might go to recompence the injuries the shopman had received. This plea, however, was totally rejected by the Commissioners, who refused to take any cognizance of what had passed between the author and the shopman, and as they ordered the bookseller to pay the demand of One Pound Fifteen Shillings, the *Champion of Bulls* walked off in triumph.

Bull-Baiting.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

YOUR insertion of the extract from Doctor Barry's Sermon against the practice of baiting two Bulls on every St. Thomas's Day, in the market-place of the town of Wokingham, in Berkshire, as well as the Letter of the Rev. W. Bremner, Perpetual Curate of the parish, lay claim to the thanks of every humane reader to whom the subject now becomes perfectly understood by your recent communication. The discussion having been thus publicly entered upon by gentlemen, whose endeavours in the cause of humanity reflect additional lustre upon the distinguished characters they sustain, it cannot require much apology from me, that I feel a little inclined (if not fully privileged) to solicit from you permission to add, such trifling exertions on the part of an individual, as may, it is anxiously to be hoped, though not expected, assist in bringing into disrepute, if not totally abolish, the most infernal and cruel practice that ever entered the heart of man, under an idea of Sporting mirth to the multitude. Without adverting to, or much enlarging upon, the "hellish practice" of the "sport" itself, I shall proceed to remark upon the effect it evidently produces, with the rising offspring of the lower classes, in the very town where this *cursed* and *shameful* custom has been so long established.

Let the reflecting mind indulge one moment in rumination upon the dreadful scene, and the awful preparation. On a day when every well-informed mind, and duly disposed heart, must feel inclined to follow the dictates of religious inculcation; when a certain impressive silence pervades the whole; when the religious, the aged, and the infirm, await the signal by which they are summoned to receive every comfort and consolation from clerical benediction, it must be to all good hearts a mortifying circumstance, that the very bell which tolls to bring the moral and religious part of the inhabitants to their duty in the church, is also the signal for bringing the first Bull (a poor inoffensive animal) to the stake. Incredible it must seem to those, who have never witnessed the cruelty of the scene, to be informed, that this very stake is fixed in the centre of the market-place, in a town only twelve miles from the seat of Majesty, and no more than thirty from the most enlightened metropolis in the universe. Previous to the commencement of what is termed "the sport," when "every heart beats high with the coming joy," not a window, but is crowded with women and children; not a street or an avenue but is crowded with *brutes*, the very scum and refuse of society from every part of the surrounding country. Not at all disposed to "harrow up the feelings"

ings" of the more humane, by a recital of the cruelties in annual practice, by advertising prizes for the best bull-dogs, thereby inducing their owners to bring them the greater distances, that the destined victim may not die *too easy a death;* the *lighting fires* under the belly of the animal, to prevent his laying down when the utmost powers of nature are quite exhausted; the incessant twistings of the tail, even to frequent dislocation, with a long list of inventions equally horrible, and equally to be abhorred, only tend to strengthen the argument in demonstrating most incontrovertibly the dreadful effect such scenes (exultingly enjoyed) must have upon the feelings of the rising generation; which are by such means lulled to an apathy, and rendered totally callous to every sensation of tenderness and humanity, even in the very hour of infantine initiation.

Having taken a superficial survey of its effect upon the minds and morals of the younger branches of the honourable Society of Bull-Baiters, I shall beg permission to add a few remarks upon its operation with the infatuated parents, who (slaves to custom from their childhood) abandon the beaten track of industry and certainty of compensation, to engage in a continued scene of the most unrelenting *cruelty, riot, blasphemy,* and *intoxication*; and under what pretence? To receive, after the loss of two or three days time and labour, a piece of bull beef, of perhaps the value of eighteen-pence; to obtain which, five or six times the sum in liquor, time, and loss of labour, has been expended. Having presumed to obtrude thus much upon you, in addition to the zealous endeavours of Doctor Barry and the Rev. Mr. Bremner, it may not be inapplicable to state, that this "charitable donation of Geo. Staverton" to the Poor of the parish of Wokingham," was in fact no more than an act of the most inveterate and unqualified resentment; for having been himself alarmed, and most pusillanimously terrified by a farmer's bull, from whom he took refuge in a tree, and from which he dare not descend till four o'clock the following morning, he bequeathed a messuage, in the town of Stanes, for the purpose of perpetuating his own mortification, and the annual suffering of a bull, to the end of time. In full approbation and confirmation of which *humane donation*, the Churchwardens and Overseers *liberally*, and *most mercifully*, add another for the afternoon's *amusement*; at the termination of which, a scene of nocturnal wickedness ensues, that may be much better conceived than described. If this should be thought worthy insertion, you shall hear again from your constant reader and humble servant,

April 5, 1802. BENEVOLUS.

ENTERTAINING REMARKS
Upon the Origin and Use of WHEEL-CARRIAGES.

[By Joseph Moser, Esq.]

AMONG the many convenient, comfortable, and elegant appendages of distinction, which, in this tasteful age, that fickle and fascinating goddess, Fashion, has introduced, which luxury hath adopted, and genius improved, there is, perhaps, no art which has been cultivated with more assiduity, or under the influence of unbounded opulence, been carried to a greater degree of perfection, than

than that by which the labour of removing the human body, is transferred from our own limbs to those of horses; by the means of which, we can, with no other trouble than that of seeking for an expert *flogger*, seat ourselves in our vehicles in a state of perfect composure; and bidding defiance to the effects of wind and weather, sleeping or waking, be conveyed from one place to another, as our pleasure, our interest, or our inclination, prompts us.

My readers will, by my manner of opening, to borrow an expression from the Bar, discover that I purpose, in the first part of this tract, to turn their attention to those splendid carriages, which every day ornament our streets, squares, and public places; and I am sure they will not think me totally devoid of taste, and, consequently, not totally unqualified for the task which I have undertaken, when I inform them that I have frequently been led, by my ardent admiration of a brilliant equipage, into the imminent danger of being run over by it, which naturally introduces an observation so very obvious, that I wonder it has not been more frequently made, viz. that there seems something grand, and even classical, in the celerity with which our wheel-carriages rattle over the pavement. How often do we see the phæton, or curricle, of a youth of fashion, whirling along the street with the rapidity of the vehicle of one of the competitors at the Olympic games, making the poor pedestrians fly on every side, as if dispersed by a Carthagenian chariot, whose wheels were armed with scythes. How often does a lovely Miss from the city, fly to the court end of the town: mounting in the Poultry, how often has she distanced every carriage before she reached St. Paul's; smacked her whip at the trunk-maker's, and lashing her horses, whirled round the church, descended Ludgate-hill, flew along Fleet-street, steered through the still narrow pass of St. Clement's, and bowled along the Strand, Haymarket, and Piccadilly, till she arrived at her milliner's in Bond-street, whither she was bound, in pursuit of a hat and feather.

It has been said that the poor are so numerous, that they are likely to over-run the rich; but I by no means believe this to be true. The world, or, to contract the idea, the metropolis, is certainly wide enough for every one, whether on horseback, or on foot; whether blazing in a chariot gilt to the edge of the wheels, or galloping through the ruins with a dust cart and a donkey. In fact, the poor, the middle, and indeed every rank, from a chimney-sweeper to a peer, from a pedlar to a director, seem to shew a laudable inclination to avoid dirty ways, and mechanically exalt themselves by every possible means; and, from this general desire, proceed the avidity with which we seize every opportunity to step into that distinguishing appendage of opulence, a carriage; which emulative propensity has certainly been the parent of the whole species, beginning with the ass cart, and ascending, by regular gradation, to the jockey cart, the taxed cart, the jaunting car, the chair, the chaise, the timwhiskey, the tandem, the curricle, the phæton, the chariot, the berlin, the landau, the coach, the sociable, the *vis-à-vis*, and so up to the state coach.

Since I have turned my thoughts towards these moveable machines, I have endeavoured to obtain all the information I could on the subject,

subject, by consulting Fitz Stephens Stow, and several other of our civic historians, with the laudable intention of tracing their rise and progress, in order to have joined my lamentation to those which must arise from the acute feelings of my fashionable readers, for the inconvenience to which our ancestors must have been subject, when they were generally obliged to make use of their own legs. I might, indeed, have suffered my thoughts to range in a much more wide and ample field for speculation; and, with very little labour, have composed a description of the chariots of war, the race chariots, and triumphal cars of the ancients; in which, I might have demanded the assistance of Homer, have described the chariot in which Alexander entered the city of Babylon, the Circensian sports, the decemjugis of Nero, the car from which Bonduca harangued the Britons, the enamelled *vis-à-vis* of Pharamond the Great, and a hundred others; but I considered, the more time, paper and ink, which I wasted upon remote antiquity, the more I endeavoured to direct the light of my disquisitive lamp toward the darkness of the middle ages, the less of the former I should have to bestow upon my elegant cotemporaries, to whom I am so sincerely devoted; and, with respect to the latter, if I had attempted to disperse the gloom, which in the period alluded to, pervaded this island, I should, as the proverb says, "have only had my labour for my pains," as the clearing away the mist of monachism would only have discovered that I should have had as much difficulty to have met with an ideal carriage, in order to have pursued my subject, as has frequently occupied to my readers, when they have wanted the same real convenience on a rainy night.

To state the truth, of old time coaches were unknown in this kingdom. The honour of their invention (or rather of their improvement, for if the matter was thoroughly investigated, it would appear they had only added a ruffle to the shirt) is claimed by, and is generally allowed, to our ingenious neighbours, the French; yet even among them, they are not pretended to be of remote antiquity, being only coeval with the dawn of the polite arts and polite literature, the reign of Francis the First, when there were no more than two coaches in Paris: one, that of the King, and the other, that of Diana, natural daughter of Henry the Second. The first courtier that had one, was Jean de Laval, Le Bois Dauphin, (the French Falstaff) whose bulk was so enormous, that he was incapable of travelling on horseback. With us, the first chariot, or whirlicot, (which was a wheel-carriage not near so elegant as a taxed cart) that appears upon the historical course, was one that Richard the Second ordered the surveyor of his works, to have erected for his mother: the reason assigned for it is curious, because "she was old and weak." That Richard was not one of the wisest of the descendants of the conqueror at Cressy and Poitiers, is pretty generally allowed; and, if his folly wanted confirmation, the absurdity of his troubling his head about his mother for no better reason than because "she was old and weak," will certainly operate to its fullest extent, upon the minds of the youth of the present day. "Such an old woman," they may say, "would certainly have been better by her own fire-side, than riding in this

this clumsy, aukward, unfashionable machine to Mile-End, (as we learn from Stow she did) "attended by her aforesaid son, and many of the Nobility on horseback."

Be this as it may, the chariot or whirlicot, either owing to the badness of the roads, or the clumsiness of its construction, was, notwithstanding the royal patronage, far from becoming a general fashion; for Ann, of Bohemia, who from her youth was termed the *little Queen*, the wife of Richard, introduced the custom of riding on side-saddles; (my lovely countrywomen having till then sat astride, which practice is not entirely worn out among the lower orders of females in the principality and remote parts of the island) and that mode, of which the leader was a person of such high rank, being generally approved, has, with the exception I have hinted, been continued to this time.

As the ladies, in the age I have been alluding to; and, indeed, several preceding and succeeding it, went a visiting, shopping, and to public shows and exhibitions on horseback, that animal was also the general mode by which gentlemen, particularly the laity, chose to be conveyed. The clergy, as we learn from Hume, in his recital of the life of that very *obstinate* prelate, Becket, applied to mules to remove their bodies from one place to another. I think the two last vestiges which we have of the spiritual use that was made of this animal, is to be found, first, in the celebrated picture in the gallery in Windsor Castle, of the meeting of the two Kings, Francis I. and Henry VIII. in the vale between *Guynes* and *Arde*; there Cardinal Wolsey is represented riding upon a mule sumptuously arrayed; and, secondly, in the description which Griffith gives of the same prelate, after his fall, (in the play of Henry VIII.) a description which leads us to forget the faults of the haughty, ambitious Minister, in our compassion for an old man broken with the storms of fate—

> "Who fell sick suddenly, and grew so
> "ill,
> "He could not sit his *mule*."

With respect to wheel-carriages, from which I have a little digressed, it is necessary to observe, that our historians are silent, until the reign of Mary I. when a vehicle, called a Landau, from the place where it was invented, became the fashion. This machine, in its original construction, was exactly similar to that which we term a caravan; or, perhaps, with greater propriety, an errand-cart: and, I remember to have read, that when Queen Elizabeth visited Shrewsbury, she was said to have entered the town in a waggon; but it was certainly in a carriage of this description that she performed her journey. It appears that this vehicle was the forerunner of such an abundance of coaches and chariots, that, to use the words of Stow, "They are now so common, that there is no distinction of time, nor difference of persons, observed by the possessors of them, for the world runs upon wheels with many whose parents were glad to go on foot."

If this worthy old citizen were now living to see the number of coaches, chariots, post-chaises, vis-à-vis, sociables, gigs, curricles, sulkies, buggies, muddies, and nondescripts, which are frequently

mingled together in our crowded streets, and could have been apprised of the *steps* by which many of the fortunate possessors ascended those vehicles, he would indeed have had reason to animadvert upon them.

One man rises upon a lottery ticket, another upon a lucky speculation; hundreds by being rogues in *grain*. Some have been known to impel their wheels to within a hair's breadth of the edge of a precipice, and yet, by dexterously managing the reins, check their horses in time. Some, by driving too fast, or by endeavouring to *stop*, have met with *accidents*, and yet mounted again from *country banks*. Numbers drive out of the Stock-Exchange that walked into it, and *vice versa*. The turf has been thought as good as a block to assist the *knowing ones* to leap into a carriage. A gaming-table has, by *adepts*, ere now, been applied to the same use. Many obtain a chariot for a *song*. The beauty of one actress, and the conviviality of another, enables them to *gallop* through the town in great splendour. The faculty consider a carriage as the most favourable symptom *attending* their patients; when an apothecary mounts it, it is a *sign* that *things are in a good way*: and all agree that it enables them to *dispatch* buiness with greater celerity. The law has long since *determined*, that a *carriage* is indispensably necessary to the *ultimate execution* of justice. The clergy think it a proper resting-place for the weary and heavy laden. The commercial world are so fond of it, that they have lately *made* them of every kind of substance, particularly *the necessaries of life*: and, I believe, there is not a person but what is so fully convinced of its utility, that if the means could be as easily adduced as arguments for its *support*, we should not, in a few weeks, have a single pedestrian.

It is a general, and therefore a just opinion, that, when a man acquires a fortune by his abilities, successfully exerted in an honourable profession, or by the regularly accumulated profits of a fair trade, he deserves every distinction which opulence can bestow. If there were any satire in this tract, it certainly would not be against these that its arrows would be levelled; but it so happens in this commercial country, that there are anomalies in every pursuit; persons, who, if they *start fair*, which is not always the case, *dash* across the *course*, and frequently *distance* their competitors who are only *backed* by prudence and industry. What a quack is to a member of a college, a methodist to an orthodox divine, the same is a speculator to a British merchant, a puffing shopkeeper to an honest tradesman. The illicit dealers, whether in law, physic, or divinity, whether in the liberal arts, or in commercial speculations, too frequently derive both consequence and credit from a carriage, which is not with them the *end*, but the means of wealth; and respecting which, as my readers may perhaps think, I have *run* my Parnassian gig strangely out of the road, I shall pull the *check-string*, give my horses *a bait*, and, in your next number, conclude my journey with that circumspection which the importance of my commission seems to demand.

Mr.

Mr. Watson's Answer to "An Observer."

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

Cambridge, April 6, 1802.

Gentlemen,

ALTERCATION is at all times unpleasant, but it is more especially so, when the controversies of individuals on subjects which, as far as they regard the public, are of small importance, are industriously brought before the public eye. Being fully persuaded, that public altercation is much more calculated to disgust those before whom it is brought, than to interest them in the favour of either of the controvertists, it was with great reluctance that I took any notice of the virulent attack of Mr. Taplin; an attack, the direction of which was too obvious for any person to misunderstand, and to which, that which ought to prompt the actions of every honest man, a regard to character, and unwillingness to be robbed of public estimation, alone stimulated me to reply.

A defence of Mr. Taplin, or rather a fresh attack upon myself, having appeared in the last Number of your useful Magazine, the same motives which induced me to notice his advertisement in another advertisement, induce me also to make a few remarks upon the article in your publication; and when I assure you that my reply shall be as concise as circumstances will allow, and written merely with a view to refute falsehood, I trust your impartiality will permit this likewise to appear in your publication.

It would be to no purpose, Gentlemen, for me to waste time in ascertaining who was the writer of the article I now reply to; the dates he brings forward in his letter (though brought for the purpose of misrepresentation, as will soon appear), prove clearly, either that the author is Mr. Taplin himself, or some confidential friend, who is, at least, acquainted with the chief transactions which have passed between Mr. Taplin and myself. But this I shall not dwell upon; what I have to say relates much less to the author than to his arguments and his statements.

First, for a few words respecting this Gentleman's logic. "This galenical drawcansir," says he, "by taking to himself the allusion, *absolutely confesses* himself the medical shark, the very necessitous adventurer so fairly described." Truly, Gentlemen, this is a curious deduction. According to this mode of reasoning, nothing else would be wanted to prove, that a man was a complete rascal, than to shew that he had been shamefully abused and traduced in language, which, without mentioning his name, had a manifest reference to him; and that he had common sense enough to see through the art and meanness of the calumniator. I need not say what havock would be made with character, if this kind of deduction were admitted; and I am sure no laboured arguments are necessary to prove the fallacy, not to say stupidity, of such perversions of reasoning

But to proceed to something of a more serious complexion. Mr. Taplin's advocate is not satisfied with a fair defence of his friend; but he mistakes his business, and attacks others by wholesale. The carriers, the inn-keepers, the gamekeepers, the huntsmen, and others, who have thought proper (from trial) to testify their good opinion of my medicines, are, in fact, though not in so many words, held up to public odium as unprincipled

scoundrels, who unite in the business of imposing upon, and deceiving their fellow-countrymen, for the sake of a paltry *bribe*. "Such *shifts*, such *invention*, such *artifice*, and such *low design*," would indeed disgrace any man, or body of men. But where must be the *liberality*, where must be the *modesty* of a man, who *dare* ascribe such pitiful motives, to several respectable men of whom he knows nothing? And what a deplorable cause must that be, which needs the aid of one apparently versed in the arts of misrepresentation to support it. Excuse me, Gentlemen, if I feel warmly on this point; I can bear personal ill treatment with patience, but to have one's *friends* scandalously abused, without cause, is surely enough to excite the sparks of indignation in every breast not totally divested of gratitude and feeling. It is a trite, but true remark, that those who have prepared themselves for one kind of disgraceful conduct, are by the same process prepared for another. This remark is verified in the present instance. Mr. Taplin's defender does not confine himself to the mere vilifying of the reputation of others, though that would be dirty work enough in a cause *less pure* and *clean*, than that of Mr. T's; but he strives to promote his object by *absolute falsehood*. "*Vague assertion*," as he observes, "is one thing, but *solid proof* another:" and so I hope to make it appear. "If," continues he, "these *petty cury* veterinarians, had ever prepared a *single ball* of even local celebrity, why make application to Mr. Taplin to become his agent for the sale of them in *Cambridge* and that district?" These are certain epithets, gentlemen, which it is generally reckoned ungenteel to apply to any man: I wish not, therefore, to make use of them; but just ask, if it be ungenteel to apply them, how much more so to *deserve* them. Let the following statement shew the propriety of this observation. On August 11, 1795, Mr. Taplin wrote to Mr. Watson, of Cambridge; not Mr. Watson to Mr. Taplin, as his advocate pretends; and in that letter, Mr. Watson was *solicited by Mr. Taplin*, to become his agent, for Cambridge and its vicinity. He was not then informed, as he is now, that he was a "*little* druggist," "generated in *obscurity*," "dispensing his *halfpennyworths of Turner's cerate*, and *pennyworths of yellow basilican*, to his fellow rustics in the purlieus of a country town." No, No; the style was then different. "Encouraged by many gentlemen of the *University* and town, I presume to trouble you;" and, after speaking of the agent he then had, as in a "situation not *sufficiently conspicuous*," and "not calculated to give *popularity*," although one of the most respectable venders of advertised medicines in Cambridge, he goes on, "I am taught by *many* to believe, that were they in *your possession* (N. B. In the possession of the "*little* druggist," "generated *in obscurity*"), *great quantities* might be sold." The letter from which I have here extracted, and with no words marked for italics, but what Mr. T. marked himself, is now before me; and shall be willingly shewn to any gentleman who wishes to have occular demonstration of the false statements of Mr. Taplin's defender; or, to use his own words, it shall be shewn to any one who prefers, "SOLID PROOF," to "*vague conjecture*."

After this specimen of the talents of your late Correspondent, in "analyzing and investigating the TRUTH, and *detecting* the *falsehood* of any assertion, made with a design

design to impose," it will be needless to infringe more upon your room, and the patience of your readers. After this exposure of egregious misrepresentation, and direct falsehood, it would be an insult to the common sense, and moral feelings of the readers of your Magazine, to suppose they would give credit to any of the assertions of "AN OBSERVER." I therefore decline saying more in reply to this writer, but abandon him to that just and severe castigation, which every one who has so shamefully violated the rules of liberality and truth, must experience, from the contempt of the public at large, and the accusation of his own conscience. I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

THOMAS WATSON.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

JAMES the First preferred this amusement (hunting) the hawking or shooting *. One time, when he was on a hunting party near Bury St. Edmund's, he saw an opulent townsman, who had joined the chase, "very brave in his apparel, and so glittering and radiant, that he eclipsed all the Court." The King was desirous of knowing the name of this gay gentleman, and being informed by one of his followers, that it was *Lamme*, he facetiously replied, "*Lamb* call you him? I know not what kind of *lamb* he is, but I am sure he has got a *good fleece* upon his back."

In the middle ages, when beasts went together in companies, it was observed by sportsmen, that there was a *pride* of lions, a *lepe* of leopards, &c. It is well worthy of notice, this sort of phraseology was not confined to the brute creation, but was extended to the various ranks and professions of men, and often very expressively; viz. A *state* of princes; a *skulk* of friars; a *lying* of pardoners; a *multiplying* of husbands; an *incredibility* of cuckolds; a *safe-guard* of porters; a *blast* of hunters; a *draught* of butlers, a *melody*; a *poverty* of pipers; a *drunkenship* of coblers; a *superfluity* of nuns; a *non-patience* of wives; a *gagle* of women; and a *gagle* of geese.

Birds assembled in companies were frequently denominated with equal aptness; as for instance—a *murmuration* of starlings; an *exaltation* of larks; a *flight* of swallows; a *watch* of nightingales; and a *charm* of goldfinches.

* It is said of this Monarch, in Wellwood's Memoirs, that he divided his time betwixt his standish, his bottle, and his hunting; the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy.

A CHANGE FROM THE CHASE TO THE CHURCH.

A New Parody of Shakspeare.

I Do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is lost to the world, when he dedicates his graces to the church, will, after he has laughed at such sober reveries in others, become the argument of his own jest, by putting on a black coat; and such a man is Claudia. I have known when there was no music with him but the horn and hounds; and now he had rather hear the organ and chimes. I have known when he would have walked ten miles a-foot to see a good boxing-match; and now he will lay ten hours awake setting a new text to an old sermon. He was wont to swear roundly, and to no purpose, like a soldier; and now he is turned orthodox, his words are a very composition of fines and moduses, to the end of the

responsibility for the sum of Two Hundred Pounds.

On the morning after the attendance at Bow-street, I received a note from Mr. John King, of Portland-place, requesting to see me upon the subject of the error I was in as to the character of his friend, Col. Lathropp; that he might interpose his friendly services of accommodation before matters had gone too far to be in any one's power to appease. To this letter I think the public will be of opinion, that I paid a proper attention in not returning any answer, and, in the course of the same day, I received another letter from Mr. John King, in which he laments, that I did not attend in time to his friendly hints in the morning; that I need not then give myself the trouble to call upon him, as it was too late for him to be of service.

I was also informed, at the same time, by a person who had seen King, that actions were to be brought against me, Sir Richard Ford, Townshend, and Macmanus. In a few days after this, the solicitude of Mr. King for the reputation of Col. Lathropp, was explained by the latter appearing with the title of Baronet, at the head of a firm in the banking-house, lately kept by King, in Portland-place, in the following circular proposals:

"BRITISH EXCHANGE BANK,
PORTLAND PLACE.

"SIR ROBERT MURRAY BROWN CLARKE, LEVISON, PRESSCOTT, and Co.

"Beg leave to inform merchants, manufacturers, and warehousemen, that they have opened a banking-house, for the purpose of giving a general facility to the internal trade of the country, which it never yet has obtained, by granting acceptances, in sums of five pounds, or any greater sums as may be desired, on goods consigned to the house in London, and sent up by waggons, canals, or other safe modes of conveyance, in a manner similar to what has been long practised with goods and merchandises sent abroad.

"The manner of doing business will be nearly as follows:—Any manufacturer or other person at Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, Glasgow, or other towns, who wishes to dispose of goods by selling them in London, must have them valued, and a fair invoice given, which he must forward to this house, with the receipt of the master of the waggon, stating, when the goods will be delivered in London, when, by inclosing the said invoice and receipt, the proprietor of the goods may draw at two months for two-thirds of the value of them.

"In every large town in England, a person will be appointed by the Bank to get the goods valued, and sign a paper to the following effect, which will be sent up to London at the time of drawing:—

"FORM OF WAGGONER'S RECEIPT.

"I *X. Y.* agent for the waggon, setting out from to the in London, acknowledged to have received one bale of goods marked A. M. N. No. 1, and directed to the house of Sir Robert Murray Brown Clarke, Prescott, Wilson, and Co. in London, where I engage to deliver said bale before the 20th of the present month.—10th March, 1802.

"The underneath to be signed by some person of known respectability.

"I, the undersigned, declare, that I have duly inspected the goods contained in the above bale, belonging to , and declare them to be worth the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Pounds.

"Manchester, 10th March, 1802."

This

This I conceived, from the knowledge of all the circumstances, to be made such use of as his discretion might direct; but my surprise at the extent and design of this banking scheme was not a little encreased, to see in the Gazette of April the 3d, the following notice:

"WHITEHALL, APRIL 1, 1802.

"The King has been pleased to grant unto Sir Robert Lathropp Murray, of Seymour-street, Portman Square, and of the Hermitage*, in the county of Berks, Baronet of North Britain, his Royal licence and authority, that he and his issue, by Katherine Clarke, his wife, only child and heir of Thomas Clarke, of Hailsham, in the county of Sussex, Esq. deceased, by Katherine his wife, daughter and sole heir of Richard Brown, late of Golden-square and Stamford-hill, both in the county of Middlesex, Esq. also deceased, may assume, take, and use, the surnames of Brown Clarke, and bear the arms of Brown and Clarke, out of respect to the memory of his said wife's father and grandfather; provided such arms be first duly exemplified, according to the laws of arms, and recorded in the Herald's Office; and also to order his Majesty's concession and declaration to be registered in the College of Arms."

This was evidently inserted to remove all doubts as to the claim of this man to a Baronetage; and, the Gazette being viewed as an authentic document, the admission of such a notice might (if undetected) have done, in the manufacturing towns, incalculable mischief.

I immediately gave information at the Secretary of State's office, and, after a delay of several days, the following notice was inserted in the Gazette, annulling the change of name, but in such a manner as to justify what Lathropp now asserts, that it was *at his own request*; no notice was taken of the false claim to a Baronetage, which Sir Isaac Heard knows, or ought to know, Lathropp has no more title to than to a Bishopric.

"SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE, WHITEHALL, APRIL 13, 1802.

"His Majesty's warrant, allowing the person signing himself Robert Lathropp Murray, in his petition to his Majesty, delivered the 31st of last month, to assume the surnames of Brown Clarke, hath been cancelled, by his Majesty's command, and declared null and void."

The Secretary of State was also informed, that this person, who petitioned his Majesty to change his name, in consequence of his marriage with Miss Clarke, as alledged in his petition, had, previously, been legally married to Miss Marshall, at Londonderry, who is now living, and resides at that place with her friends.

After this statement, the public will judge whether I have acted wrong in the steps I have taken. The notice from the Gazette, of the Baronetage, was immediately printed, in a conspicuous manner, in the Coventry paper, with a design, no doubt, of procuring the custom of my constituents for the Exchange Bank, at the head of which is the person, sometimes Colonel Lathropp, sometimes Sir Robert

* Since his marriage with Miss Clarke, he has rented a house, called the Hermitage, at Old Windsor, ready furnished, for four months, and from which he dates his title: he was there, in his assumed character of Colonel Wyndham Lathropp, very hospitably and politely received by a respectable family of the name of Bonell, to whom he felt so attached, as to give out, in return for the civilities he received at one time, that he was the Nephew of Mrs. Bonell; and, at another, that he was her son.

Robert or Sir George Murray, who, while he is afraid of attending at Bow-street, for fear of being arrested, advertises to issue his acceptances for all goods sent as security to his Bank. "The Union Bank, in which John King was a partner," having ceased, the Exchange Bank is to supply its place, and agents are sent throughout the manufacturing towns to procure goods on its acceptances.

Under these circumstances, I lament that the Secretary of State did not, in the second notice in the Gazette, use some expressions to explain the character of Mr Lathropp, and to guard the public against him. It is, indeed, a pity that Mr. Lathropp, and others such have been so long at large; and I regret that the task of exposing him, and doing justice to the public, has been forced upon so humble an individual as I am.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

NATH. JEFFERYS.

Pall-Mall, No. 34,
April 15, 1802.

*** Mr. Harris, the seal-engraver, in Pall-Mall, engraved a seal for Sir Robert Lathropp Murray Brown Clarke, with superb supporters, and a coat of arms that would not have disgraced the most dignified of the Nobility, with ten quarters of the arms of different families, including the noble heraldry of the ancient families of Montague and Morthermer, borne by the Duke of Buccleugh.

SIR ROBERT MURRAY'S ANSWER.

MY baptism in Mary-le-bone, December 1777, will shew that my name was Robert Windham Felton Lathropp. The Baronetage of Murray came into the family in 1680, by the second brother of Murray, the then Baronet, marrying a Miss Lathropp, and assuming her name. I have regularly proved my title. I was in the suite of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and have my commission of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Chasseurs, dated so early as 1792.

In February last, the noble Lord alluded to by Mr. Jefferys, begged me to get a bill of two hundred pounds discounted for him. I was informed that, Nathaniel Jefferys, of Pall-mall, was likely to do it; and I applied to him to change it. A gentleman, who formerly introduced me to a person that won seventeen thousand pounds of me at cards, and shared in the winnings, advised Mr. Jefferys to take me up for forgery. When Mr ——, of ——————, the ——— attended me to Mr. Jefferys, Mr. Macnamus and Mr. Townsend took us to Bow-street. I sent for the nobleman's attorney, Mr. Hall; he proved his Lordship's hand-writing, and we were dismissed. The fabricated statement against me, besides other falsehoods, says, that I excused myself from waiting on Sir Richard Ford, for fear of arrests. Let Sir Richard Ford produce that letter, and shew how little Mr. Jefferys's assertions are to be relied upon. I made no such excuse. I immediately employed Messrs. Fletcher and Wright to prosecute Jefferys; but this man would avert my intention, by bringing new accusations against me, no better founded than the other charge.

My mother is Ann Lathropp, of Westminster, in her Majesty's service: the lady of Ireland, whom I am said to have married at fifteen years old, IS NOT MY WIFE! It seems indelicate to bring a lady's name forward, but I am called upon to do it. I have no wife but her who was Katherine Clarke, and

find by her I am entitled to the fortunes of Brown and Clarke. My connexion with Miss Marshall was fully understood by the whole of the family to which I am now allied. Felton Hall, in Shropshire, is mine, where I have a freehold estate of more than two thousand pounds a year. I made my property clear to Mr. King, when I became purchaser of his bank, furniture, &c. and *he is totally out of the concern.*

Where are the relations of this injured lady, that Mr. Jefferys alone must be the champion in the cause? and where are those pretended documents of marriage? and why am I not prosecuted for Bigamy? He said the nobleman's name was forged, and kept the bill. That nobleman will come forward on the trial; and Mr. Jefferys will not be able, even with this second attack, to elude the punishment that awaits him.

ROBERT L. MURRAY.

Portland Place,
April 7, 1802.

*** The nobleman's name alluded to, and that of the gentleman who won the seventeen thousand pounds, are left at the Printing-office, and which, from delicacy, have been omitted in my appeal to public justice.

THE REPLY OF MR. JEFFERYS.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,

IT was not my intention to have entered into any correspondence with the person calling himself Sir Robert Lathropp Murray Brown Clarke, Bart.; but, as the assertions in support of his pretended rank, in the papers of to-day, (in answer to my letter of Saturday) are so totally devoid of any thing like probability to support them, I shall consider myself excused in the opinion of the Public, from paying any attention, in future, to any thing he may advance.

I shall, therefore, without any other observations, merely answer his assertions of this day.

He says, his baptism was in 1777, and that he was a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1792; if so, it was at the early age of fifteen; but, instead of possessing the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1792, I have authority this day (afforded me by a very respectable clergyman) to say, that he did not leave school till 1793, and was, after that, clerk to an attorney.

He says, he was Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Chasseurs; but, at the War-Office, where they are likely to be well informed on such a subject, it appears, there never was a regiment so called in the British Army.

He says, he was in the suite of Sir Ralph Abercrombie; he never was belonging to the Staff of Sir Ralph—what he means by the suite I do not comprehend.

He says, his mother, Mrs. Ann Lathropp, is in the service of her Majesty.—Her name does not appear in the Court Calendar, in the list of her Household, nor is her name known to any body at Buckingham-house, where an enquiry has been made.

Lastly, he asserts he did not, in a letter to Sir R. Ford, say, that his reason for declining to attend at Bow-street, was a fear of being arrested; but if the word of that very respectable magistrate is to be credited, and no man will, I believe, dispute it, Mr. Lathropp did, in a letter to Sir Richard, give such a reason; and, as a proof that his fears were not without foundation, two Sheriff's Officers were, all the

day, waiting at Bow-street to arrest him.

I shall now, Sir, say no more upon the subject; a very unpleasant task has been forced upon me; and I am perfectly satisfied in the reflexion of having discharged what I conceived to be my duty. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

NATH. JEFFERYS.

Pall-Mall, April 19, 1802.

UNFAIR SPORTING.

A LAW CASE.

SHERIFF'S COURT, APRIL 17.

BARRIFF *v.* HOLLAMBY.

THIS was an action which came before the Court as a writ of inquiry to assess damages; which the plaintiff claimed for the seduction of her daughter by the defendant. The plaintiff, Mrs. Theodosia Barriff, was widow of an officer who had distinguished himself in the American war, and the daughter of an American loyalist. At the end of that war, they came over to this country, and resided in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, and lived there for several years, in a genteel stile, on an annuity for their joint lives, of Four Hundred Pounds. Mr. Barriff died, about six years ago, leaving a wife and a daughter, then eleven years old. This young lady was well educated, and possessed of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. About two years and a half ago, he accompanied her mother to Ascot Heath races, where the defendant was introduced to them at the house of an acquaintance, where they resided during their excursion. The defendant paid very particular attention to Miss Barriff, and expressed a wish to be united to her in marriage. He afterwards visited her at her mother's house, and made proposals in form; to which the mother, who found his connexions respectable, and his prospects flattering, gave her conent. The courtship continued until last summer, when the day for the celebration of the nuptials was fixed upon. There being no suspicion of any dishonourable intention on the part of the defendant, it was not thought necessary to impose any restraint as to the intercourse between him and the young lady to whom he was so soon to be united. They went about to different places of public amusement, sometimes alone, and sometimes with their friends. In July last he invited Miss Barriff and her mother to accompany him with a party to Vauxhall. Mrs. Barriff being indisposed declined going, but her daughter went. The remainder of the case was stated by Miss Barriff herself, who twice fainted while she told her story. She said she accompanied the defendant in a coach to Westminster Bridge, from whence they proceeded in a boat to Vauxhall, where they met his party, none of whom she knew. About eleven o'clock they supped in a box. The defendant pressed her much to drink wine. Several of the company, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, became elevated, and drank her health as Mrs. Hollamby; her own spirits were raised, and she was persuaded to drink a glass of champaigne. Shortly after she was indisposed, and, wishing to retire, the defendant handed her into a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Blackheath. She grew worse, and became totally insensible. When she recovered,

she

she perceived herself in a bed-chamber, with the defendant near her. She was conscious of her situation, and the outrage she had sustained! She swooned, and was a long time before she recovered. The defendant endeavoured to appease her; but she insisted on going home. He said, she could not go till morning, that her mother would not expect her, and that the marriage would take place on the day appointed. She consented to remain, on condition that he quitted the room. He did so, and she threw herself on the bed in a state of distraction and despair. The next morning she returned to her mother, and related all that had passed. It appeared, the house she had been in had been hired, and furnished by the defendant. He never afterwards came near her mother's house; but paid his addresses to a young lady of fortune in London. Mrs. Barriff waited on the father of this lady, and acquainted him with the dishonourable conduct of the defendant. In consequence of which he forbade his visits to his daughter.—The plaintiff then brought her action.

The Jury gave her a verdict, with One Thousand Pounds damages.

THE FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A Saw being stolen from the carpenter of an Indiaman, suspicions fell thick upon the captain's negro boy, who, on being taxed with the theft, roundly denied the charge. The captain, however, being in his own mind convinced of his guilt, ordered him a flogging, which being over, blacky determined to watch the carpenter, who, not being satisfied either with the loss of his saw, or the flogging of the boy, said to one of his messmates a few days after, "D—n this saw, it sticks in my gizzard now." The poor boy overhearing him, flew with rapture to the captain, and exclaimed, "Oh! massa, massa, the carpenter find him saw." "Where?" demanded the captain. "Oh! massa, him find it this very minute *in him gizzard!*"

Anecdote of Fletcher of Salton, related by Lord Hailes.—A footman of his desired to be dismissed. "Why do you leave me?" said he:—"Because, to say truth, I cannot bear your temper."—"To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner *on* than it is *off*."—"Yes," replied the footman, "but then it is no sooner *off* than it is *on*."

A lady, whose husband had made strong objections to the large presents she frequently made the shepherd of a methodistical flock, being too ill to offer her usual compliment in person, and fearful that a letter might excite the curiosity of her lord, modestly begged he would permit her to present the Rev. Mr. W—— with a goose. He could not refuse so trifling a favour, and she inclosed a ten-pound note in the body of the bird. Mr. W—— was out of town, but his servant returned compliments

pliments and thanks. Conceiving the goose might spoil before his return, the cook resolved to enjoy it with her friends. In preparing it for the spit, the note was discovered wrapped in oil-skin; but as she had concealed the goose, she was bound to conceal the valuable prize. The lady recovered; and as the worthy pastor did not offer his usual thanks, she suspected some mistake, and ventured to ask how he liked his goose. The fraud was then detected; but as the lady feared the displeasure of her husband, and the preacher the public ridicule, both parties were compelled to endure the loss in silence.

A farmer lately went into a barber's shop, in Norwich, and while he was waiting to be shaved, the conversation turned upon the Definitive Treaty, which the farmer affirmed would never arrive. The hair-dresser warmly asserting the contrary, his political opponent had sufficient reliance upon his own foresight, to offer the hair-dresser two guineas to shave him, and find him with wigs till the treaty should come; agreeing, at the same time, to have but one wig in the year, and not to order the first for two months. The farmer threw down the gold, and the barber *shaved him.*

The following Whimsical List of the present Imperial Parliament, is in imitation of a play upon the names of the Nobility, and a list of a Grand Jury, given in the former Numbers of the Sporting Magazine.—A Man; a Wild Man; a Hard Man; a Honey Man; a Savage; a King; a Page; two Bastards; a Knight; a Major; two Clerks; a Bishop; an Abbot; three Taylors; seven Smiths; a Steward; two Butlers; a Baker; a Cook; a Gardener; a Fuller; a Porter; a Carter; a Cartwright; a Forrester; two Riders; two Turners; a Cooper; three Moors; a Buck; a Bullock; two Foxes; a Hare; and a Ram.——A Bird; a Rook; two Martins; a Heron; a Cock; and a Cricket.——A Temple; four Fanes; a Woodhouse; a Barn; three Heath Cots; a Birch; an Orchard; two Woods; a Honey Wood; three Pits; three Hills; a Hunting Field; two Long Fields; a Lake, and its Banks; two Brooks, and a Trench; two Lemons; two Roses, and a Garland.——A Bond; a Pen; a Comb; a Patten; and a Spencer.——Law; Power; Hope; a Price; a Hussey; a Shakespear; a Calender; a Little Town; a Moor's Head; two Scots; a New Bolt; a Brag; a Finch; a Crew; a Flooder; a Beach; a Serjeant; an East Court; a Monday; two Wall Poles; a Barn; a Burden; a Mill Bank; a Chamber; two Fellows; a Strut; a Warren; a Somerset; and a Dance.

The late Sir Toby Butler, an Irish Counsellor of great eminence, remarkable for his brouge, his wit, his honesty, and his slovenly appearance—one day in Court, the Judge, who was thought not to have been very *scrupulous*, said to him—"Sir Toby, your shirt is very dirty." "True, my Lord," said Sir Toby, holding up both fists, "but I have *clean hands!*"

A methodistical shoemaker, who lately lived at Kentish Town, did not choose to tell absolute falsehoods, he therefore contrived, as well as he could, to evade such as his profession occasionally compelled him to use. When he had cut out the leather for a pair of shoes, he laid it down upon the floor, and walked once or twice round it. If then asked by his customers whether he had done the shoes, he would truly answer,

No!

"No! but *I have been about them.*"

A late Birmingham Gazette contains an advertisement for a female partner for life, with the following qualities: from thirty to forty years of age, free from incumbrance, that can advance any sum not less than One Thousand Pounds; such a lady, the gentleman says, may hear of a comfortable home, a good husband, and an industrious and truly honest man! This, by the bye, is no bad puff.—He is so sure of receiving applications, that he says none will be finally engaged till after the first day of May next, thus gallantly allowing the ladies one month for reflection.

About a fortnight ago, a company of strolling Players, on coming to Montrose, in Scotland, gave out, in their opening bills, the Comedy of the *West Indian*, with the *Devil to Pay*.—Their scenery not arriving from Aberdeen on the night of performance, the play was consequently put off for that evening; but in order that the public should have proper notice, the manager employed the town drummer, who (probably having been reading the accounts from St. Domingo) published it in the following terms:—"O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! I let ye to wit! that the Play Ackers skreens hae nae come forward frae Aberdeen, an' they canna perform this evening, but the Manager assures the public, that the morn's night there will be the *Devil to Pay* in the *West-Indies!*—God save the King!"

Curious Anecdote.—Some of our English sailors, passing by the house of M. Otto, and seeing, among other preparations for illumination, the word CONCORD, mistook the meaning, and read it CONQUER'D. On which some of them remarked, "they *conquer* us, they be d—d;" and immediately knocked at the door, and demanded the reason of their placing that word, which was explained, but to no purpose, and M. Otto, much to his credit, has actually ordered it to be taken down, and the word AMITY placed in its stead.

The following paragraph, in a Provincial Paper, has no relation whatever to Lord Hawkesbury and the *Definitive Treaty*:—"On Easter Sunday the Methodist Chapel, in *Pitt*-street, was opened by that celebrated preacher of the Gospel of *Peace*, Mr. Jenkinson, of *Liverpool*.

During the unhappy disturbances in Ireland, a poor ignorant fellow was tried for treason, in conspiring "to kill the King." The Counsel against him, in the midst of his fine florid harangue, chanced to repeat the law adage, that "the King never dies;" on which Teague roars out, "Uboboo! my Lord! and how can I be guilty?" His friends desired him to keep quiet, but he positively refused, with "Don't you hear what a bull that *tief* of the world makes? Why, oons and tunder, how can I *kill* a man that *never dies.*"

A tradesman, at the West end of the town, who has prepared a *fulsome compliment* on the front of his house to Lord Hawkesbury, lately asked a neighbour, whether he had seen his *device?* "No," answered the latter, "but I have seen your *design.*"

A *coach* full of sailors, and their girls, drove down Fleet-street, a few days ago, with great spirit, the company within singing, "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," which a *huge, ugly, old driver* on the box, very condescendingly construed as a compliment to himself.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE following is the most ridiculous wager we have ever yet heard of:—Two noble lords, well known on the turf, have agreed to run against each other, the first *windy day* on *Hampstead Heath*. The one is to wear *jack-boots* and to *run backwards*, against the other, who is to carry a large *umbrella* over his head, and to *run forwards*. —They are both to run against the wind.

Second Day of York Spring Meeting.—A foot race for one hundred guineas a side, will be run over Knavesmire, between John Brown, of Kirbymoorside, who won the eight-mile race in the York August Meeting, 1796, and a man from Lancashire.—Betting, at present, in favour of the latter.

At the Hampshire Hunt Meeting, on Tuesday, the 6th instant, the Hunter's Cup, of Fifty Pounds, for all ages, was run for over the Winchester race-ground, the best of three four-mile heats, which was won by Mr. Villebois, beating two others.

Match against Time.—On Thursday, April 1, a chesnut galloway, belonging to Wm. Porter, Esq. of Shepperton, started, at four o'clock in the morning, from Staines, to go one hundred miles in twelve successive hours, carrying a feather weight, which he performed in eleven hours and thirty-six minutes, with great ease; the bets at starting were five to four, and three to two in his favour. The ground chosen on this occasion, was Sunbury Common. The fineness of the day attracted a large concourse of people.

On Saturday the 3d instant, a foot race was run from Wakefield bridge to Doncaster-bridge, a distance of about nineteen miles and an half, between Mr. B. Waugh, of Wakefield, and Mr. Wm. Raynor, of Dodworth, near Barnsley, which was won by the former, beating his antagonist about fifty yards. The distance was run in two hours and fifty-five minutes. The wager was Forty to Twenty Guineas. Considerable sums were bet on the occasion, and the knowing ones were taken in. Bets at starting were six to four on Raynor.

There are now making at a gunsmith's in town, a pair of small pocket pistols, intended as a present from Colonel Thornton, of sporting memory, to the First Consul. The barrels are triple: they discharge together or separately, and are of bright blue, inlaid with gold; the stocks are of high varnished wood, inlaid with silver; on one side of the lock are the arms of Colonel Thornton; and, on the other, the word Marengo likewise in silver.

A horse, valued at Sixty Guineas, the property of Colonel Conolley, of Peterborough, grazing in a close near the town, in which there was a mount, by means of the eminence, got upon the wall and walked upwards of twenty yards, but in endeavouring to turn himself

himself fell, from an height of several feet, and was killed on the spot.

A farmer near Stamford, having lately purchased an hay-stack, containing six tons, at the rate of a barley corn for the first cwt. two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and thus doubling the quantity of corn for every hundred of hay, an ingenious schoolmaster at Duddington has calculated that the hay would take —"fifty-two times the solid contents of the globe of our earth in gold to pay for it, admitting five hundred and forty-four thousand eight hundred grains of barley to make a bushel, at two pounds per quarter, and a guinea to weigh five grains nine penny weights, and to be valued at one pound ten shillings each; also every degree of the meridian circle to be eighty English miles."

Mr. Watkins, of Charing-cross, has now in his possession an elephant's tooth, in sawing through which a musket ball was found in the centre. There is no apparent aperture through which the bullet entered: so that it appears as if the animal had been fired at when young, and the ball lodged in the tooth, which has since grown so as completely to enclose the bullet. This curiosity is, we understand, to be lodged in the British Museum.

Gormandizing.—About the middle of the present month, a labouring man went to the Star Inn, at Rawmarsh, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, and ate his dinner, which consisted of about four pounds of mutton, four of potatoes, and two of bread, to which he drank two pints of beer. A person in the house remarking to him his ravenous appetite, he replied, that he could eat as much more if he had it, when immediately five pounds of beef were procured, and fried in a pound of fat, which, with the addition of a six-penny loaf and three pints of beer, this voracious eater consumed in about fifty minutes, to the astonishment of all who witnessed his gluttony. The whole may be computed at the weight of twenty-two pounds.

A Jew, one morning during the present month, undertook to walk five miles on the Whitechapel-road within the hour, for a wager of Twenty Guineas, carrying at the same time a weight of fifty pounds. It became a matter of dispute whether he had lost or won; but an immense number of Jews being present, they carried the point their own way.

Horse-dealing is at present the most profitable trade at Paris. The best mode of carrying it on is by purchasing a great number at the beginning of winter, selling them about the time when the rides of Longchamp are coming into fashion, and buying them up again after. By this means, you may re-purchase for thirty louis, a horse which you sold a few months before for sixty. This is, in fact, to have a circulating stud, for which you receive so much a-day, per head, while the buyer, who is nothing more than a hirer, runs all the risk.

Coursing.—The Gentlemen of Northumberland have just established a Coursing Meeting for the next season, and adopted the rules and plan of the Malton Meeting, as a model for their own. The country is very open, and the hares are said to be very plentiful.

Extra Coursing.—A challenge, it is said, has been sent by Mr. Durand, the owner of Bellissima,

to produce a greyhound to run any of the Snowballs (home and home) for One Thousand Guineas. This may be considered as the largest stake ever offered on a match of greyhounds. Colonel Thornton, we believe, has accepted the challenge.

The sport at the Epping Hunt, on Easter Monday, was not quite so great as usual, the stag immediately taking to the Forest, all the holiday equestrians were *thrown out.*

On Wednesday, the 21st instant, a great match of Tennis was played in Oxendon-street, between Mr. Barcelon, and Phil the marker; considerable sums were pending on the event, which terminated in favour of the former.

A great match at whist is shortly to be played at the West end of the town, for the sum, exclusive of bets, of Five Thousand Pounds.

Dublin, April 17.—Yesterday a very interesting race was run in the Phœnix Park, by Mr. Henry's chesnut horse, and Mr. Battersby's grey mare, both rode by the owners, three rounds of the fifteen acres. The odds before starting were five to four on Mr. Battersby's mare; at the post, five to four on the horse. The bets were numerous, and to a large amount. After a very sporting and well-rode race, Mr. Henry's horse came in first.

It has been announced in the public papers, that a grand trotting match is intended soon to take place, for One Thousand Guineas a-side, between the noted mare, Phænomena, and the celebrated Kentish Poney (the ground for their performance not yet fixed upon). They are to trot the greatest distance in one hour, the mare allowing the poney one mile at starting. The odds are in favour of the mare, six to four; and should she lose the match, the knowing ones will be completely taken in, as they have paid Two Hundred Guineas for her to a horse-dealer, in Little Britain, although, as a hack, she is not worth more than Ten Pounds.

On Sunday morning, the 4th instant, during divine service, a great number of blackguards, of every description, assembled on Chelsea Common, to witness two pitched battles that were to be fought there; but information of the business being communicated to Mr. Bond, the magistrate, he immediately issued his warrant to apprehend the principals, and dispatched several constables to the spot, on whose approach the mob dispersed. Two of the combatants, who are butchers' apprentices in the neighbourhood, were afterwards apprehended under authority of the warrant, and obliged to find sureties to answer any complaint that might be preferred against them at the next Session.

Tuesday night, April 6th, about eight o'clock, a number of persons met at a public-house, called the Pea-hen, in Gray's-inn-lane, for the purpose of seeing Belcher, Bourke, Gamble, and other noted pugilists spar, for the benefit of Belcher. They continued to exhibit in turn until near ten o'clock, when they were interrupted by a visit from a party of the Bow-street officers, accompanied by a number of constables, armed with cutlasses, who separated into two divisions, the one taking their station at the door, to prevent any person escaping, while the others entered the room, and took into custody not only the principal boxers, but also the company assembled, who all suffered themselves to be carried quietly to a place of safety.

CHAISE-

CHAISE-MATCH.—The following appeared in most of the public prints the middle of the present month:—"A match between two post-chaises and four, is to be run on Haldown, near Exeter, on the 21st instant, for wagers to the amount of Five Hundred Guineas. The post-boys on the occasion are, on one side, Mr. Chichester and Captain Stackpole, and on the other, Mr. Glover and Mr. Brown. There are six matches to be rode at the same time."—After all this parade, the Chaise-Match was withdrawn by one of the parties, Mr. Phillips's chaise and four galloped round the course, to gain the forfeits. Time—seven minutes and a quarter.

The horse which the late gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was riding, when he was mortally wounded in the action of the 21st of March, in the plains of Alexandria, is in the possession of Captain Blackwood, of his Majesty's ship Penelope.

The Gold Cup was won on Monday, the 19th instant, at the Curragh, by Mr. Kelly's horse Ralph, by which we understand many knowing ones were taken in. A prejudice was taken against him at starting, and the horse Traveller, that ran, became the favourite of the field—Ralph, however, had his usual stamina, and disappointed many who pretended to be great judges of such sport.

LUCK IN THE LOTTERY.—The Ticket, No. 48,318, drawn a prize of Twenty Thousand Pounds, we hear, is the sole property of Mr. Stanley, taylor and draper, at Rochester, with a family of nine children. Fortune, in the present instance, seemed determined to be favourable. With the money unexpectedly received for what was deemed a bad debt, Mr. S. bought a ticket, which was drawn an Eighteen Pound Prize, and this was laid out in March last, in the purchase of the fortunate ticket.

Edmund Craister, who has been so fortunate as to hold a sixteenth share of a ticket, that was drawn a Prize of Twenty Thousand Pounds, in the last Lottery, is an inhabitant of Kirkgate, in Leeds, and by trade a shoemaker. When the postage of the letter, which contained the joyful news, was demanded, either from despondency, or from inability to pay so trifling a sum, he was heedless to obtain it. At length his wife persuaded him, and the letter being read, in a fit of almost frantic joy he danced about his house.

A farmer's wife, at Dore, near Sheffield, is entitled to a sixteenth of one of the Twenty Thousand Pound Prizes in the late Lottery; she had found a guinea in her drawer, and being unable to account whence it came, determined to let it try its fortune in the wheel, and with it purchased the successful chance.

A medical gentleman informs us of the following efficacious method of driving away rats:—Take the expressed juice of the stalk, or leaves of the deadly night shade, and make it into a soft paste with oatmeal or wheat flour, place it in the holes or tracks which the rats frequent, and though they will not eat it, yet it is so disagreeable to them, that they will instantly leave the premises.

Mr. Reid, a horse-dealer at Edinburgh, a short time since, put into his desk several bank notes, to the amount of Eighty Pounds, and going there shortly after, found that they were gone. No person having been in the room but one man, suspicion naturally fell upon him, but, on a minute examina-

tion of the closet, the corner of a bank note was seen sticking through a small hole, when, on pulling out a few stones, the whole of the notes, entire and perfect, were found, made into a rat's nest.

CATS.—A few days ago, Ann Hudson summoned Mrs. Henderson before the Commissioners of Requests, to enforce the payment of One Pound Eight Shillings, alledged to be due to her for two months wages. The girl said, she had hired herself to Mrs. H. who was a maiden lady, residing at Somers Town, on the 6th of February last, and was astonished to find that her particular services were to be directed to the care and maintenance of six favourite cats, for whom she was to purchase food, prepare it for their eating, and to give it up after their particular palates. Each cat was allowed one penny a day, making, in the whole, three shillings and sixpence a week, which money, she said, had been given to her by her mistress, and which she had regularly expended; but finding she could not give satisfaction, and feeling herself degraded in so strange an employment, she determined on quitting, to which her mistress consented, insisting, at the same time, on stopping sixpence a week out of her wages, that sum having been regularly *cribbed* out of the allowance made to her *little favourites*. She would not consent to this stoppage, and her mistress had refused to pay her. The lady, in her turn, made her complaint, and contended, that the maid had converted the allowances of the cats to other purposes. The Commissioners decided in favour of the servant.

On Wednesday, the 21st inst. was rung at York Cathedral, by the society of ringers from Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire, a complete peal of five thousand and twenty-one grandsire cators, in three hours and twenty-seven minutes. This peal was brought round at hand with a bob, which was the first peal of the kind ever rung in this kingdom by this method. The ringers were:—John Moss 1st; James Turner 2d; William Wild 3d; Samuel Moss 4th; Thomas Ogden 5th; *bob caller*; Thomas Hammond 6th; James Moss, 7th; Joseph Burgess 8th; Jonathan Wild 9th; Jacob Odgen and Charles Greaves the 10th.—Weight of the Tenor fifty-three cwt.

During the present month, a wager of rather an uncommon kind was decided at Hawick. Two gentlemen of that place took considerable bets, that they would each of them carry one of their acquaintances, for the distance of one mile, without resting. The persons carried weighed, the one twelve stone, and the other twelve stone five pounds. This they both performed, with great ease, in fifteen minutes. The young man, who carried the greatest weight, is of a very slender make.

At a horse race, this month, at Tynemouth, the people rushed upon the course after two of the horses had passed; when the third following them at full gallop, drove amongst the crowd, and killed a girl upon the spot.

On Tuesday the 20th inst. two boys, about twelve or fourteen years old, being very imprudently permitted to have each a fowling-piece, repaired to the Town-Moor, for the purpose of shooting small birds, when one of them, after having loaded the gun with powder and shot, resting his hand on the muzzle, it went off, and shattered his hand in a shocking manner.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PARODY
ON THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old MARE,
Whose trembling limbs scarce keep her from the ground;
Whose wearied days are lengthen'd to despair,
For I am lame and wretchedly unsound.

This pierced skin my poverty betide,
Oh! once, alas! the sleekest of the stud;
And many a furrow in my spur-worn side
Has been the channel of a sea of blood.

Yon alehouse sign erected near the wood,
With tempting aspect drew me from the road,
To shelter there—for "entertainment good
For man and horse," was painted on the board.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a handful of their hay,
An ostler drove me from the stable door,
To seek again my solitary way.

Oh! take me to yon hovel's straw-built shed,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
Oh! spare some litter for a scanty bed,
For I am lame and miserably cold.

Should I reveal the sources of my pain,
How long I've borne oppression's direful sway,
Your hand would not withhold some little grain,
And I in humble gratitude would neigh.

Myself descended from the noblest race,
Oft from Newmarket's course the palm have borne;
Or ran the foremost in the joyful chase,
When rous'd to action by the sprightly horn.

Hard riding makes the stoutest horse decline;
Hard riding brought me to the state you see;
May your own horse's fate be ne'er like mine,
The foal of famine and of misery!

Doom'd to draw sand, I labour'd thro' the day,
With toil oppress'd, to earn my master's bread;
Then turn'd a-drift, this dreary waste to stray
Unheeded and unhous'd, and worst of all, unled.

Blind Dobbin, late companion of my age,
(Oft did the cruel whip his carcase flay)
Fell, stumbling fell, sad victim to blind rage,
And left the cart to cruelty and me.
Pity the sorrows of a poor old mare, &c.

C. M. J.

UPON THE MAIDSTONE FRACAS,
BETWEEN LAW AND HOPS.

STERN Judges, in Spring, to all counties are sent,
And amongst other counties, the county of Kent;
When at Maidstone, while feasting and villainy thrives,
The pilfering paupers are tried for their lives. Derry down.

Most

Most lawyers meet mischief, and here with the rest,
As an advocate able, was fam'd SERJEANT BEST;
The Serjeant inveigh'd against thieves in the shops,
And well work'd one Waddington, *dealer in hops.*

Derry down.

A fraudulent factor, a r—— he had call'd him,
And 'fore JUDGE and JURY had terribly maul'd him;
The *Factor* vow'd vengeance—at night thro' the town,
He follow'd the Serjeant *high—low—up* and *down.*

Derry down.

At length to his lodgings he ventur'd and swore,
The SERJEANT "a *Liar*,"—"the son of a whore,"
"A *rascal*—a *scoundrel*;—but these words to meet,
The SERJEANT kick'd *Waddington* into the street.

Derry down.

When Waddington rose up, "he hoped "he'd accord,
"To meet him to-morrow with pistol "and sword;"
"No, no," says the Serjeant, "your "distance still keep,
"I'll no more fight with you than a steal-"er of sheep."

Derry down.

"I'll draw you next term into West-"minster Hall,
"Your dealings, your bargains, *hop-con-*"*tracts*, and all;
"Where subpœna'd, *indicted*, *arraign'd*, "you'll be *tried*,
"And will scarcely *hop off* without *holes* "in your *hide.*"

Derry down.

ON THE DEATH OF A MASTIFF,

SHOT BY HIS MASTER.

'TIS past! 'tis past! in torture he expir'd!
Flown is, of life, each faint and feeble spark!
Dim are those eyes so late with lustre fir'd;
Mute is that voice which late was heard to bark.

Yes! Cæsar by his master's hand was slain!
His ghost now travels post for Lethe's shore,
Where dogs and mortals end all earthly pain,
Where sighs, and groans, and *guns*, are heard no more!

Mourn him, ye dogs of ev'ry sort and size,
Whether for colour, or for voice renown'd,
Let constant streams bedeck your tearful eyes,
Let endless *howlings* pierce the air around.

Ye *sheep-dogs*, guardians of the wand'ring flock,
Ye noisy *curs*, who watch with cunning eye,
And grant a portion of your barking stock,
To each strange pair of heels that hurry by.

Ye *spaniels*, faithful to your masters' call,
Ye *barriers*, *terriers*, *pointers*, *setters*, *hounds*,
Who, following your owners, one and all,
Delight in running o'er your neighbours' grounds;—

Ye *lap-dogs*, nurs'd in lux'ry's silken lap,
Who, snarlish, spiteful, insolent, and bold,
Are taught at table rich *ragouts* to snap,
And sleep in wool for fear of getting cold;—

Ye *bull-dogs* fierce, who seek the bloody fight;
Ye *mongrels* vile, who yelp from morn to noon;
Ye various tribes, who *sing* the live-long night,
Warbling sweet *hymns of praise* unto the moon;—

And ye who, disciplin'd with care so nice,
Cock'd hats, with purple and fine linen wear;
Who rise obedient to the bagpipe's voice,
And dance *cotillions* with the ductile bear;—

Oh! mourn his loss!—the dismal tale prolong!
Begin with solemn and majestic *growl*,
Then join in general and *harmonious* song,
And o'er his grave eternal requiems *howl*!

J. J. B.

A Comedy

A Comedy, called the Fashionable Friends, brought out at Drury-lane, having perished, the following song, the music composed by Kelly, and delightfully sung by Mrs. Jordan, was almost happily rescued from the general condemnation of the piece. It was introduced on Saturday evening, the 24th of April, in the farce of *The Citizen*, and received with unbounded applause.

IN the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving mind
Varies with the varying wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sable tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and rhetoric ditty;
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all, but do not stay;
For what have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

EPITAPH,

In Southwell Church-yard, Nottinghamshire, upon WILLIAM CLAY.

HERE lies a Sportsman, jolly, kind, and free,
From cares and troubles of this world was he;
When living, 'twas his heart's delight and pride,
To have a fowling-bag slung by his side.
In th' fields and woods to labour, toil, and run,
In quest of game, with Pero, Cobb, and gun;
But now, poor soul, he from this world is gone,
To wait a joyful resurrection.

CURIOUS EPITAPH,

IN EASTBOURNE CHURCH-YARD,

Made on an honest Fisherman, a good Cook, but unluckily too much addicted to drinking, and died a victim to a favourite beverage in that county, called *Moonshine*, or White Brandy.

Anno, 1778.

YE men of Eastbourne, and the neighbouring shore,
Bewail your loss! Tom Lock—he is no more.
Where will ye find a man of equal parts,
Vers'd in the boatman's and the kitchen arts?
Equally skilful, if at land or sea,
And, to behold, a perfect prodigy.
His neck stretched to uncommon size,
His croaking voice, and then his swollen eyes,
Were such true emblems of the life he led,
'Twas not much wonder that he now lies dead.
'Twas MOONSHINE brought him to this fatal end!
Not one dark night did e'er poor Tom befriend!
In vain for him did Sol his light display,
'Twas always MOONSHINE, either night or day.

THE COUNTRY CURATE's SOLILOQUY,

ON BEING FORCED TO DENY HIMSELF THE INDULGENCE OF A HACK.

NO sleek prancing steed was I wont to bestride,
No chariot of mine roll'd along;
A poor sorry *hack* with content could I ride,
And muse o'er a sermon or song.*

And oft, as I mus'd, he would halt, or move slow,
And champ the brown heath, or green brake;
Well, well, said I, Sorrel, you're hungry I know;
So am I—still a bite you may take.

Now my staff in my hand, shall my footsteps support,
As I journey along the dark heath;
For shelter from rain, to the thorn I'll resort,
Or lurk the green holly beneath.

A soul independent still let me retain,
Let a ray of bright fancy be mine!
With my staff let me trudge, tho' unhors'd, without stain,
With meekness and temper benign.

Let my tongue be but touch'd with celestial fire,
And Seraphic love lodge in my breast,
For my *friends* and my *foes*, shall my fervours aspire,
And my sorrows and cares sink to rest.

JOHN BLACK.

Woodbridge, Jan. 24, 1802.

* By Song, the Author means Poetry in general.

DICK

DICK DELVER,

THE PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

A Suffolk Ballad from real Life.

THO' Divines of contentment may preach,
And the learn'd of philosophy prate—
How few wisdom's temple can reach!
How few are content with their state!

A Philosopher lately I've seen,
In his lowly condition content;
Unrack'd with the gout or the spleen,
In a jacket oft patch'd, and yet rent.

Thus the green pliant willow still bends
To the blasts o'er the valley that sweep,
While the proud mountain-ash that contends
Is rent from the side of the steep.

No time had Dick Delver to play,
In youth, he no playthings did lack;
Lonely watch'd he the *grunters* all day,
As they *rooted* the stubble for *shack*.

Dick Delver, poor fellow, fell lame—
A keen frosty night nipt his toes,
To the fire he unthinkingly came,
And lost them, while sunk in a doze.

A poor-house, Dick Delver receiv'd—
For what could the poor fellow do?
Not long for his toes Dicky griev'd;
But began a young widow to woo:

For idleness, wise men remark,
Is the parent of mischief and love:
The widow grew pleased with her spark,
And consented his help-mate to prove.

Her husband had fall'n 'mong the slain,
And left her whole months to bemoan;
Unpropt could a fond heart remain,
When Dick for the loss could atone—

They wedded—their time sweetly pass'd,
No taxes or debts spoil'd their rest;
Each sun rose still fair as the last;
But what mortal can always be blest!

Dick Delver no widow had wed—
Her husband, tho' down, was not slain;
Like a hero he valiantly bled,
But return'd his own deary to claim.

Dick Delver the charmer resign'd,
Whom no longer he dar'd to retain;
And journey'd, like folks more refin'd,
To search for a doxy again.

To London Dick Delver now hied,
Laid siege to a shoe-blacking dame,
The Lady of Blacking complied—
United they quickly became.

Of relations the Lady could boast,
And doubtless of no mean degree:
Who liv'd where the rocks of the coast
Are wash'd by the spray of the sea.

From Ocean, the Lady had sprung,
As Venus, they say, did of old;
And Neptune had given her a tongue
Like Juno, the goddess, to scold.

Dick Delver and spousy left town,
A visit of Friendship to pay;
But scarcely a week were they down,
When they were not permitted to stay.

Then, plac'd in an Overseer's cart,
To his settlement off they were sent;
Mrs. Delver was loath to depart,
But Dicky was always content.

To the Sandlands of Suffolk, with speed,
The pair, in the cart were convey'd;
Where heath-nibbing black faces feed,
And burrows by rabbits are made.

No rabbits, or sheep could delight
The soul of Dick Delver's dear spouse;
Who'd rather have seen porter's fight,
Than *crones* on the prickly whin browse.

Around her she gaz'd with surprise,
When churches like stables she saw,
Where no lofty steeples * arise,
The traveller's attention to draw.

"What a dull dreary country," she said,
"These Sandlands I cannot abide"—
Then off in a tangent she fled,
And Dick heard no more of his bride.

Dick Delver got married once more,
Rear'd a cot by the side of the road,
Of *dickies* and *donkies* has four,
And industry decks his abode.

For sand and for whin-roots he digs,
And sells them as well as he can;
Grows potatoes, keeps chickens and pigs—
Is not Dick now become a great man?

Where a bridge the fair Deben bestrides,
And his fountains first mingle with brine,
There Dick in his hall now resides,
With a cart-lodge, and *donkey-shod* fine.

Four trees on the north screen his cot,
A church in the back ground you spy,
And gypsies, encampt near the spot,
Oft hang out their tatters to dry.

The sedge blossoms yellow below,
Blue hyacinths cover the hills;
While the nightingale's love, or his woe,
The valley with melody fills.

If all like Dick Delver would toil—
Were all like Dick Delver content;
Each brow would be bright with a smile,
And none to a prison be sent."

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* Eyke and Sutton are both without steeples.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For MAY, 1802.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of the celebrated Trotting Mare, PHENOMENA, and an Etching of DEAD GAME, Plate III.]

LONDON.

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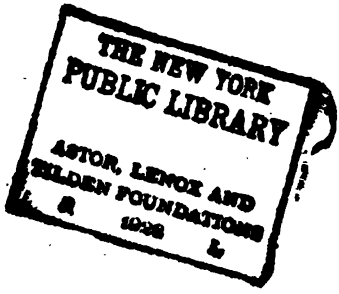
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman who favoured us with a pencilled Drawing of DEAD GAME, has our best Thanks.—It may hereafter be brought into use, under the direction of one of the ingenious Artists who engrave for this Magazine.

We are much obliged to the Correspondent who has sent us the Journal of an ingenious Missionary, now at the Cape of Good Hope.—The curious and *original* account of the Birds and Beasts of Africa, especially the objects of Game, among which are some, hitherto *non-descripts*, shall enrich our succeeding Numbers.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THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MAY, 1802.

PHENOMENA.

[With a beautiful Engraving from a Painting, by Mr. SARTORIUS.]

THIS most extraordinary Mare, is the property of Mr. Joseph Robson, of Little Britain. In May 1800, she was matched to trot seventeen miles within the hour, which she performed in the July following on the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon, in fifty-six minutes, carrrying five stone, Eighty Pounds to Twenty Pounds. Every person, doubting the fairness of her last performance, conceiving it not possible for any horse to do it within the time, she was again matched, July 22, 1800, to trot seventeen miles in fifty-six minutes, for a bet of Four Hundred Pounds to Two Hundred Pounds, that she did not do it; but to the great astonishment of every one, she performed it in less than fifty-three minutes. Prior to her last performance, she was matched to trot nineteen miles within the hour, for a bet of Two Thousand Guineas to One Hundred Guineas; but on her winning her last match, with so much ease, they chose to pay forfeit. Mr. Robson offered she should trot nineteen miles and an half in the hour, but they would not make stakes.

The foregoing are the particulars first obtained respecting this Mare; since which, we have to recount two subsequent matches trotted by her, with the Kentish Poney.

On Monday morning the 3d of May, at twenty minutes past five o'clock, the mare, Phenomena, and the Kentish Poney, started from the nine-mile stone, near Woodford, in Essex, to decide a wager of Two Hundred and Fifty Guineas a side, which they were matched to trot for. The mare being engaged to perform eighteen miles in the same time that the poney did seventeen. For the first three miles the Poney kept pace with the Mare, but the latter then began to gain ground, which its rider perceiving, pushed the animal so hard, that he forced it several times into a gallop, and was obliged to turn round, which considerably impeded its way. On the Poney arriving at the nineteen-mile stone, it turned about to perform the remaining seven miles back, which would have completed its

whole distance; but it had not proceeded more than two miles, when the Mare came up alongside, having gone half a mile beyond the nineteen-mile stone, in order to make up the distance of eighteen miles. Finding the Poney had no chance of winning, the rider pulled up.—The Mare then slackened her pace, but continued to go on till she had gone the eighteen miles, which she executed in one hour, five minutes, and forty seconds.

The Mare and Poney were matched on the *turf*, for the same sum, and on the same terms, to take place on Epsom Race Ground.

The particulars of this last match are as follows:

Wednesday morning, the 12th instant, about seven o'clock, the Mare, Phenomena, and the Poney, started on Epsom Race Ground, to perform over the turf their second match, for Two Hundred and Fifty Guineas a side, the Mare allowing the Poney one mile in the hour, as before, on the road. The Mare gained ground considerably for the first two miles, but after that, for some distance further, she did little more than keep it. The Poney was driven into a gallop four times, and being obliged as often to turn round, occasioned great disadvantage. When the hour expired, a gun was fired as a signal for the riders to pull up, which being done, it was so nice a matter, that the ground was obliged to be measured to determine the wager; when it was found that the Mare had only won by about twenty yards. The Mare did not quite perform seventeen miles within the hour.

On the score of Pedigree, we believe, there can be nothing to say, as she was originally bought by a butcher in a fair.

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11 Portrait of a man and drayhorse—H. B. Chalon.

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32 Portrait of the mare Isabella, and foal—J. F. Sartorius

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"Lewellin returns: not immediately finding his child, and rashly suspicious, he stabs Gelert; when the rosy infant, hid beneath some clothes, is safely discovered with a dead wolf."

254 The faithful Gelert—J. Eckstein.

"Lewellin being gone to the chase, the faithful Gelert encounters a great wolf, in defence of his infant heir."

From the admired poem,
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312 A tiger: from nature—G. Garrard, A.

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631 Portrait of a mare—B. Mason.

765 A peasant attacked by wolves in the snow—G. Garrard, A.

859 Portrait of a cart-horse, the property of Mr. Westcar—J. N Sartorius.

866 Portrait of an Indian bull, in the possession of the Earl of Clarendon—G. Stubbs, A.

957 A model of a dog—G. Eckstein.

973 A lion's head, to be introduced in one of the public monuments—J. Bacon.

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The Fashionable Sportsman.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE distinguished traits of a genuine true-bred, English sportsman (alias the hospitable Country 'Squire), having been thought worthy a place in your last Number, I the more readily take up my pen to transmit you the prominent features of a very different kind of character, passing under the denomination of a Sportsman of Fashion, or, Fashionable Sportsman. This sort of sportsman is more frequently seen in the metropolis, than in any other part of the kingdom, being much greater adepts in the arts of the town, than the sports of the field. They are the principal inhabitants of the numerous hotels, taverns, and coffee-houses, very few (if any) being troubled with a residence of his own. They are most of them remarkable for the antiquity of their families, some of which are of such long standing, that it is not without great difficulty they are enabled to discover their own origin. They are in general "gentlemen" of the most undaunted spirit and incredible enterprise; they dare danger in almost every form, and dread no object in existence, so much as a Sheriff's Deputy, or a Bow-street Officer. So true it is, "birds of a feather flock together," that they are to be seen in "herds" at the western extremity of the town, where, arm in arm, three or four deep, (with the most unblushing effrontery) they put every woman to the blush, and elbow every man into the kennel. They are singularly remarkable for the uniformity of external appearance, bearing about them every part of the apparatus necessary to constitute the Sportsman—horses and hounds excepted. Immersed in the immense and unprecedented magnitude of their "leathern conveniencies," new topped boots, and crane-necked spurs, they feel exultingly armed "for either field," and of course attack the sporting ladies with becoming confidence. Bred in the school of freedom, they disdain the formal and rigid rules of custom; setting at defiance the paltry idea of family names and distinctions, they prefer the military appellation of "Captain," or the various conveniencies of an *alias*, to any title the Gazette could honour them with. Having much time on their hands, these sportsmen of fashion are a perpetual bore not only to Tattersal, on Saturdays and Sundays, but to the principal

principal dealers every other day in the week, to whom, in fact, they soon become pretty well known, and are estimated accordingly. They are always "in want of horses," but never find any precisely applicable to their purpose. Grooms too they are in eternal pursuit of, "not that they have any occasion for them at present, but to be ready when they take their horses up from grass." At the most fashionable confectioners and fruiterers, they are considered a perfect nuisance; where, for "an ice," or "a jelly," they engross the room (to the exclusion of others) during the greater part of the day. In the boxes and lobbies of the Theatres, they are the least welcome, and most dreaded of all visitors; this spot being the extreme summit of their ambition; where they can practise the most consummate impudence with impunity, and, in a variety of ways, offer insult to the polite and unprotected, without the fear of punishment. Some of these sporting gentlemen are intimately connected with, and related to, a certain family, and are exceedingly expert at games of chance; the entertainment of an evening can never be obstructed by any want of knowledge on their parts; for, possessing a kind of intuitive universality, no proposition can well come amiss: a rubber at whist; the odd game in eleven at cribbage; a lounge at billiards, or even a box hand, at "seven's the main," are all matters of business, and of course readily fallen into. Dependant in a great degree upon the favours of fortune, they "watch her with a wary eye," and let no moment escape in which they can attract her attention to their service. Subject to her caprice, it can create no surprise if they experience her vicissitudes; for her favours fluctuating mostly in the night, many there are who have basked in her *golden* showers on one day, that knew not where to procure a dinner the next. Having given you these hasty outlines of the aggregate, the time may probably arrive when I may make it a matter of convenience to trouble you with a characteristic delineation of individuals, if they should prove occasionally worthy your acceptance as matter of amusement to your readers. Your's,

May 20, 1802. T. W.

☞ The Clerical Sportsman, a character, in our next.

More Coursing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE YORK HERALD,

MR. EDITOR,

IT seems to be either the pleasure or the misfortune of being supposed to have good dogs, that they are thought bound in honour to come out, when any one calls upon them, and who, wishing to try the speed of his own, chooses to send them a challenge. Such was repeatedly the case with my greyhound, Snowball; but, after having beat every dog that was brought against him, both from England and Scotland, I declared he never again should run a match in public. This declaration I shall keep. Mr. Hodgson may therefore challenge Snowball with perfect safety, as he is now otherwise engaged, and in a manner much more amusing to himself. But I have no objection to starting a descendant of Snowball, against Mr. Hodgson's dog, Dart, or any of the Dent breed he may have, his own property.

I will likewise accept his offer "of running three whelps of the breed

breed of the Dents, against three of the same age, descended from Snowball," and which certainly shall not have a cross of the Dent blood.

The Matches to be run over the open Wolds, during the Flixton Meeting, in November next; three Gentlemen to try the Course, and for such Plate, or Sum of Money, as may be agreed on by both parties.

Wishing "that they may all keep their legs, and the best take it," I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient humble servant,

THE OWNER OF SNOWBALL.

May 11, 1802.

P.S. Any further communications on the subject of the Matches, should they take place, may be addressed to the Owner himself.

TENNIS MATCH.

ON Saturday, May 1, at one o'clock, at the Royal Tennis Court, St. James's-street, was played a very famous match between the two best players in Europe, Monsieur Barcelon, a Parisian, and Mr. Cox, junior, of London, a youth of about twenty years of age. The superior skill and knowledge of the former, obliged him to give fifteen for two *bisques*. The party was made for One Hundred Guineas, the best in five sets. At starting, Mr. C. was considerably the favourite, allowance having been made for his progressive improvement, since the same match had been very closely contested about three months before, though Monsieur B. won it. Fortune soon, however, declared in favour of Monsieur B. and continued so, uninterruptedly, till the latter end of the third set, when the English Lion was thoroughly roused, and, though the odds were fifteen to one against Mr. C. yet such were the vigour and energy displayed by him, that he won that set in so masterly a manner, as again to become the favourite for the fourth. Monsieur B. then rallied, and overcame the modesty of youth; and, having gained in four, the fifth set of course was not played. The Prince was to have attended, but was absent from town. The *dedans* was crowded with amateurs, for whom places were as regularly kept as at the Theatres.

MAIL COACH MATCH.

ON Thursday, May 20, the London Mail, horsed by Mr. Land, of the New London Inn, Exeter, with four beautiful grey horses, and driven by Mr. Cave Browne, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, started (at the sound of the bugle) from St. Sydwell's, for a bet of Five Hundred Guineas, against the Plymouth Mail, horsed by Mr. Phillipps, of the Hotel, with four capital blacks, and driven by Mr. Chichester, of Arlington House, which got the Mail first to the Post-Office, in Honiton. The bet was won easy by Mr. Browne, who drove the sixteen miles in one hour and fourteen minutes.—Bets, at starting, six to four on Mr. Browne. —A very great concourse of people assembled on this occasion.

IMPERIAL RACES.

THE Grand National Race, it is expected, will take place this year. The jockies are to start from most of the great towns in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and ride to St. Stephen's post; as crossing and jostling is allowed, it is thought there will be excellent sport, many *thrown out* of their *seats:* many distanced, and much money lost.

MR.

Mr. King, the Comedian, of Drury-Lane Theatre.

ON Monday night, May 24, this popular performer took his leave of the town, in his professional capacity, in the part of *Sir Peter Teazle*, in Mr. Sheridan's admirable comedy of the *School for Scandal*, which, considering his advanced years, and infirm health, he played extremely well.

After the ballet of the *Festival of Bacchus*, Mr. King came forward, attended by Mr. Charles Kemble, who kindly officiated as his prompter, lest, on such a trying occasion, his memory should accidentally fail him, while he delivered the following Address, written by Richard Cumberland, Esq.

Whilst in my heart those feelings yet survive,
That keep respect and gratitude alive.
Feelings, which tho' all others should decay,
Will be the last that time can bear away,
The fate that none can fly from, I invite,
And doom my own dramatic death this night.
Patrons farewell! though you still kindly my defects would spare,
Constant indulgence who would wish to bear?
Who that retains the sense of better days
Can sue for pardon, whilst he pants for praise?
On well-earn'd fame the mind with pride reflects,
But pity sinks the man whom it protects.
Your Fathers had my strength. My only claim
Was zeal, their favour was my only fame.
If late, too often when the whole was due
I've paid hard service to the Muse and you;
Not what I was, I now decline the field,
And ground those arms which I but feebly weild.
The Poet, nearly breathless, lame, or blind,
Whilst the Muse visits his creative mind,
Continues wearing his immortal wreath,
Lives in his fame, and triumphs over death—
Whilst every chance that deals the passing blow,
Lays the poor Actor's short-liv'd trophies low;
That chance has come to me that comes to all,
My Drama done, I let the curtain fall.

As soon as Mr. King had made his bow, Mrs. Jordan came on the stage, and gracefully led him to the Green Room, which he found filled with all the performers. Mr. Dowton, after allowing Mr. King, a little breathing time, then came up and requested him take a cheerful draught out of a silver cup, which his brothers and sisters of the *Sock* and *Buskin*, begged him to do them the favour to accept as a trifling token of their regard and grateful remembrance of his merit as a comedian, and his uniform friendly conduct towards them all, during the many years he had continued to please the public before the curtain, and endear himself to them behind it. Mr. King, in a tone that expressed his feeling, declared the deep sense he should ever entertain of this most affectionate mark of their regard and esteem, and assured them, that if his health permitted, he should gratify himself with the pleasure of frequently coming among them. The cup was then handed round, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the Theatre, drank Mr. King's health.

The cup and salver to it, are most elegantly engraved. On the former is an inscription, signifying the cause and occasion of the present, with all the Performers names (contributors to it) engraved upon it; and on the base of it is the following motto, from a scene in the fifth Act of *Henry the Fifth*—

"If he be not fellow with the best King,
"Thou shalt find the best King of good fellows."

The salver, which was a noble one, was decorated richly, and had Mr. King's arms splendidly engraved in the centre.

The present, and the manner of it, does great credit to the performers of Drury-lane Theatre, and the profession in general.

The

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

(*Continued from page* 36.)

THE reader, I hope, will pardon me now for taking a very long hop, step, and jump, over a period of above twelve years of my life, more replete with anecdotes, and fully as fluctuating in circumstances, as those years I have already described. For a narrative of those twelve interesting years, I must entreat their patience for a few months longer, until a third volume of my Life, Adventures, and Opinions, appear before the Public; for I find these pages swelling to such a great extent, that I am compelled hastily to conclude the volume, and approach that period when I surrendered as a prisoner to the marshal of the King's Bench prison. I am peculiarly anxious to relate my conduct when there, and the consequences which led me to suffer confinement. As I am neither ashamed or afraid of making known any thing I have done, the public shall be minutely informed of the particulars.

Prior to that circumstance taking place, it will be necessary briefly to narrate by what means I was reduced to ruin, after having got over all former difficulties; and had been blessed, not only with a comfortable, but an affluent annual income, which was much more than I had reason to expect I should have attained, after the various changes of fortune and poverty I had experienced.

For several years the East-India Company had done me the honour to employ me on the recruiting service, in this country, for their army in India. There was no salary attached to the employment: the more active my services were in behalf of the Honourable Company, the greater were my profits. I had brought this business to such perfection, that I never, any year after the first, made less than six hundred pounds profit. During the first year, I intrinsically lost five hundred pounds, which was expended to set this great machine going. After having once wound up this recruiting dial, it wanted but little regulating, which my subsequent successes and regularity proved. I had extended my communications so wide and general, that there was not a town in England, of consequence, in which I had not established a regular rendezvous. To my worthy and kind friends, Sir Stephen Lushington and Mr. Devaynes, I am indebted for this employment. At the death of Major Weldon, who had a warrant to recruit for the East-India Company, they recommended me to succeed him. With truth I may say, that, for several years, I occupied this employment to the satisfaction of the Honourable Company, and with credit to myself.

An unfortunate dispute between the Board of Controul, and the Directors of the Honourable East-India Company, took place, relative to the building of a barrack in this country to receive the East-India recruits prior to their being embarked for India. This system the India Directors opposed to a man, excepting the Chairman and Deputy Chairman. A long debate took place on this subject (at which I was present) in the public court-room, and a very great majority, by vote, threw out the plan for erecting barracks. The Board of Controul, after that question was carried by a very great majority of Proprietors against them, thought fit to change the whole system of recruiting for

the Honourable Company's army in India, and gave them recruits from Chatham barracks. This put it out of the power of the Honourable Company to employ me any longer. Thus I lost a very comfortable maintenance. It was not the loss of six hundred pounds per annum (and I solemnly declare I never made less) that I had alone to lament; but, having the honour of being employed by the India Company, I was perfectly satisfied with my occupation, and judged it as a certain employment for life; and as such it was universally considered. The Honourable Company would never have discharged me from their service but in case of malpractices, which I trust they know I am incapable of committing. This certainty, as I looked on it, made me forego many other advantages. One, particularly beneficial, was proposd to me. A reputable army-agent, who, it is very well known, made near thirty thousand pounds in the business, proposed to me (he having a capital sufficient) to join with him in recruiting men for the new regiments which were going to be raised just at the breaking out of the war, and to be concerned together in a general agency-line. I could also have been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel to a regiment of cavalry then raising on the Continent, which, since that period, has been established, and is now in full pay. These two objects did I relinquish: the first, from principles of honour; that, when employed by the Honourable the East-India Company, I could not engage to assist in recruiting for the line: as for the second, it was not worthy my attention to take an employment so inferior in point of emolument to the one I already possessed. I did not only suffer from losing an employment which brought me in annually above six hundred pounds; but I lost at least six years of exertion, expended to no permanent solid purpose hereafter; and, during such a space of time, an active mind, which, thanks to my God, I am endowed with! would, if this employment had not presented itself, have struck out some other equally as advantageous, and more to be relied on for its continuance; for, in so large a capital as London is, if a gentleman be not too proud to follow various occupations, he may very readily, and with not much trouble, find some employment which will prevent him from falling into the miseries of want; although the business he undertakes may not be of sufficient emolument to render his situaton affluent.

One misfortune seldom comes alone. Indeed I am convinced of it: and, my dear reader, have you not generally found it so?—I had also, for near four years, enjoyed a salary of three hundred pounds per annum, as Equerry to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; which salary the arrangements made by Parliament, relative to his Royal Highness's affairs, deprived me of, by the reduction of his household. Both these losses I sustained, and heavy ones they were; nay, they were the more distressing, because the one took place shortly after the other. Thus, reader, did I lose, suddenly and unexpectedly, an income of above nine hundred pounds per annum—all at once, as it may be said. The two above employments were surely most pleasant, and much to be envied; as the profits derived from the first sprang from an honest exertion in the service of the East-India Company; the emoluments derived from the second employment, were given me by a person-

age,

uge, whom it was not only an honour, but a pleasure to serve. I have reason to complain bitterly of my misfortunes at this period of my life; for I am of opinion, there is no other instance of any person losing an income of nine hundred pounds a year, without having been guilty of some misconduct or malpractices; but it was my misfortune, that my pecuniary resources should be subjected to events, which could not be foreseen or avoided

[*To be continued.*]

Curious Particulars in the Natural History of the Rein-Deer.

[From the Journal of a Gentleman, who resided sixteen years on the coast of Labrador.]

NOTWITHSTANDING Rein-Deer are naturally very wild and timorous, yet no creature is so soon, or so effectually tamed when young; but what they may be when caught afterward, I cannot tell. They not only grow very bold, but also shew great affection for such men and dogs as they take a liking to, and have a great spite against those who affront them. This deer of mine had its full liberty ever since the fourth day after it was caught (except a few nights confinement in the crib, lest the dogs should kill it when we were all asleep), but since that, it has constantly lain out. It is not the least alarmed at any noise, not even at the report of a gun fired close to it, but it is much terrified if any dogs run after, or even come near it, and any running of the people, instantly alarms it; but the moment all is quiet, it is so too. It will often go up to a dog, and smell to him: it is well acquainted with all mine, and will lie down by the fire among them. I believe they scarce ever sleep, for as much as I have watched this, I never could observe that it ever was asleep, or kept its eyes closed for more than two seconds at a time; and if I moved ever so little, it would start up. When I have lain down on the bed, at a time when it was lying on the floor, it would start up every five or six minutes, and come to see that I was not gone; and having licked my face, or sucked my neck-handkerchief a little, it would quietly lie down again. When at any time it lost me, it would run about grunting like a hog, and never rest until it had found me, when it would run up to me in full speed. Sometimes I have diverted myself with stooping and running, both after and from it, which pleased it much, and it would do the same, and frisk about in the same manner, as I have seen the wild calves, one among another; and I have likewise observed, that whenever it is frightened, it erects its tail, which at all other times hangs down. It is a mistaken notion, that they will not eat grass, or scarcely any thing but white moss; for they will eat every kind of vegetable, which this country naturally produces; alexander, and some few other things, excepted. Nor have I yet been able to discover, that any beast in this country would eat alexander, except black bears, which are very fond of it. Rein-Deer do not seem to relish grass much, yet I have seen mine eat a little, and it generally preferred the coarsest kinds. I have observed, that in the latter end of April, and in the month of May, the wild ones eat little else beside dry grass and wild rye, which then appear through the snow. They affect great variety in their food, while things are in

a growing state; preferring the youngest and most juicy. This caused them to vary their food every month, and also several times in the same day, according as it is moist or dry; rejecting now what an hour ago they preferred to every thing else. The leaves of the dogberry bush, when young, and a tender plant which grows by the hill sides on moist grounds, resembling cos-lettuce; as also a succulent, aquatic plant, which grows in ponds; all these they devour greedily. There is a small pond near this house, which is full of the latter, and this deer of mine has eat it close down to the water. I think I have seen the same kind of plant in the Highlands of Scotland, and is what they use there in their beer, instead of hops. They also delight to eat the young leaves of most sort of trees and shrubs, which have not a resinous juice; particularly the willow. But I have known them eat the outer shoots of the black spruce in the winter time, though but sparingly. I most wonder they are not fond of vetches, which grow in great abundance here. I have often tracked the wild ones through large beds of them, without observing that they cropped any; yet I have seen mine eat a few sometimes. This will eat a little of the crumb of soft bread, but scarcely touch the crust or biscuit, but that may be owing to the tenderness of its tooth. Pudding and boiled potatoes, it is very fond of, but will not eat the latter raw. It will also eat boiled salt meat. They are very sure-footed, for they will run along shore, over sharp rough rocks, or smooth, round, loose stones, without ever stumbling or slipping; but on smooth ice, they can with difficulty stand. They are beautifully made, are as straight limbed, and have nearly the same shape as the horse, only not so good a neck. They walk, trot, and gallop, in the same manner; and no old hunter will take either a flying or standing leap with more grace or judgment, than my young deer will now. They have great strength, and are remarkably active, which renders them very useful in a sledge. They go very wide behind, are fearless of their road, and will swim with most extraordinary swiftness, to a prodigious distance. I am certain they will swim more than five miles an hour, and I verily believe six. The stags have a deal more courage than the hinds, and those hinds which have calves, have less than the dry ones. When they hear a noise, or if they see a man stand perfectly still, their curiosity will often tempt them to make out the object, a curiosity which I have known prove fatal to them; for they will frequently gallop, or trot, down within sixty or a hundred yards, and there stand and gaze for the space of a minute or two; when they are satisfied, they run off, and generally sink their wind to be informed of a pursuit. In winter, they most commonly go several miles before they rest. If pursued by a dog, they husband their speed and wind surprisingly; for they will suffer their pursuer to come by degrees within a few yards of them, but no nearer, if they can prevent it. They will then continue to run at this rate, until he is tired; and as soon as he stops, they will do so too, and turn about and look at him; after which, they will go leisurely on, but often stop to look back. If they are upon ice, where there is much snow, they will not quit it for the barren hills. When pursued in the summer time, they always

always make for the nearest water, in which no land animal has the least chance with them. If their enemy comes up with them, they defend themselves with their horns and hind feet; and are so strong and active, that a fair stroke with either, generally proves fatal to wolf or dog, if the deer be an old one.

I have often eat of various kinds of venison, and in different countries; but I think none equal to that of the Rein-Deer, when in proper season.

From the observations which mine has given me opportunities to make, I am of opinion that there are many parts of England where they would live and thrive well, but I do not think they would exist in such parks, as produce nothing but fine grass. It is a matter of curiosity and surprise, that the male Rein-Deer should so soon lose their horns, after they come to perfection; and that nature should deprive them of the means of defence, at the very time when they appear most to stand in need of them, to defend themselves from the wolves, and that it should be so long before the new ones appear. As they can swim faster and longer than, I believe, any other land animal; and all the different countries in which they are found, being full of ponds and rivers, they preserve themselves in summer from the ravenous jaws of the wolves, by taking the water. Did they not mew (cast their horns) till April, they would then not only oftentimes find water to fly to, but the bitch wolves being at that season big with whelp, the dogs weak, and the snow very rotten, they would not then be in so much danger, as between December and that time.

Proposals for an Improvement in Youthful Amusement and Exercise.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I Think you will agree with me, that those exercises and diversions which have a tendency to strengthen the body, and give a manly and courageous turn to the mind, cannot be too much varied in the instance of boys. Among the ancients, they constituted a main part of what they understood by the word education. In all the large schools throughout the kingdom, there are several diversions of this kind, such as foot-ball, cricket, fencing; and to these has been very properly added of late years, the military exercise.

I should like to see the ancient practice of throwing the spear, or javelin, and parrying and defending, with a large shield, revived. In this exercise, both arms are alternately employed, by which the chest is duly expanded, and the attention is kept alive by the necessity of watching the antagonist's throw, for the purpose of warding off his spear. Thus, a keenness of sight, and a dexterity of action, are insensibly acquired, and the whole constitution of body and mind is brought into play.

The bow and arrow is a dangerous exercise among boys, nor does it afford such scope for action and address, as the game of jaculation.

We could wish to see some specimens of shields and javelins, suited to the different ages and strength of boys, in the toy-shops of the metropolis.

Gymnastes.

FLIXTON

FLIXTON MEETING.

[We have been favoured with this Article from Colonel Thornton, and with it a Song upon the occasion, which see in our Poetical Department. We have promises likewise from the same Gentleman, of Drawings, &c. for future Engravings.]

THE capriciousness of the elements made it absolutely necessary to postpone the Flixton Meeting:—however, the weather at length became favourable, and the season commenced Feb. 24, 1802, as follows:

Wednesday, Feb. 24.

1st Match. Colonel Thornton's Czarina, or Comet, for legs, feet, and shape, against any dog that Mr. Swinson should produce, for 10gs, giving him the power to produce any dog in England, to be decided by Major Topham,—Czarina received forfeit.

2. Lord Grey de Ruthyn to produce two South Country Greyhounds against a Flixton Hare, to be shown by Colonel Thornton, for 10gs—after a very severe course, Lord Grey lost.

3. Colonel Thornton's Comet against Mr. Percival's Lady, for 5gs—Undecided.

4. Major Topham's Blacksmith, against Mr. Trapps' Honest John Smith, (whelps) for 5gs—Undecided.

5. Mr. Smith's Phantasmagoria against Major Topham's Young Snowball, 2 yrs old, for 5gs—Snowball won.

6. Colonel Thornton's Alicia against Major Topham's Toy, (own sisters) both 3 yrs old, for 10gs—Alicia won.

7. Mr. Leslie's Dent against Major Topham's Ambrosia, for 10gs—after a most capital course it was decided in favour of Ambrosia.

8. Mr. Percival's Rainham against Major Topham's Toy, 3 yrs old, 5gs—Toy won.

9. Colonel Thornton's Juno against Mr. Wilson's Ghost, (whelps) for 5gs—Juno won.

10. Mr. Percival's Spanker against Mr. Parkhurst's Dart, 3 yrs old for 5gs—Spanker won.

11. Mr. Wilson's blue whelp against Mr. Trapps' whelp, General le Brune, for 1g—General won.

Thursday, Feb. 25.

1. Colonel Thornton's Anne, 5 yrs old, against Captain Barlow's Bell, 2 yrs old—Undecided.

2. Colonel Thornton's blue whelp, Thornville against Mr. Percival's Spanker, 3 yrs old, for 5gs—after a very fine course, decided in favour of Thornville.

3. Lord Grey de Ruthyn's Phœnix against Major Topham's Rodney, for a Silver Cup—Rodney won.

4. Colonel Thornton's Claret against Mr. Wilson's Old Port, (both whelps) for 2gs—Claret won.

5. Lord Grey's Gill against Major Topham's Witch, for 5gs—Gill won.

6. Lord Grey's Phœnix against Major Topham's Rodney, for a Silver Cup—after a very capital course it was given in favour of Phœnix.

7. Major Topham's black dog, Snowball, 8 yrs old, beat Mr. Parkhurst's Welter, for 5gs.

8. Major Topham's Snowball, 8 yrs old, beat Mr. Smith's Witch, for 2gs.

9. Colonel Thornton's bitch, Comet, beat Mr. Percival's black bitch, for 5gs.

10. Mr. Trapps' General le Brune against Major Topham's Duke of York, for 5gs—Undecided.

Friday,

Friday, Feb. 26—A Bye Day.

Colonel Thornton named Czarian, 11 yrs old, and Paramount named by Mr. Smith, started for a piece of Plate:—A Hare was found by Lord Grey below Colonel Thornton's house:—This course was a most remarkable one, Czarina gave the two first turns, and Paramount the two next; they each then took their turns, and little advantage was gained by either in the running of three miles; in the fourth, Paramount lost a little ground, and Czarina coated the Hare three times; at the end of the fourth mile, Paramount lay drawn, and Czarina still ran with great spirit, across Major Topham's sheep-walk, for a mile further, turning the Hare four or five times, which with great difficulty got into Major Topham's plantation, 2gs—Czarina won.—Such a course was never seen.

2. Mr. Smith named Colonel Thornton's Alicia against Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria, for 10gs—after a very fine course of four miles, Phantasmagoria won.

3. Colonel Thornton's Notail (after a course of three miles) beat Mr. Leslie's Duke of York, for 2gs.

4. Colonel Thornton's Newmarket (after a course of four miles) beat his black Lincolnshire bitch named by Mr. Smith, for 2gs.

5. Colonel Thornton's Catch, a whelp, (after a course of near four miles) beat Notail 4 yrs old, named by Sir Thomas Wallace, for 2gs.

This was supposed to be the best day's sport ever known at Flixton.

Saturday, Feb. 27.

1. Percival's black bitch against Colonel Thornton's Ann, for 2gs—Undecided.

2. Lord Grey's Gill against Major Topham's Witch, for a piece of plate—Gill won.

3. Colonel Thornton's Honest John Smith (a whelp) against Mr. Wilson's whelp, for 3gs—Honest John won.

4. Mr. Parkhurst's Welter against Major Topham's Snowdrop, for a piece of plate—Snowdrop won.

5. Sir Thomas Wallace named Phantasmagoria against Major Topham's Ambrosia, for two Silver Scollop Shells—Phantasmagoria won very easy.

6. Colonel Thornton's Comet against Mr. Percival's Lady, for 5gs—Undecided.

7. Colonel Thornton's General le Brune against Mr. Leslie's Duke of York, (late Conspirator) for 2gs—was expected to have made a very good race—General le Brune won very easy.

8. Lord Grey's white bitch, Gill, beat Mr. Parkhurst's black bitch, for 5gs.

9. Colonel Thornton's Blue Dog, beat Mr. Parkhurst's Maltonian Flyer, for 5gs.

The Hares ran so uncommonly stout, that only two were killed, and both by Snowdrop, who afterwards ran a sweepstake.

Sweepstakes for a Cup.—Mr. Trapps' Notail, Mr. Leslie's Duke of York Major Topham's Snowdrop, Mr. Wilson's Newmarket, (bred by Mr. Dashwood) and Colonel Thornton's Blue Whelp, Mr. Thingamdetoy, (brother to Thornville)—In this race, Thingamdetoy leaped twice over a dog, turned the hare, served himself, and won the Cup.

Monday, March 1.

A high wind;—not out.

Tuesday, March 2.

1. Major Topham's Witch, against Lord Grey's Phœnix, for 2gs—Undecided.

2. Mr. Percival's Rainham against

against Mr. Smith's Lady, for 2gs —Undecided.

3 Major Topham's Rodney beat Mr. Smith's Snowdrop, for 2gs,

4. Mr. Percival's Mouse beat Captain Barlow's Bell, for 2gs,

5. Major Topham's Snowball, 8 yrs old, beat Mr. Henry Boynton's Toy, 5 yrs old, for 2gs.

6. Major Topham's black dog, Young Snowball, agst Colonel Thornton's Alicia, for 20gs.—Undecided.

Old Snowball ran a course (gratis) this day, and showed, in a rate of nearly three miles, superiority.

Wednesday, March 3.

1 Colonel Thornton's Honest John Smith, against Mr. Percival's Sultan, for 2gs.—Undecided.

2. Lord Grey's Gill, against Mr. Parkhurst's Lady, for 2gs,—Undecided.

3. Colonel Thornton's Alicia (late Dent) against Major Topham's Young Snowball, for 5gs.—Undecided.

4. Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria, beat Major Topham's Rodney (late Mr. Foord's) for 50gs—after a charming course.

5. Colonel Thornton's Comet against Mr. Percival's Lady, for 5gs.—Undecided.

6. Major Topham's Old Snowball (after a very uncommon course of four miles) beat Lord Grey's Phœnix, for a piece of Plate.

7. Mr. Parkhurst's Welter, beat Major Topham's Toy, for a piece of Plate.

On this day, Sir Francis Boynton bought of Colonel Thornton his bitch Alicia, for 30gs, and matched her for 150gs against the Colonel's blue whelp, Thornville, at the next Flixton Meeting in November.

Thursday, March 4.

1. Colonel Thornton's Ann, beat Mr. Percival's black bitch, for 2gs.

2. Sweepstakes for a Gold Cup, run for by six winners, for the first turn.—The hare was found on the very finest and hardest part on the whole Wolds, and 200 yards law given —After a most severe course of two miles, though the hare frequently bended, yet the judge could not decide upon any turn;—after running another mile, the hare was killed. All the dogs on this occasion seemed run so close, that scarcely any pre-eminence could be given in the whole course. —Colonel Thornton's Thornville (a blue whelp by Major, and out of Catgut, sister to Czarina); Lord Grey's Rainham (a present from Mr. Percival), Mr. Parkhurst's Welter; Sir Thomas Wallace, named Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria; Mr. Trapps, named Colonel Thornton's Blue Whelp, Mr. Thingamdetoy (brother to Thornville); and Major Topham's Witch.

3. Lord Grey's Gill, beat Mr. Parkhurst's black bitch, for 2gs.

4. Colonel Thornton named his Major against Lord Grey, who named Phantasmagoria, for 2gs.—Major won.

5. Mr. Leslie's Newmarket dogs against the hare, with Colonel Thornton, for 1g.—The dog lost.

6. Sir Francis Boynton's famous Dent, beat Colonel Thornton's Spanker, for 2gs.

7. Lord Grey's Gill, beat Mr. Parkhurst's black bitch, for 1g.

8. Colonel Thornton's Honest John Smith, beat Major Topham's Blacksmith, for 5gs.

9. Colonel Thornton's Major, 8 years old (who had been lame), a trial against Phantasmagoria, 2 years old.—Major shewed uncommon speed, and won.

10. Colonel Thornton's Czarina, 11 years old (sister to Claret) a trial

a trial against Paramount.—Czarina won.

11. Mr. Leslie's Newmarket dogs against the hare, for 1g.—The hare beat.

12. Colonel Thornton's Major, a trial against Paramount, both 8 years old; after a very fine course, Major won, and was decided, even at his age, to have more speed than any dog produced.

FORFEITS PAID.

Mr. Peter Wilson bets Colonel Thornton 20gs. that his red dog, Fly, beats Colonel Thornton's Alicia, one of the Dents, at the next Flixton Meeting.—Mr. Wilson forfeited.

Colonel Thornton bets Mr. Peter Wilson, and the Confederacy, 500gs. that Major, beats his dog Dart, the last day of the next Flixton Meeting; a hogshead of claret forfeit.—Major received forfeit.

In one course during the meeting, every horse in the field was so knocked up, that not one could make out more than a trot.—The course was supposed to be over five miles of ground, and at last the hare ran the dogs out of sight.

During the meeting, Colonel Thornton had a large party of friends at Falconer's-Hall, and contributed much to the amusement of the week, by his hospitalities.

The Flixton Meeting, in future, is to be limited to three days of public coursing.—The last day to close with a Cup for the winning dogs, and a challenge has been given from it, to run All England over the Flixton Wold.

By the different trials, it appeared clear, that Czarina was the best greyhound ever seen at her age; that Major was the next best; and that the Dents, or Yorkshire blood, are good for nothing. That Major Topham has spoilt the Snowball blood, by crossing with the Yorkshire blood, literally *curs*.

EXTRA COURSING.

A challenge, it is said, has been sent by Mr. Durand (the owner of Bellissima), to produce a greyhound to run any of the Snowballs (home and home) for 1000gs.—This may be considered as the largest stake ever offered on a match of greyhounds.

MATCHES FOR THE NEXT MEETING—NOV. 1802.

Colonel Thornton's Thornville against Sir Francis Boynton's Alicia, late Dent's, for 250gs. p. p.

Sir Martin Stapleton's Fly, against Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria, for 20gs.

Sir Martin Stapleton's yellow and white dog, against Colonel Thornton's Thornville, for 3gs.

Sir Martin Stapleton's Smoker, against Col. Thornton's Spanker, for 3gs,

Sir Martin Stapleton's Smoker, against Colonel Thornton's Ghost, for 3gs,

Major Topham to produce four whelps, the produce of two of his bitches, against the same number, the produce of Colonel Thornton's Anne and Catgutt, for 5gs. each, at the next meeting.

Two whelps, the produce of Major Topham's Toy, against two whelps, the produce of Mr. Parkhurst's Bell, for 5gs. each.

Colonel Thornton offered to accept the offer said to have been made by Mr. Durand, for 1000 or 5000 guineas, but was declined by Mr. Durand.

Colonel Thornton's Major, agst. Mr. Durand's Maiden—to run near Epsom, in the course of next season, for 1000gs. half forfeit.

Printed by Order of
THOMAS THORNTON,
PL. PRESIDENT.

GREYHOUNDS will ward BITCHES, at Thornville Royal, near Knaresborough, Yorkshire.

At Seven Guineas—Major, by Claret, dam the Berkshire bitch. Claret, by young Blue Jupiter, dam Old Blue Jupiter, by Whebly, out of Cublon, bred by George III.

At Five Guineas—Paramount and Phantasmagoria.

At Five Guineas—That beautiful blue dog, Javelin, by Javelin, son of Old Blue Jupiter, and out of Nimble by Smoker, and out of Margaret—and all to pay a Crown to the Keeper.

A QUACK'S MEDITATION ON FIRST ENTERING INTO BUSINESS.

I Was in my youth, a chimney-sweeper, next a scavenger, and now I am a tinker, or a mender of kettles; this is as much a-kin to medicine, as shoe-making is to divinity. My brother, the cobler, has made a decent livelihood, by turning from mending of soles to converting of souls; he is a methodist preacher, and why should not I ride in my coach? I have no mountebank, to be sure, but I can circulate hand-bills.

In London alone, there are a million of people; if one dies in seven years, there are many ill before this comes; I may reckon twenty-five thousand at least. Now, if my hand-bill reaches one in a thousand, and this one should buy a guinea's worth of my stuff, this would give me two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Still this is reckoning too fast; for there are so many who would despise my awkwardness, lies, &c. so many friends of dead people, who tell tales, and so many regular doctors into the bargain, in London, that I must look to the country. There I find fifteen millions of people, and there my stuff will sell as well as in town, if not better, not needing to see the folks. And as I now live mostly upon salt fish, onions, &c. I will follow my trade for a time, and advertise more and more, as I get forward: and then the odds must be much against me, if, with the King's Arms, Authority of Parliament, Extracts from the Gazettes, &c. I don't ride in my coach at last.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU are entitled to the thanks of the Sporting World, for your impartial review of the literary controversy between the Coursing Opponents of the Northern and South counties of the kingdom; but as neither the blustering superficial challenge of one, or the modest, candid, and sportsman-like offer of the other, has been accepted, I solicit permission through the medium of your appropriate vehicle, to make a few remarks upon the publicity of the transaction. A total stranger to the parties, without the least clue by which I may be guided to even a conjecture of the individuals, I believe I may venture to affirm it is the opinion of almost every Sportsman in the kingdom, that the North Country Gentleman "was afraid, and therein the wiser;" but

but should he (as school-boys sometimes do at a leap) take fresh fees, and feel himself sufficiently valiant to renew the contest, there cannot be wanting Sporting characters in abundance, who will run the North Country Greyhounds *home* and *home* (in conformity with the sporting and gentlemanlike proposition of "OLD SOHO,") for any sum their abettors may feel inclined to propose.

The pompous and repeated puffings of the "Flixton Wolds," forcibly reminds one of the satiric remark of the *modest* Hibernians to an Englishman in Dublin, if, by chance, he lets fall a word in favour of "Poor Old England," when they instantly exclaim, "Arrah by my soul, and the hills are green a great way off."

Not to enlarge unnecessarily upon the subject, it must suffice to say, the original puff, and the subsequent challenge, certainly excited not only a great deal of curiosity, but a general wish, that a match should take place; if which had been the case, there can be no doubt but as much money would have been sported (upon the general event) as ever was betted upon any one spirited contest in the kingdom. If, however, the report is a fact, that Mr. Durand has challenged "to run any of the *Snowballs home* and *home* for a thousand guineas," and such challenge is not accepted, it will lay at rest the imaginary superiority of the Flixton Wold Greyhounds, and we shall hear of no more boasting from the *high blood of the Bobadils.*

Your constant reader,
MASTER STEPHEN.

Cob's House, May Day.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

In a Letter to a Friend.

"YOU know the history of this far-famed palace: its original structure and destination, by Cardinal Richelieu, its descent through two successive monarchs to the last proprietor, the Duke of Orleans, whose conversion of it its present destination afforded, at once, the means of indulging his incredible extravagance, and gratifying his inordinate avarice. I think I have heard you say, that you have read that most animated, and most excellent description of the Palais-royal, which is inserted in one of the volumes of the Varieties of Literature: it often recurred to my memory, when I witnessed the busy bustling scene which is there depicted with such fidelity and colouring. Let a man walk under these arcades at any hour of the day, and he will never want food, either for meditation or amusement: but the Palais-royal exhibits a scene of peculiar interest in the evening. B. whom, to my great surprise and pleasure, I met the other morning on the Pont-neuf, and who gave us his company to dinner at our hotel, persuaded us to leave our fire-side, and take a lounge in the Palais-royal: the shape of the building you know, is that of a parallelogram, which incloses a large garden, whose well-gravelled walks afford a fine view of the edifice. It was about half after seven when we entered by the *Rue de Lycée*; at this end of the Palais is a double piazza, with two rows of shops reaching from one extremity to the other; so crowded were these promenades with *ladies*, and loungers of every description, that, by com-

mon consent, the 'law of the road' was as strictly preserved, as it is in the streets of London by the Hackney-coachmen! To have disturbed this easy, well-regulated flow, would have been extremely rude; and I almost question whether the tide would not have carried any little bark away which had attempted to resist it.

"Though the other colonnades were also crowded, ambulation was not so difficult as here; and we had abundant opportunity to admire, as well the peculiar elegance with which the rival shop-keepers had lighted up their little cabinets of *bijouterie*, as the splendour and magnificence produced by the general illumination of the whole. After we had gratified our curiosity, and scattered as many looks as it was lawful for us married men on the full unshaded beauties of the deep-bosomed damsels who tread this fairy ground, our friend B——, whose long residence here has made him perfectly familiar with the manners and amusements of the people, proposed to shew us the gaming-houses and subterranean gaieties of the Palais-royal. He had scarcely spoken, when the immiscible sounds of ill-tuned instruments, and shrill piercing voices assailed our ears; a sort of Siroccogleam, composed of innumerable breathings, rising upon us at the same time, sufficiently indicated that there was "High Life below Stairs." We descended into a large room, whose ceiling, walls, and decorations, counterfeit Arcadian scenery; the pillars which supported the roof represent the knotty trunks of venerable trees, whose tortuous branches, intertwisting with each other, "o'ercanopy the glade." Tityrus, or more probably some Grecian shepherd, is seen lying at his length under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree in the wall, cooled by a stationary stream, and watching, with untired eye, the never-ending antics of the kids and lambkins that surround him. The company is not unappropriate to the scenery; Pan is here with his pipe, and many a Satyr peeps through the mimic foliage at the careless unveiled nymphs who trip, with fantastic toe, across the "velvet green." These shepherds and shepherdesses, I assure you, live not upon the unsubstantial food of love alone: they have very good appetites, believe me: many of them did I see amusing themselves with a dish of *petits-pâtés*, a bason of soup, and a fine plump *poulet*; beakers of Bourdeaux and Burgundy were filled with a generous hand, and, to my great surprise, did I often inhale the odour of hot rum punch!

"The gaming-tables are in a different quarter of the Palais-royal: we ascended a staircase, and opened the door of an anti-chamber, where several hundred hats, sticks, and great coats, carefully ticketed, were arranged, under the charge of two or three old men, who receive either one or two *sous*, I forget which, from every owner, for the safe delivery of his precious deposit. No dogs are admitted into these sacred apartments, nor any thing which is likely to disturb the deep attention and holy quiet which pervade them! From this anti-chamber we opened a folding door, which introduced to a large, well-lighted room, in the centre of which was a table, surrounded, at a moderate estimate, by two hundred and fifty or three hundred persons, anxiously inspecting a game, which it was not likely that any of our party should know the name of. We proceeded to another room; another succeeded that;

that; and yet another; a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. We omitted to reckon the number of the rooms, and therefore, to avoid exaggeration, we will stop here; but I am inclined to believe there are more than six; all of which communicated with each other, and were equally well attended with the first. Different games were pursuing, all strange to us unfashionable folks: a few females, mixed with this wretched crowd, were seated at the table, and engaged in the game.

"These tables are licensed by government—pay to it a considerable sum of money—and are, I understand, under its immediate inspection: they are excellently regulated: ready cash passes from the loser to the winner, and differences appear to be decided by appointed referrees, who sit at the table, invested with what we conjecture to be the *insignia* of office; namely, short wooden instruments, shaped like a garden hoe, and which seem to collect the twelve-livre pieces which are scattered over the table.

"There is one very curious condition imposed upon the holders of these gaming-tables; they are obliged to furnish every body who enters any of the rooms, with as much table-beer as they choose to call for. Waiters are, therefore, perpetually running backwards and forwards with overflowing tumblers of this refreshing beverage; six or seven crowded on a tray; and he is not merely a polite man, but a fortunate one, who adheres strictly to the good old-fashioned rule, "Drink what you please, but *pocket* none." Beer to an Englishman in Paris, to me at least, is nectar: I had tasted none since we left Dover; and, although the glasses had received the homage of a hundred lips, it was impossible to resist the temptation: taking all possible care, therefore, to avoid all extraneous matter, I ventured to indulge my inclination, and am now ready to certify, before any magistrate, that the water of the Seine makes as good beer as the water of the Thames.

"From these licensed tables we visited many scenes of unsanctioned dissipation, in divers subterranean chambers, where the game of billiards was dexterously played; two or three tables appear to be well attended in every room; it really makes one's heart bleed to see so many beardless youths as there are here, and lovely females, hastening on the road to ruin! But at the Palais-royal one sees all the world in yellow, blue, and green, to use poor Yorick's words, "running at the ring of pleasure. The old, with broken lances, and in helmets which have lost their vizards—the young, in armour bright, which shines like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the East—all, all tilting at it, like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love."

A Nicety in Betting.

A FEW days since, a farmer, near Cambridge, called upon another farmer, in a village near Newmarket, to buy two cows, which were in calf: the seller asked thirty pounds for them; the buyer bid him twenty-eight pounds, when they split the difference, and twenty-nine pounds was the purchase-money.—In conversation afterwards, each thought himself wrong, and agreed to make the purchase at four shillings per stone, alive; when taken to the weighing machine, the cows weighed one hundred

hundred and forty-six stone, which, came to Twenty-nine Pounds Four Shillings.—It was conjectured by the farmer that had the cows been driven round the yard a few times, it might have been a dead heat. Such is the perfection acquired in the knowledge of farming stock!

Anecdote of the Temple Clock.

SOME years ago a new clock was made to be placed in the Temple Hall; when finished, the clock-maker was desired to wait on the Benchers of the Temple, who would think of a suitable motto to be put under the clock. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them, he at last came when the old Benchers were met in the Temple Hall, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto; one of the Benchers, who thought the application ill-timed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing original mottos, testily replied, "Go about your business," The mechanic taking this for an answer to his question, went home and inserted it at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business," and placed it on the Temple Hall, to the great surprise of the Benchers, who, upon considering the circumstance, agreed that accident had produced a better motto than any they could think of, and ever since the Temple clock has continued to remind the lawyers and the public to go about their business.

Mary Queen of Scots, and her Dog.

Letter from Mr. Penneck, of the British Museum, to the Earl of Buchan, with an Extract from the Harleian MS. relative to the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

.... "THE said eighth day of Februarie being come, and the place appointed for the execution aforesaid, the Queene of Scottes, being of stature tall, of body corpulent, round shouldered, her face fatt and broad, double-chinned and hazell eyed, her borrowed haire aburne, her attire was this: on her head she had a dressing of lawne edged with bonelace, a pomander chaine and an Agnus Dei about her neck, a crucifixe in her hande, a paire of beades at her girdle, with a golden cross at the end of them, a veyle of lawne fastened to her caule, bowed out with wyer, and edged round about with bonelace, her gowne was of black sattin printed, with a train and long sleeves to the ground, sett with acrone, buttons of jett trimed with pearle, and short sleeves of sattin black cutt, with a paire of sleeves of purple velvett whole under them; her kirtle whole of figured black sattin, her petticote, upperbody unlaced in the backe, of chrymson sattin, and her petticote skirts of chrymson velvet, her shoes of Spanish leather with the rough side outward, a paire of greene silke garters, her nether stockinge worsted, couloured watchet, clocked with silver, and edged on the top with silver, and next her legge a paire of jerzie hose, white....."

My Lord, the above is transcribed from the account of Queen Mary's execution, which is as exact as it is curious. I shall only add,

add, as a particular friend to the brute creation, an anecdote, for which, I hope, your Lordship will excuse ..... "Then one of the executioners putting off her garters, espied her little dogge, which was under her clothes, which could not be gotten forth but by force, and afterwards would not depart from her dead corpse, but came and laie between her head and shoulders, (a thing diligentlie noted) the same dogge being imbrued with her blood, was carried away and washed," &c. &c.

I have the honour of being, my Lord, with great esteem and affection, your faithful and humble servant, R. PENNECK.

British Museum, June 18, 1767.

STALLIONS TO COVER THIS SEASON.

AT Mr. Hutchinson's, Shipton, Yorkshire, Beningbrough, at 6gs and a crown; and Zachariah, own brother to Beningbrough, at 3gs and a crown.

At Newmarket, Buzzard, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Charles Day's, Barrow's Brook, Gloucestershire, Caustic, at 2gs and 5s each mare; and Fortunio, at 2gs and 5s.

At Whatley House, Somersetshire, Chigwell, at 1g a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Newmarket, Coriander, at 5gs each mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Haynes's Livery Stables, London, Don Quixotte, at 5gs a mare, and 5s. the groom; Dungannon, at 12gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom; Volunteer, at 12gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom; and Sir Harry, son of Sir Peter Teazle, at 5s. and 10s. 6d.

At Oatlands, Surry, Gouty, at 5gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Hornsey's, Middlethorpe, near York, Hambletonian, at 10gs and 10s. 6d. each mare; Patriot, at 5gs and 5s. each mare; Shuttle, at 5gs blood mares, and 2gs and 5s. country mares.

At Lower Tooting, Surry, His Lordship, the gold-coloured horse, at 3gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Easton Lodge, near Dunmow, Essex, Hollyhock, the beautiful brown horse, at 2gs a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Bishop Burton, near Beverley, and Market Weighton, Yorkshire, Idris, at 5gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Figdale, Cheshire, John Bull, at 15gs, and 1g the groom; Alexander, at 10gs, and 1g. the groom; and Meteor, at 5gs and 10s. 6d.

At the Duke of Beaufort's, Badminton, Gloucestershire, Lop, the beautiful grey horse, at 1g a mare.

At Mistley Hall, in Essex, Magic, at 3gs a mare, and 5s.

At Chichester, Sussex, Microscope, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Renishaw, Derbyshire, Moorcock, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Duxbury, Lancashire, Mr. Teazle, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Morland's, Walthamstow, Oscar, at 6gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Aldenham, Herts, Pegasus, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Christian Malford, Wilts, Petworth, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Patshull, in the county of Stafford, the Pigot Grey Arabian, at 2gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Walton, Bucks, Repeator, at 5gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At

At Empingham, Lincolnshire, Schedoni, at 5gs the mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Knowsley, near Prescot, Sir Peter Teazle, at 10gs each mare, and 10s 6d. the groom.

At Moston Hall, Cheshire, Soldier, at 5gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Carr House, near Doncaster, Stamford, at 5gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Faringdon, Berkshire, Stickler, at 3gs a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Bott's, at Totteridge, Herts, Totteridge, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d. the groom; and, at the same place, Brush, at 2gs, and 5s. the groom.

At Clermont Lodge, near Brandon, Trumpator, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Lewes, in Sussex, Waxy, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, Whiskey, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Newmarket, Worthy, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Woodhay, Berks, Young Eclipse, at 20gs a mare, and 10s 6d. the groom; and a beautiful Grey Horse, at 1g a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

PROCLAMATION OF PEACE—AN AUTHENTIC DOCUMENT.

Although the King's Proclamation may not, in any way, come within what is called SPORTING, yet, as the Actors in that Ceremony were chiefly mounted on Horses, many of them richly decorated and comparisoned, we deem the subject not wholly unfit for our Publication. We give it likewise on another account, namely, because it is not a random description of the Ceremony, but is taken from the Copy published by order of Government, in the London Gazette, of Tuesday, May the 4th.

CEREMONY OF THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE ON THE 29TH APRIL, 1802.

GEORGE R.

OUR will and pleasure is, that you give immediate directions to the Heralds, Pursuivants, and other necessary Officers, to attend the Proclamation of Peace that is to be made on Thursday next, the Twenty-ninth day of April, in the usual places, and with the solemnities customary on the like occasion; and for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given at Our Court at St. James's, the Twenty-sixth day of April, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Two, in the Forty-second Year of Our Reign. By his Majesty's Command,

PELHAM.

To Our Right Trusty and Right Entirely beloved Cousin Charles Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, and Our Hereditary Marshal of England; and, in his Absence, to the Principal Officers of Arms.

ST. JAMES'S, APRIL 29, 1802.

The Officers of Arms; Serjeants at Arms, with their maces and collars; the Serjeant-Trumpeter with his mace and collar; the Trumpets, Drum-Major, and Drums; and the Knight Marshal, and Knight Marshal's men, assembled this day, at Half past Ten o'Clock in the forenoon,

noon, in the Stable-yard, St. James's; and the Officer of Arms, being habited in their respective tabards, and mounted, a procession was made, at Twelve o'Clock, from thence to the Palace-Gate, where George Harrison, Esq. Norroy King of Arms, read his Majesty's Proclamation of Peace; which being done, a procession was made to Charing-cross, in the following order; viz.

A Party of Life Guards, to clear the way.
Beadles of Westminster, Two and Two, with Staves,
Constables of Westminster, in like Manner.
High Constable, on Horseback, with his Staff.
Officers of the High Bailiff of Westminster, on Horseback, with White Wands.
High Bailiff and Deputy Steward, on Horseback.
Three Knight Marshal's men, Bearers of the Verge, with Maces.
Eight Knight Marshal's Men, Two and Two.
Sir J. Bland Burges, Bart, Knight Marshal, on Horseback, with his Baton.
Drums.
Drum Major,
Trumpets.
Serjeant Trumpeter, in his Collar, with his Mace,
Francis Martin, Gent.
Blue Mantle Pursuivant.

Life Guards who flanked the Procession.

James Cathrow, Gent.
Rouge Dragon Pursuivant.

Serj. at Arms.	G. Nayler, Esq. York Herald.	J. Atkinson, Esq. Somerset Herald.	Serj. at Arms.
Serj. at Arms.	E. Lodge, Esq. Lancaster Herald.	G. M. Leake, Esq. Chester Herald.	Serj. at Arms.
Serj. at Arms.	F. Townsend, Esq. Windsor Herald.	R. Bigland, Esq. Richmond Herald.	Serj. at Arms.

Joseph Hawker, Gent.
Rouge Croix Pursuivant.

Life Guards who flanked the Procession.

Norroy King of Arms,
between Two Serjeants at Arms,
A Party of Life Guards.

At Charing-Cross, Richmond Herald read the Proclamation aloud; and the Procession moved on, in the same order, to Temple-Bar; the Gates of which being shut, Blue Mantle Pursuivant of Arms left the procession; and, accompanied by Two Trumpets, preceded by Two Life Guards to clear the way, rode up to the Gates, and, after the Trumpets had sounded thrice, he knocked with his cane. Being asked by the City Marshal from within, "Who comes there?" he replied, "the Officers of Arms, who demand entrance into the City to publish His Majesty's Proclamation of Peace." The Gates being opened, he was admitted alone, and the Gates were immediately shut again. The City Marshal, preceded by his Officers, conducted him to the Lord Mayor, (who was on horseback, and, with the Aldermen, Recorder, and Sheriffs, attended within the Gate) to whom he shewed His Majesty's Warrant, which his Lordship having read, returned; and gave directions to the

City Marshal to open the Gates, who, attending the Pursuivant back, opened them accordingly, and, on leaving him, said, "Sir, the Gates are open." The Trumpets and Life Guards being in waiting, conducted him to his place in the Procession, which then moved on into the City, except the Officers of Westminster, who filed off and retired as they came to Temple-Bar. At the end of Chancery-lane, Windsor Herald read the Proclamation. Then the Lord Mayor, with the City Officers, joined the Procession, immediately after the Officers of Arms, in the following Order; viz.

Four Constables.
Six Marshal's Men, Three and Three, on Foot.
Six Trumpets, Three and Three.
Band of Music.
The Two City Marshals, on Horseback.

Life Guards, in single File.

Sheriffs' Officers on Foot — The Two Sheriffs, on Horseback. — Sheriffs' Officers on Foot

Sword and Mace-Bearers, on Horseback.

Porter, in a Black Gown, with his Staff. — The LORD MAYOR, on Horseback, bearing his Sceptre of Office. — Ward Beadle with the Ward Mace.

Lord Mayor's Household, on Foot.
Six Footmen, Three and Three.
His Lordship's State Coach, drawn by Six White Horses.
The Aldermen (according to seniority) and the Recorder, in their Coaches.
Carriages of the Sheriffs.
Officers of the City, in Carriages, according to Seniority.
The Volunteer Corps of the City.
Life Guards.

Life Guards, in single File.

At the end of Wood-street, where the Cross formerly stood, in Cheapside, the Proclamation was read by Chester Herald. The Procession moving on to the Royal Exchange, the Proclamation was there read, for the last time, by Lancaster Herald.

The Lord Mayor having, upon this joyful occasion, convened the several Volunteer Corps of the City in order to add to the splendour of the ceremony, as well as to deliver to them the thanks of His Majesty and the Honourable House of Commons for their services during the war, it became necessary to extend the procession to Aldgate; whence it returned, through Fenchurch-street, and up Gracechurch-street, and passed again through Cornhill, to the Mansion House; from whence the Procession of the Officers of Arms, Knight Marshal, Drums and Trumpets, and Life Guards, returned through St. Paul's Church-yard.

The acclamations of joy were general from many thousands of spectators, who filled all the streets through which the Procession passed; and, in the evening, the universal satisfaction of the people was manifested by the display of splendid illuminations in all parts of the metropolis.

UTILITY

Utility of Birds.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE letter from Dr. Lettsom, in your Magazine for January, and that signed *Varro*, are on a subject very interesting to the lovers of a good garden; and still more so (as its importance is greater) to those who are engaged in Agriculture, I apprehend, therefore, that you will readily admit a few further remarks, which may be of use to decide what seems to be not fully regarded.

Mr. Bradley, in some of his writings, mentions a person whose curiosity led him to watch a couple of birds, who had a nest of young ones, for one hour:—they went out and returned continually, bringing every time a caterpillar back to their young. He counted the journies they took, and calculated that one nest could not consume less than five thousand in the course of a day. I thought this seemed to be an extravagant number to suppose; but, on considering how little room caterpillars require, how soft is their substance, and how quick is the digestion of birds, I was fully satisfied as to that point.

Dr. Lettsom thinks that the common observation, that a severe frost destroys grubs, insects, &c. may be erroneous. I rather wonder at his supposition, and cannot think with him. For when we consider, that it is the nature of frost to swell all fluids, and to destroy all tenacity, how can we suppose, that any principle of vitality can remain in any animal body, which has been entirely frozen through its substance? Its vessels must have been all broken, by the enlargement of the contained fluids; and the body therefore prepared for immediate putrid dissolution, when a thaw comes. Those grubs only, which have retired to a greater depth in the earth than the frost reaches, can remain. I remember a fact full to this point:—A gentleman, in the county of Essex, assured me, in the latter end of the year 1795, that the severe frost of the former winter had done immense service to the farmers on his estates; for that, previous to that time, they had been for several years so infested with grubs, that their wheat crops suffered most severely, and they had been frequently obliged to repeat their wheat-sowing in the spring, or to sow some other crops where the wheat had been destroyed; but after that frost, he said, the evil was removed.

It has been supposed, that tom-tits, and some other birds, injure the blossoms of fruit-trees in the spring: I have watched them completely, and have been convinced, that the fact is the contrary; and that when they are seen to peck at the blossoms, as is generally thought, they are snatching an insect out of its retreat. Yet, if they did feed on blossoms, I see not what injury they could do, for the trees produce millions more than can possibly set and ripen into fruit; so that, if they did not naturally perish and fall, they must be picked off in multitudes, or no fruit could be had.

I suspect the carrion crow to be entirely carnivorous, and I rather believe the same of the rook; for these birds may be always seen to settle, in great numbers, on a fresh-ploughed field before it is sown.

Your correspondent Varro, considers pigeons as very mischievous, because they are entirely grani-

vorous; but animals of this description may be also very serviceable, inasmuch as they consume immense quantities of seeds of weeds, which would otherwise prove a terrible plague to the farmer, cost him a large expence, and perhaps puzzle his diligence to eradicate them. There is a paper in the Museum Rusticum, vol. ii. p. 255, giving an account, that the farmers at Tuxford, in Nottinghamshire, had destroyed their pigeons; and afterwerds found, that without these birds they could get no crops of wheat. The soil was full of the seeds of ketlocks, which overshot and destroyed their corn. The pigeons preferred these seeds to any corn whatever, and the farmers were obliged to re-people their courts.

The usefulness of domestic poultry is fully established, from the success attending the experiment which Dr. Lettsom mentions to have been made at Norfolk Island. It is plain, therefore, contrary to the supposition of Varro, that they will take the trouble of looking after insects. Turkies will leave any thing for the seeds of nettles, and will always thrive where nettles grow abundantly. The guinea-fowl, which seems to be a species of the turkey, is probably of the same disposition.

Varro justly supposes ducks to be very serviceable, if flocks of them were turned in upon young corn, or among turnips; but the number must be great to do any extensive service. They are not so beneficial in a garden, for they will take liberties with the strawberries; and I have had the hearts of my endive and lettuces picked out by them, in order to get at the little red worms which are apt to harbour there. The common plover or pee-wit, seems fitter for gardens than the duck; because its long sharp bill can take the worms without injuring the plants, which the broad round bill of the duck cannot so well do; and these birds have no taste for strawberries; they may therefore be safely trusted.

Upon the whole, Gentlemen, having made much observation on the feathered part of the creation, and considered the matter well, I am not partially, but entirely a friend to them all (the great voracious birds of prey, which seldom come under notice, excepted). If they eat part of our corn, or part of our fruit, shall we grudge it, when they are the means of preserving the rest? God has not given to us an exclusive right to the whole: and, as the poet says,

"The birds of heaven will vindicate their right."

If therefore we would act consistently with our character, as good masters of the inferior world, or consistently with our own interest, we shall cheerfully allow these our dependent servants (for such they are) their small pittance, and receive in return the benefits they will bring us, besides being cheered with their wild and delightful melody. J. B. PIKE.

Feb. 23, 1802.

PLUNGING, OR DIVING VESSELS.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE late account given of the perfected state of a vessel invented in France, for navigating under water, appeared to me so alarming, that I have since spent some time in examining the subject.

ject. I find in the Magic Mathematic of Bishop Wilkins, published in the year 1648, a long account of a project for making a boat to navigate under water; and in the Encyclopedia, article *Plunger*, an account of a plunging boat by Cornelius Drebell, who, in the reign of Charles I. made a boat with twelve oars, which navigated under water in the Thames. One of the men was alive in the time of Boyle; in the boat they had a liquor, which refreshed the air. Boyle says, the composition of the liquor was made known to him by the person to whom Drebell confided it, but he has not given us the secret. The imperfect state of science at the time the experiments were made, is the reason, perhaps, of their not being perfected; or, perhaps, the wisdom of Government suppressed an invention which could be productive only of mischief. Your's,

A. B.

Ancient May Games, &c. in Scotland, England, and France.

Dr. Jaimeson, of Edinburgh, D. D. in the Prospectus of his intended Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language, has collected the following accounts. This work, as a transcript of the Customs and Manners of the earliest times, promises much entertainment to the curious Observer.

ABBOT OF UN-REASON,

A sort of histrionic character, anciently used in Scotland; but afterwards prohibited by Act of Parliament.

"IT is statute and ordained, that in all times cumming, na manar of person be chosen *Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queenis of May*, nor utherwise, nouther in Burgh nor to Landwart, in onie time to cum: and gif ony Provest, Baillies, Councell, and Communitie, chuse sic an personage,—within Burgh, the chusers of sik sall tine their freedome for the space of fiue zeires, and utherwise sal be punished at the Queenis Grace will, and the acceptar of sik-like office sall be banished foorth of the Realme: and, gif ony sik persones—beis chosen out-with Burgh, and uthers Landward townes, the chusers sall pay to our soveraine Ladie, Ten poundes, and their persons put in waird, there to remain during the Queenis Grace pleasure." Q. Mary, Parl. 6. ch 61. A. 1555. The particular reason of this prohibition is not mentioned. It does not appear to have been the effect of the Protestant doctrine. For as yet the Reformation was strenuously opposed by the court. It was most probably owing to the disorders carried on, both in town and country, under the pretence of innocent recreation. The following sentence of the Act of Parliament implies something of this nature. "Gif onie women or others about Summer trees [perhaps Maypoles] singand makis *perturbation* to the Queenis lieges in the passage throw Burrows and uthers Landward townes: the women *perturbatoures* for skafrie of money, or utherwise, salbe taken, handled, and put upon the Cuck-stules of everie Burgh or Towne." V. Skafrie and Cuck-stule.

There is an allusion to the same sport in Scot's Poem on May.

"Abbots by Rule, and Lords bot Reason,
Sic Senzeors tymes owerweil this season,
Upon thair vyce war lang to waik;
Quhen falsit, feibleness and treason
Has rung thryss owre this Zodiack."
Ever-Green, vol. ii. p. 187.

Here, while the poet insinuates that

that such games had formerly been customary in the beginning of May, he beautifully alludes to the disordered state of society in his own time; declaring, that the season allotted for the games did not suffice for those who really acted the part of Abbots *by* i. e. *against* Rule, and Lords *without* Reason; as they greatly *owerweiled*, or exceeded the proper time. There would be a great *waiking* or vacation, did others wait till they had finished their *vyce*, or part in the play. Perhaps, indeed, he uses *vyce* in the same manner in which he has used *by*, as capable of a double sense, and signifying that theirs was truly a *vicious* part. V. Owerweil.

A similar character was well known in England. In an old memoir of shews and ceremonies exhibited at Christmas, in the reign of Henry VII. in the palace of Westminster, A. 1482, it is said, "This Christmas I saw no disguysings, and but right few plays. But there was an Abbot of Misrule, that made much sport, and did right well his office." Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry, I. 239. At Cambridge, this character was called Imperator, or Emperor. One of the Masters of Arts was placed over the juniors every Christmas, for the regulation of their games and diversions during this season of festivity. The Latin Comedies and Tragedies, as well as Shews and Dialogues, were to be under his authority and direction. His power continued for twelve days; and it was renewed on Candlemas-day. In the colleges of Oxford, they had a temporary officer of the same kind, who was called Princeps Natalicius, Christmas Prince, or Lord of Misrule.

It seems uncertain whether our ancestors borrowed their Abbot of Un-reason immediately from the English, or from the French. For the latter also had their Abbé de Liesse, or Abbot of Joy, Abbas Laetitiae—Du Cange. V. Warton's His. E. Poet. II. 378—381.

Polydore Virgil says, that so early as the year 1170, it was the custom of the English nation to celebrate their Christmas with plays, masques, and the most magnificent spectacles; together with games at dice and dancing. This practice, he adds, was not conformable to the usage of most other nations, who permitted these diversions, not at Christmas, but a few days before Lent, at the time of Shrove-tide. Hist. Angl. lib. 13. fol. 211. ap Warton, III. 307. The same writer observes, that the Christmas Prince, or Lord of Misrule, is almost peculiar to the English. "The Christenmasse lordes," he adds, "that be commonly made at the nativitie of the Lorde, to whom all the household and familie, with the master himself, must be obedient, began of the equalitie, that the servauntes had with their masters in Saturnas feastes, that were called Saturnalia; wherein the servauntes have like authoritie with their masters, durying the tyme of the said feastes." Pol. Virg. de Rer. Inventor. Translat. b. 5. ch. 2.

But notwithstanding the testimony of this respectable writer, these revels seem to have prevailed as early in France. For in the year 1198, the Cardinal Legate enjoined the Bishop of Paris utterly to abolish what is called Festum Fatuorum, or the Feast of Fools. Du Cange V. Kalenda, p. 1665.

ACCOUNT

Account of an Elephant kept in the Tower, &c.

In the Reign of Henry III.

Brunetto Latini gives a short description of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with some account of the City of London, its Citizens, and the Court of Henry the Third,—his relation of an Elephant kept in the Tower, and his History of that Animal.

I Lately visited a curious animal which is now kept in the Tower of London. It is an elephant presented to King Henry by the Emperor Frederick the Second, who, as you know, married the King's sister Isabel. It seems this elephant was sent as a present to the Emperor Frederick by Emperor Prester John, of India. Henry, by an ordinance, has directed the City of London to provide for this elephant, and to defray the expence of his keeper, which cost the Citizens not less than *four-pence* a-day, over and above the expence they have been put to in building a receptacle for this rare animal, and the house adjoining for the Cremonese and his family to dwell in, who accompanied the elephant from Italy, hither, and is intrusted with the care and management of it.

As the elephant is an animal not found in Europe, you may not be acquainted with the nature and properties of that quadruped, I will therefore give you what account I have been able to collect from reading, and the information of the Italian, its keeper, concerning elephants in general, and the King's in particular; which, we trust, will not be unacceptable to our numerous readers.

The elephant is the largest animal we know of. His teeth are that substance which we call ivory, He has a kind of nose, called his trunk or proboscis; this he can twist about with a serpentine motion. With this proboscis he takes up his food and conveys it into his mouth. Besides this use, he can strike with it so forcibly as to break whatever he hits. I was assured by the Cremonese, that he saw him throw a loaded ass upon the roof of a house. It is certain that elephants have great courage; notwithstanding which, they are readily tamed after they are taken. There is a great difficulty in getting them on board of a ship when there is a necessity for transporting them across the sea; and in this case it is necessary for their keeper to conduct them with their tail foremost. To manage the elephant, some severity of blows must be made use of; and then he will suffer himself to be rode upon, and will go here and there as he is guided; for which purpose there is no need of a bridle, but only of an iron hook.

Alexander the Great is said to have made brazen statues of men, which he caused to be filled with live coals; these being applied to the proboscis, the elephants became so fearful of them, that they durst not strike their keepers lest they should be burnt. But I must tell you of their great sense and intelligence. It is certain that they observe rule and order among themselves, and submit, like mankind, to the government of a head or leader. They march together in large bodies, following their commander, who is generally the oldest elephant, and never breaking out of the line of march, the rear being commanded by the elephant next in seniority. When engaged in battle, they fight with one tooth only, keeping the other in

in reserve; and the vanquished elephant never comes off without the loss of, or some damage to, his teeth: The female elephant does not admit the male until she is fourteen years old; nor does the male seek the female before his fifteenth year. But so continent are these animals, that they never fight on account of their amours; each elephant keeping to one female until death separates them. And whenever this happens, the surviving male or female remains in the woods, in a state of widowhood, seeking no new mate. And as the elephant, contrary to the nature of other animals, requires a provocative, the male and female, guided by instinct, set out together westward, towards the earthly Paradise, until the female has found a certain plant, called the *man de gloire*, (mandragora or mandrake) of which she eats, and entices the male to eat of it likewise; whereby they are both excited to enter upon the work of generation. The female brings forth but one young elephant, and does not breed again while she lives. She leads her young one, as soon as it is brought forth, to a pool of water, wherein he remains immersed up to his belly, the male elephant constantly keeping a look-out, for fear of the dragon, which is an enemy that covets the elephant's blood. If the elephant falls, he has no power to rise again, having no joint or knee; nature, therefore, has instructed him to make a loud outcry, which the elephants hearing, come to the spot, perhaps to the number of twelve; these join with their cries until the little elephants come in, who relieve the fallen elephant, by working their trunks under him, and thus, by the help of the proboscis, lift him again upon his legs.

History of Ancient and Modern Coursing.

From Rural Sports.

By W. B. DANIEL.

[Continued from p. 250, No. CXIII.]

BEFORE we touch upon the old method of coursing the hare, or the rules established for deciding upon the merits of greyhounds, the manner formerly in use for breeding, rearing, and training, them, will be noticed.

The old couplets that described this species of dogs, were exact in the points they recommended as necessary to form a complete greyhound.

"Head like a snake,
Neck'd like a drake,
Back'd like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a rat,
And footed like a cat."

In choosing a whelp, the choice formerly was governed by the weight, and that which was the lightest, was generally thought to prove the nimblest and best. The raw-boned, lean, loose made, and unseemly whelps, in every joint, grew up well-shaped dogs; whereas those that, after three or four months appeared round, close trussed, and well built in every part, were not worth rearing, seldom proving swift or comely. It was also an observation in ancient times, that the bitches were commonly more speedy than the dogs, and this remark is still made by those who have had the best opportunities of deciding upon the subject.

The time to first try and train them to their game, was at twelve months old; and there is little variation in that observed at the present day. Some gentlemen, now, enter and try their bitch puppies at ten months old; but if they meet with

with severe courses so young, it is apt to strain them, and they are frequently a long time before they outgrow it, and fully recover themselves.

At two years old the greyhound is full grown, and the choice of one at that age was to be directed, by his having a fine skin, with soft, thin hair, a long lean head, with a nose sharp from the eyes, downwards; a full clear eye, with large eyelids, little ears, a long neck, bending like a drake, with a loose hanging weasand, broad breast, his body neither too long nor too great, a back straight and square, having a rising in the middle, a small belly, broad shoulders, round ribs, with a long space between his hips, a strong stern, a round foot, with large clefts, and his fore-legs straight and shorter than his hinder.

The breeding of the greyhound was recommended to be from the well-tried and best bitches, as an indifferent dog was supposed, from such a cross, to get better whelps, than if the excellence was inverted, and the bitch but tolerable; the surest way to have the whelps excellent, was to have both sire and dam good, and not to exceed four years old; if any inequality in their age, it was deemed better to be on the bitch's side, so that the dog was young. But notwithstanding this care in the breed and form of the greyhound, and even with the property of running to their owners wishes, from improper keeping they might be soon spoiled; the art both of rightly feeding, and properly entering them at their game, was formerly thus managed and described.

The keeping a greyhound properly did not solely consist in the meat given him, but also in his exercise, airing and kennelling. If in full flesh, he was to have the chippings of bread in fresh broth. Milk and bread, butter milk, or soft bones, morning and evening, which would keep him healthy; if he was unwell or low in condition, sheeps heads or feet, with the wool on, chopt in small pieces and made broth of, with sweet herbs and oatmeal, was to be his daily food at morn and eve, until he recovered his flesh and his health.

The kennel was to be airy, and the door towards the south, the benches two feet and a half high, with holes bored to carry off the urine; the straw on the benches was to be frequently changed, and the kennel kept extremely clean.

The diet for greyhounds engaged to run, was bread made as follows: half a peck of oatmeal, a peck of wheat, both ground and boulted through a fine sieve, anniseeds beaten and liquorice were to be scattered amongst it, and it was then with the whites of eggs and new ale, to be kneeded up into small loaves, which were to be well baked. This bread, soaked in beef or other broths, was to be given, after having aired and walked them out morning and evening.

The airing was attended with some particularities, for the dog was first to be rubbed with a hair or cloth in his kennel, he was then to be led out in a leash, half an hour after sun-rising, to some place where there was no cattle or sheep, and there he was suffered to frisk about and empty himself, when he was led back; the same method was to be observed in the evening, and in winter he was permitted once a day to enjoy the benefit of the fire: it was also recommended to keep him always in kennel, not only as a matter of safety, but as it was considered to increase their spirit and nimbleness.

The exercise of greyhounds consisted in coursing them; they were

to be run twice a week if the courses were long, else every other day, and they were to be rewarded and encouraged with the blood of the hare. At the first entering them, it was allowable to give them the advantage over their game, by finding a young hare, and giving her no law; but this was never done by a sportsman after the first getting blood; the hare had afterwards fair law allowed her, by which was discerned the ability and wind of the dog.

Upon coursing days, a toast and butter, or oil, was given early in the morning; if the greyhound killed the hare, he was not suffered to break her, but the hare was taken from him, and his chaps cleansed of the wool; he had afterwards the heart, liver, and lights given him. After a hard course, his feet were to be washed with water and salt, which was deemed (and certainly is) preferable to warm beer and butter; after being in his kennel for half an hour he was to be fed.

Greyhounds bred where the ground was chiefly arable, and in deep open vales, were formerly said to outrun those bred on the downs; the opinion upon this point is now changed.

For coursing the hare, the plan was formerly to find one sitting, if possible, and if a hare sat near a cover, with a fair field behind her, the company stationed themselves so as to force her to the champaign, for it is remarked that a hare seldom takes the same way that her head points when in her form.

The laws of coursing were established by the Duke of Norfolk in Queen Elizabeth' reign, and which were agreed to by the nobility and gentry who then followed the diversion, and have been always held authentic.

The feuterer, or persons that lets loose the greyhounds, was to receive those that were matched to run together into his leash, as soon as he came into the field, and to follow next to the hare-finder, or him that was to start the hare, until he came to the form, and no horse or foot-men were to go before, or on either side, but directly behind, for the space of about forty yards.

A hare was not to be coursed with more than a brace of greyhounds.

The hare-finder was to give the hare three soho's before he put her from her form, to give notice to the dogs that they may attend her starting.

The hare was to have twelve score yards law before the dogs were loosed, unless the small distance from cover would not admit it without danger of immediately losing her.

The dog that gave the first turn, and during the course, if there was neither cote, slip, nor wrench, won.

A cote is when the greyhound goes endways by his fellow, and gives the hare a turn.

A cote served for two turns, and two trippings or jerkins for a cote; if the hare did not turn quite about, she only wrenched, and two wrenches stand for a turn.

If there were no cotes given between a brace of greyhounds, but that one of them served the other at turning, then he that gave the hare the most turns won; and if one gave as many turns as the other, then he that bore the hare, won.

If one dog gave the first turn, and the other bore the hare, he that bore the hare, won.

A go-by or bearing the hare was equivalent to two turns.

If neither dog turned the hare, he that led last to the cover, won.

If one dog turned the hare, served himself and turned her again,

again, it was as much as a cote; for a cote was esteemed two turns.

If all the course was equal, the dog that bore the hare won; if the hare was not borne, the course was adjudged dead.

If a dog fell in a course, and yet performed his part, he might challenge the advantage of a turn more than he gave.

If a dog turned the hare, served himself, and gave divers cotes, and yet in the end stood still in the field, the other dog, if he ran home to the cover, although he gave no turn, was adjudged the winner.

If, by accident, a dog was rode over in his course, the course was void, and he that did the mischief was to make reparation for the damage.

If a dog gave the first and last turn, and there was no other advantage betwixt them, he that gave the odd turn, won.

He that came in first at the death, took up the hare, saved her from being torn, cherished the dogs, and cleansed their mouths from the wool, was adjudged to have the hare for his trouble.

Those that were judges of the course, were to give their decision before they departed out of the field.

[*To be continued.*]

Account of Wild Animals peculiar to Great Britain.

(Continued from page 31.)

The Coquette.

THIS animal, like the *Foppe*, originally came from France, but travellers assure us, they are to be found in all parts of the civilized and uncivilized world. Vaillant, in his two Voyages, relates, that he met with some of the species even in Caffraria, and among the Nimequas, south of the Cape of Good Hope; but they did not much engage the attention of this ingenious naturalist, as he knew they were to be found in much greater perfection in Europe.

The Coquette is generally a most beautiful animal: its skin is a delicate white, with red spots on the face of considerable magnitude, very fine and sparkling eyes, which it has the art of rolling about in such a manner as to fascinate its prey, not unlike certain serpents. Its voice, like that of the Foppes, with which, as before-mentioned, it is apt to be confounded, is shrill and often inharmonious, but perhaps no animal has more varieties of tone, which are observed to differ with every impulse of anger, joy, sorrow, pride, disdain, &c. There is something singular in the red spots on the faces of Coquettes, which is, they appear and disappear in the course of twenty-four hours, the face appearing of an entire pale white, when the animal awakes from sleep. In others, however, the redness is stationary, and varies only with the expression of the passions. These are most admired.

In mischief this animal is far superior to the Foppe, and it is very rare that the most expert naturalists have been able to tame them. There are only two ways in which this is done, and I shall mention them, although neither are in our power. The one is a disease to which they are subject, which leaves marks, or small pits, all over the face; the other is old age. When they advance in years, they undergo a transformation, which seems to affect their reason, as they are always making signs to express that they fear they shall lead apes! An old Coquette, therefore, is a very rare animal, but not the more valuable upon that account, as

there is a general prejudice against them, and very few men can be prevailed upon to go near them.

The young ones are extremely wild, as already remarked, and the most difficult to catch of any animal. The sportsmen usually employ a noose with a ring, but it is very rare they succeed, and some of my acquaintance who have, after many attempts, caught one of them, assured me, that "the sport costs more than it is worth." Others, less expert, and not so well acquainted with the animal, have caught a tartar in its stead, from which, to be sure, it does not greatly differ.

The Coquette is particularly fond of the male dress. Place one of them in a well-furnished wardrobe, and it will adorn itself in the most whimsical, and *outré* manner, and always seems best pleased, when it resembles nothing in nature but itself. An eminent writer, speaking of this animal, says, very justly, though paradoxically,

"None but itself can be its parallel!"

Fond, however, as it is of frippery and dress, it is never long contented with the same suit, but is perpetually varying it, and making the strangest figures with the hair of its head, which is generally very long and beautiful. Some say, it has even the power of changing the colour of its hair, as it does the red spots on its face, but I have never been witness to a transformation of the kind.

There are, however, the greatest varieties in the shape of this animal; sometimes it appears to have no waist, at other times it is all waist; sometimes there is a vast protuberance before, and at other times it is behind; so that no general description will suit the Coquette, although there are paintings and engravings of many of the different kinds to be seen in the print shops.

It is generally thought that the breed is fast going out in these kingdoms, and undoubtedly if they were not kept in so many families they would be soon extinct; but there is a great number of people extremely partial to them, and who submit to all their wild tricks and freaks, though they often lose their time and even their money by attending to them. Some ladies have been so fond of them, as to prefer them to the most lovely and sensible of their children; but it is more easy to mention such extravagant fancies, than to account for them, or to cure them.

The Coquette, although for ever expressing some passion or other, is believed to be very little acquainted with the tender ones. It is rarely susceptible of friendship, and never of love. Those who have kept Coquettes, assure us, they can never tame them so as to make them faithful or affectionate; but it is said when caught by the noose and ring mentioned above, they may be very easily domesticated. Others, again, in flat contradiction to this, say, they lose their native propensities altogether, and degenerate into Dowdies, an animal in all respects the reverse of the Coquette, being quiet, insensible, slatternly, and neglectful of its person; and there are few who can manage the noose and ring, so as not to confine and hurt the animal.

Merely to look at the Coquette, is one of the prettiest creatures ever formed, and no animal is more gratified by being looked at. A hundred eyes directed at once to where a Coquette sits, is a pleasure which it seems to relish very much; and, at a proper distance, the spectator will be rather diverted

verted with its tricks, but few who know the qualities of the animal, will venture to approach nearer. It is remarkably deceitful in its attacks. When it frowns, it is generally kind, and when it appears fond and good humoured, it is almost a certainty that it is then meditating a mischievous trick. It can counterfeit all appearances to attract notice, and will even sometimes turn pale, and appear dead, to impose upon its pursuers. All its movements, indeed, are deceptive, particularly weeping, which it does like a woman; but the great difficulty is to know whether the tears it sheds are tears of joy, sorrow, anger, or disappointment. By such tricks the Coquette leads its pursuers such a dance from place to place, from town to country, and from country to town, that they generally give over the chase, as not worth the trouble, although they feel themselves excessively chagrined at being out-witted by an animal which they thought ready to jump into their arms.

On dissection, we perceive many singularities, such as the great distance from the head to the heart, and the last being made of a substance scarcely penetrable. But as Dr. Addison, a very expert physician and anatomist, in Queen Anne's time, has given a very accurate description of the dissection of a Coquette, I shall refer my readers to that, quoting only one passage. "As soon," says he, "as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart; not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance. Accordingly, we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed."

I have only to add, that the description I have given of the Coquette, applies chiefly to the female. The male Coquette is an ugly, ferocious animal, which all agree to hunt out of society, and I have never met with one worthy of the least attention.

April 28. J. J. B.

Remarks on the Abuses of Sporting, Cock-fighting, &c.

COCK-FIGHTING and Bull-baiting* are relics of ancient barbarity, and utterly repugnant to the present polished state of society. Minds familiarised to such diversions, are incapable of justly estimating those nice sensibilities, which tend to elevate and refine human nature. When we have once brought ourselves to delight in the misery of other beings, the prolongation of that misery becomes the first object of our wishes, and innocence itself is sometimes sacrificed to stretch it to its fullest extent.—Hence, the sportsman has been known to order his hounds to be hanged, because they were too fleet in the chase, and brought the life of the affrighted animal to too speedy a conclusion.

Whatever were the animals originally designed as victims to the necessities of man, and whatever may be the description of those, his artificial wants have since added to the catalogue, he is bound by the first radical principle in the human mind, to use his exterminating

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* A lady (I believe now living) was heard to say, in the year 1793, in the last century, that her former husband made a trifling bet (which he afterwards won), that his dog would run at, and pin a Bull, after he had cut off the lower joint of every leg! This, in the language of Hamlet, was surely horrible! most horrible!

power with the least possible cruelty; the tedious and lingering process made use of in depriving some beings of existence, to render them more palatable to the debauched appetite of the epicure, is at once a shameful and criminal prostitution of that discriminating faculty with which we are so eminently endowed. This consideration naturally leads us to a pointed reprobation of the custom of Birds'-nesting; the cruelty of which is not lessened by its being universally pursued. With what a vicious pleasure does the boy fly from his book to the field, to commit his depredations on the defenceless bird, and counteract the order of nature, in the propagation of its species! But let it be remembered, that the cupidity of the child is derived from the parent, who, by a passive acquiescence in this mischievous diversion, implants in the mind of his son a system of cruelty, which, in maturer years, may break forth in a variety of ramifications, and, perhaps, finally conduct him to a melancholy, if not an ignominious end.

If we take a retrospective view of the life of the most atrocious villain that ever disgraced human nature, we shall find him approaching the acme of infamy by gradationary steps.—No man can be completely virtuous or wicked in an instant.—We yield to the pressure of surrounding examples, and our most trivial actions, by an imperceptible tendency, may not only increase or diminish our own happiness, but the happiness of others. Whether the summit of perfection in this sphere of existence can be attained or not, is a point in opinion upon which the profoundest casuist is unable to decide with certainty; but that man evidently approaches the nearest, whose sympathising mind can participate in the happiness or misery of the minutest object of sensitive creation.

Swaffham, 1802. C.

Having been strongly urged to insert Mr. WATSON'S ANSWER to AN OBSERVER, and having assented thereto, we are now called upon to admit the following Reply; in doing which, we positively shall not give place to any thing further on the subject.—

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE,

GENTLEMEN,

I Perceive the *cacoethes scribendi* of the little veterinary hero of *petty cury* celebrity, is not yet lulled to its proper and much wished-for apathy, but that his raving paroxisms continue with unabated *furor*, to the astonishment of his own friends, and the entertainment of your numerous readers. As an opiate to allay the predominant traits of his disquietude; or, in other words, the effervescence of his irritability, I request you will kindly oppose my effusion of mirth, to his essence of anger, by the introduction of a few concise remarks upon his elaborate production, in which you have afforded him ample scope to acquire eternal fame, by the almost unprecedented sublimity of his diction, and the incredible extent of his University education. For after plunging headlong through two ambiguous columns, of what he terms "logical deductions," with a variety of oblique inferences, and vague conclusions, he, at length, to keep up the quixotism of his own imagination, gives a view halloo! (like a cross-bred sportsman upon unkennelling a pole cat) and continues his clamour to convince the distant listeners he has "found!"—Found what?—Why, wonderful to relate

—more

—more wonderful to believe, he has in the depth of his penetration and recollection, discovered, that the great and immaculate Cambridge *petty cury* Druggists, and self-coined Veterinarians "did not make application to Mr Taplin to become agents for the sale of his medicines, but he applied to them;" admit it; in the name of God let it be admitted, if true; but what has that trifling insignificant distinction to do with the great and incontrovertible charge, and just ground upon which my original assertion uncontradicted stands? I again aver, that this very Watson continued to sell Taplin's Horse Medicines, of his own preparation, seal, and signature, for six years previous to the appearance of these truly cheap, truly efficacious, and truly surprising, "Cambridge Horse Balls," which have already so very, very far exceeded all others, (of whatever denomination) in every quarter of the world; that of course, Taplin, Coleman, Moorcroft, Layton, Watson (of Norwich), Jones, &c. &c. &c. must soon be buried in a professional oblivion.

Thus far in respect to Medicines, of which, probably, your readers have had too much; and conscious the medical reputation of Mr. Taplin can stand in no need of farther defence from me, I proceed only to a cursory view of such assertions, by the said dignified and self-important

THOMAS WATSON,

as appertains to myself.—In my original remarks upon his "Extraordinary Intelligence," (page 344 of your Magazine for March) I observed, and fairly stated, "the London carriers who convey his Goods; the innkeepers where he takes his chop and glass of grog; the more humble publican, where he takes his pint of ale," &c. To this plain, unembellished, and truly inoffensive language, the diminutive *Drawcansir*, in his extreme *furor* of the sublime *cacoethes*, affords the following construction: "His friends are held up as unprincipled scoundrels—are scandalously abused without cause."—If to assert, an Innkeeper must be happy to see his friend in the state before mentioned; or a Publican to say "Here's to you," with a grateful shake of the hand to a pot companion, be to "vilify and to abuse," then am I a stranger to the language of my country, and the manners of its inhabitants.

Having, however, been induced to obtrude upon both your room and your kindness, very much beyond my first intent, I shall only presume to add, that having originally taken up the pen to shield Mr. Taplin's professional reputation from what I then did, and still do, consider, a load of the most unprincipled abuse, I feel myself fully justified in the opinion I have advanced, that "the sporting world acknowledge themselves indebted to him for all his exertions. It is universally known that his *humane* volumes first occasioned the *reform* in Farriery; that they constituted the very idea and institution of the Veterinary College, and that the success of his Medical Preparations, has been productive of various "cheap" imitations by numerous necessitous adventurers, and speculative sharks, in every corner of the kingdom.

Truly thankful for your impartial insertion, I beg to be considered most truly your's,

AN OBSERVER.

May 10, 1802.

HISTORY

History of Clubs.

(Continued from page 21.)

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you have entertained your numerous readers for some months past, with an account of several convivial Societies, I have taken the liberty of adding to the number, by sending you a description of one lately revived, called the Aviary, and of which I have the honour to be President.

None but *birds* are admitted members of our society, and, though we seldom meet till after sun-set, some of us are always in *full song*, and seldom go to *roost* before midnight. Wishing to make our club respectable for its numbers, as well as for their respective talents, I shall think myself under considerable obligations to you, if you will admit this short epistle in your amusing Magazine.

Our present members are, Edward Eagle, Henry Hawk, Samuel Swan, John Kite, Henry Heron, Geoffery Goose, Daniel Duck, Tobias Turkey, Roger Raven, Richard Rook, Simon Swift, Matthew Martin, Samuel Swallow, Christopher Crow, Peter Parrot, Patrick Patridge, George Grouse, William Woodcock, William Wren, Nathaniel Nightingale, Dennis Dove, Jonathan Jay, Samuel Sparrow, and Oliver Owl.

You will perceive, Sir, that our society is capable of great increase, but we are very circumspect in the admission of our members. One Thomas Bat had the audacity to claim a place among us, but we rejected him; though he has wings, he is not to be ranked among the feathered tribe.

We spend our evenings in great harmony, notwithstanding we have some few dissonant voices among us; but Messieurs Raven, Rook, Goose, Turkey, Crow, and Owl, are never permitted to open their *beaks*, but in a chorus.

Mr. David Daw was a member of our society, till he was unanimously expelled for insulting the whole club, by moving, to have our place of assembling called a *cage*. Birds were ever lovers of liberty; then what did he deserve, who could presume to start such an humiliating idea, in such an august society. Had he not *hopped off*, and immediately taken flight, I should have doubted of his personal safety, as every member would have *pecked* at him.

I am sorry you are not one of us, that we might hope to enjoy the pleasure of your company; but if any person should *feather your nest*, and make a bird of you by Act of Parliament (a practice far from being uncommon) we shall be happy to furnish you with a *perch*.—I am, Sir, in the name of the Society, your obedient servant, Edward Eagle.

Peacock, Bird-street,
May 1, 1802.

Epitaph, &c.

On Sir Thomas Parkyns.

IN the chancel of the parish church of Bunney, near Nottingham, is a thick wrestling figure, intended to represent Sir Thomas Parkyns, Knight, grandfather of the present Lord Rancliffe, and once famous for athletic exercises, "*artificis status ipse fuit*," a figure, seems to tells us, that, the mighty Goliath of Gath is fallen. We are informed by the monument, that Sir Thomas was a great wrestler, and a Justice of the Peace for the counties of Leicester and Nottingham. It also says, that

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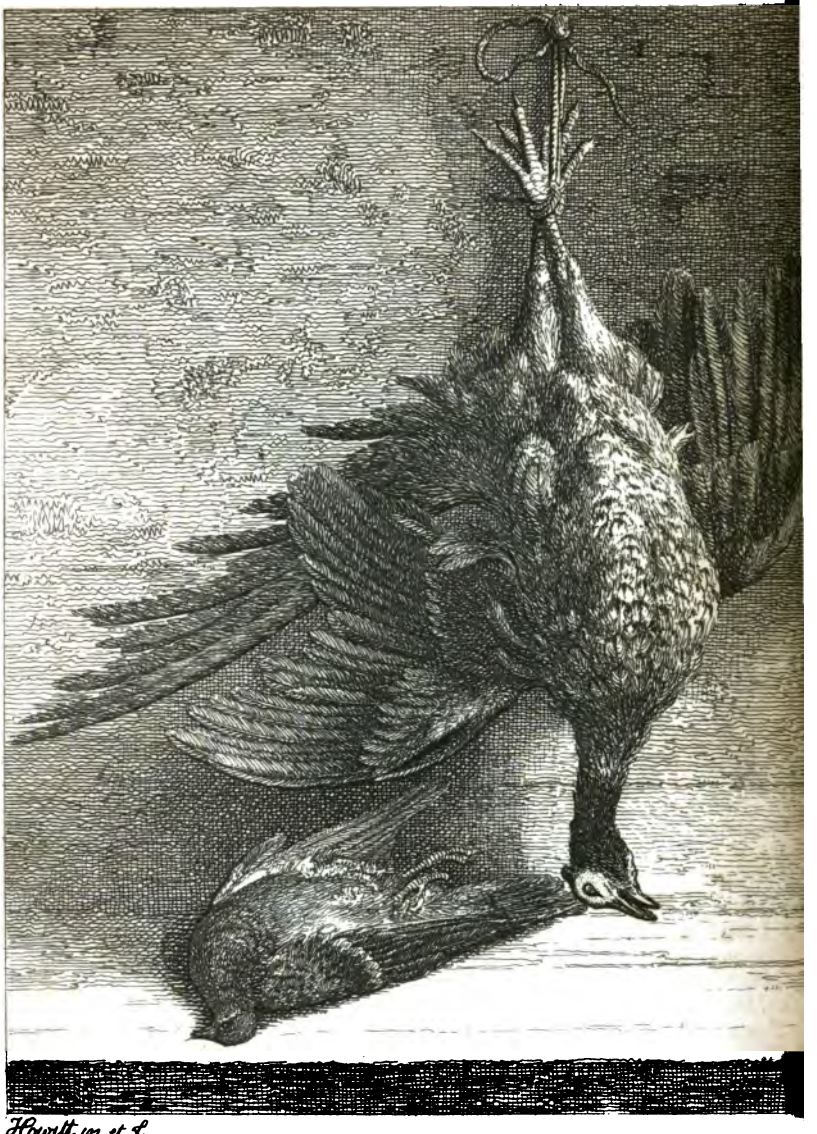

Howitt in et f.

Dead Game, Plate.3.

Pub. June 1.1806. by J. Whittle Warwick Square.

that he was the Author of the Cornish Hug-wrestler, a great lover of athletic sports, an upright Magistrate, and an hospitable neighbour.

The EPITAPH has been mislaid, but shall appear in some future Number.

DEAD GAME—PLATE III.

FACING this Page is to be placed Plate III, of

DEAD GAME.

Designed and Etched by Mr. HOWITT, who proposes to favour us with a continuation of these Subjects.

THE GREAT EATER.

Extract from a scarce pamphlet of the 17th century, called, "The Great Eater; or, Part of the admirable Teeth and Stomach's Exploits of Nicholas Wood, of Harrison, in the County of Kent."

"HE is an Englishman, and an English diet will serve his turne; if the Norfolk dumplin and the Devonshire White Pot be at variance, he will atone them. The Bag-puddings of Gloucestershire, the Blacke Puddings of Worcestershire, the Pan-puddings of Shropshire, the White Puddings of Somersetshire, the Hasty Puddings of Hampshire, and the Pudding Pies of any Shire, all are one to him; nothing comes amisse; a contented mind is worth all, and let any thing come in the shape of fodder, or eating stuffe, it is welcome, whether it be sawsedge, or custard, or egg-pye, or cheese-cake, or flawne, or foole, or froyze, or tanzy, a pancake, or fritter, or flapjaake, or posset, or galley-mawfrey, mackeroone, kickshaw, or tantablin. He is no puling meacocke, nor in all his lifetime the queasinesse of his stomache needed any sawcy spurre, or switch of sowre verjuice, or acute vinegar; his appetite is no struggler, nor is it ever to seeke, for he keeps it close prisoner, and like a courteous kind jaylor he is very tender yver it, not suffering it to want any thing, if he can by any means procure it; indeed it was never known to be so far out of reparations, that it needed the assistance of cawdle, aleberry, julep, calipee, grewell, or stew'd broth, only a messe of plaine frugall countrey pottage was always sufficient for him, though it was but a washing-bowle full of the quantity of two pecks, which porrenger of his I myselfe saw at the signe of the White Lion, at a village called Harrison, in Kent, the hostesse of which howse did affirme, that he did at once wash downe that bowle-full of potage, with nine penny loaves of bread, and three jugges of beere."

ANCIENT FENCING SCHOOL IN WARWICK LANE.—COMBAT, &c. DESCRIBED.

Extracted from George Silver's Paradoxes of Defence, printed about the middle of the Sixteenth Century.

THERE were three Italian teachers of offence in my time. The first was Signior Rocco; the second was Jeronimo, that was Signior Rocco his boy, that taught gentlemen in the Blacke-Friers, as Usher for his Maister, instead of a man. The third was Vincentio. This Signior Rocco came into England about some

thirtie yeares past; he taught the noblemen and gentlemen of the Court; he caused some of them to wear leaden soales in their shoes, the better to bring them to nimblenesse of feet in their fight. He disbursed a great sum of money for the lease of a faire house in Warwick-lane, which he called his CoHedge, for he thought it great disgrace for him to keepe a Fence-Schoole, he being then thought to be the only famous Maister of the art of arms in the whole world. He caused to be fairly drawne and set round about his schoole all the noblemen's and gentlemen's armes, that were his schollers, and hanging right under their armes their rapiers, daggers, gloves of male and gantlets. Also he had benches and stooles, the roome being verie large, for gentlemen to sit round about his schoole to behold his teaching. He taught none commonly under twentie, fortie, fifty, or an hundred pounds.

And because all things should be verie necessary for the noblemen and gentlemen, he had in his schoole a large square table, with a greene carpet, done round with a verie brode, rich fringe of gold, alwaiss standing upon it a verie faire standish covered with crimson velvet, with inke, pens, pin-dust, and sealing waxe, and quiers of very excellent fine paper gilded, readie for the noblemen and gentlemen (upon occasion) to write their letters, being then desirous to follow their fight, to send their men to dispatch their businesse. And to know how the time passed, he had in one corner of his schoole a clocke, with a verie faire large diall; he had within that schoole a roome, the which was called his privie schoole, with manie weapons therein, where he did his schollers his secret fight, after he had perfectly taught them their rules. He was very much beloved in the Court.

There was one Austen Bagger, a very tall gentleman of his handes, not standing much upon his skill, but carrying the valiant hart of an Englishman, upon a time being merrie amongst his friendes, said he would go fight with Signior Rocco, presently went to Signior Rocco his house in the Black-friers, and called to him in this manner:—"Signior Rocco, thou that art thought to be the only cunning man in the world with thy weapon, thou that takest upon thee to hit anie Englishman with a thrust upon any button, thou that takest upon thee to come over the seas, to teach the valiant noblemen and gentlemen of England to fight, thou cowardly fellow come out of thy house, if thou dare for thy life; I am come to fight with thee." Signior Rocco, looking out at a window, perceiving him in the street to stand readie with his sword and buckler, with his two-hand sword drawne, with all speed ran into the street, and manfully let flie at Austen Bagger, who most bravely defended himselfe, and presently closed with him, and stroke off his heels, and cut him over the breech, and trode upon him, and most grievously hurt him under his feet; yet in the end Austen of his good nature gave him his life, and there left him. This was the first and last fight that ever Signior Rocco made, saving once at Queen Hith he drew his rapier upon a waterman, where he was severely beaten with oars and stretchers, but the oddes of their weapons were as great against his rapier, as was his two hand sword against Austen Bagger's sword and buckler, therefore for that fray he was to be excused.

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ANTIQUITY OF PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THAT the fashion of people of rank performing plays at their own houses, or private theatres, may have never been at so high a pitch as at the present day, is, perhaps, not to be disputed, but it certainly has to boast of a much earlier origin. Milton wrote his Masque of Comus with the avowed intention of its being performed by the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, the then President of Wales. It was played, for the first time, on Michaelmas-day, 1634, at Ludlow Castle; and the scene was so contrived as to terminate in a real view of the river Severn, and of a wood (which still remains) on the bank opposite the castle, which, on the occasion, was splendidly illuminated, and must have had a most sublimely picturesque appearance; and, what is, perhaps, not generally known, this wood, being remarkable for reverberating a very fine echo, gave occasion to the introduction of that beautiful song which we so much delight to hear re-echoed on our London Theatres. But to have heard it warbled

> "By slow meanders margent green,
> "And on the violet-embroider'd vale,
> "Where the love-lorn nightingale,
> "Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well."

To have heard it here, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," how inexpressibly superior must have been the effect!

The principal performers were, the Lord Brackley, the honourable Thomas Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton. The original music was composed by Mr. Henry Lawes, who played the Attendant Spirit; but this has since been discarded for the substitution of Dr. Arne's.

This may not, perhaps, be the appropriate place to take a prospective view of the effects the present Pic-Nic and Mimic Fu'or may ultimately have, but it cannot be amiss to observe, that there are many instances in which the passion for private acting has conjured up a theatrical spirit of such overruling bias, that no time has been able to *lay* it. A singular instance is before us in the case of Mr. Robert Wilkes. This gentleman was of a most respectable family in Ireland, and, on the accession of William the Third, enjoyed a highly lucrative place in the Customs at Dublin. Upon the success of their hero, at the memorable battle of the Boyne, the people of Dublin, among their other demonstrations of joy, determined to have a play; but the war having dispersed the actors, a number of gentlemen hired the theatre, and determined to perform it as well as they could. Unfortunately for him, Mr. Wilkes was easily prevailed upon to play the Colonel in the Spanish Friar: and the applause he received he injudiciously allowed to act so powerfully in his mind, that, in opposition to every friendly remonstrance, he determined to commence player. Accordingly, he immediately gave his situation in the Custom-house to a relation, who actually, from the place alone, realised a fortune of Fifty Thousand Pounds, while Mr. Wilkes, by strong interest, added to his really high theatrical talents, got engaged by Mr. Betterton, the then manager of the English stage, at the *enormous salary of fifteen shillings a week!* This sum, upon his marriage with a lady of good family, he, finding inadequate to his expences, he returned to Dublin, where Mr. Ashbury engaged him at *sixty pounds a year*, and a

benefit; a greater salary than any performer at that time had. On the death of Mountford he returned to London, and was engaged at a salary equal to Betterton himself; namely, good reader, *four pounds week.*

Such was the contrast between an officer of the Customs, in Dublin, and the most eminent performer of his day, in a London theatre, in the reign of William the Third.

SPORTING WITH SERPENTS.

IT is well known, that in Egypt, India, and the hotter parts of America, that abound with poisonous serpents, there are certain individuals who possess the power of entirely disarming these formidable animals, and are able to handle them with perfect impunity, at the very time that any other person, approaching them incautiously, would be fatally convinced of their ability to destroy. This happy exemption is attributed, by the people themselves, to the preservative effects of certain vegetables, the knowledge of which has hitherto been carefully concealed. Many of the European philosophers have, however, treated the affair as a mere juggle. This state of uncertainty is now, happily for humanity and science, relieved, by the most important communication from Don Pedro D'Orbies Y Vangas, through the medium of Count Rumford, which, if entirely to be depended upon, will entitle the communicator to rank high among the benefactors of mankind. Don Pedro is a native of Santa Fé, and, in the year 1788, being at Margarita, he met with a slave, who possessed the power of charming the most venemous of the American serpents; after the negro had exhibited his skill, he was induced, by a reward, to promise to discover his secret. The next morning he returned with the leaves of a plant, called *vejuco du guaco,* and having bruised them, in the presence of Don Pedro, gave him two large spoonfuls of the juice to drink; then, making three incisions between the fingers of each hand, he inoculated the Spaniard with the same juice, and performed a similar operation on each foot, and on each side of the breast; after which he informed him, that he was no longer accessible to the poison of serpents. Don Pedro, then, after making the negro answerable for any ill consequences, took into his hands, several times, one of the serpents that had been brought by the slave the day before, without receiving the smallest injury from the animal. Encouraged by this first attempt, two domestics, being, in like manner, prepared by the guaco juice, went into the fields, and soon returned with another kind of serpent, equally venemous with the former, without sustaining any hurt; another person, being similarly prepared, and afterward bitten by a poisonous serpent, received no further injury than a slight local inflammation. Since this period, Don Pedro has repeatedly caught serpents with his own hands, with absolute impunity, employing no further preparation than merely drinking a little of the guaco juice. The plant, whose effects are thus attested, has not as yet been admitted into any botanical system, but it is amply described in a memoir, by the Spanish gentleman already mentioned, inserted in a weekly paper published at Santa-Fé. It is of the compound-flowered or syngenesious class. The stamina are five in number, united by their anthers into a cylinder, through which rises the pistill, with a deeply divided summit. The

corolla

corolla is monopetalous, infundibuliform, with five indentations, and of a yellow colour; each calix contains four florets, and several of these grow together, forming a corymbus: the seeds are broad and feathered: the root is fibrous, perennial; the stem straight, cylindrical when young, but, when old, becomes pentagonal: leaves are heart-shaped, opposite, of a dark-green mixed with violet velvetty on the upper surface. It grows by the sides of rivulets, and in shady places, in the viceroyalty of Santa-Fé.

New and Interesting Patents lately Enrolled.

Mr. Dickenson's (Long-Acre) Patent for certain Improvements in the Construction of, and additions to, Saddles, Harness, &c.

MR. Dickenson assumes that the principal defect in the common construction of saddles, &c. arises from the want of elasticity of the materials of which they are composed. This induces the necessity of girthing the animal too tight, which impedes the respiration, as well as endangers the girths. With respect to the crupper, he conceives it almost impossible, with the common construction of saddles and harness, to observe that just medium which shall preserve the saddle in its proper place, and yet not incommode the animal. His own improvements consist in the addition of certain elastic springs, interposed between the parts of these articles of horse-furniture. He lodges one or more spiral springs, similar to those made use of in spring steel-yards, in certain cavities, to which a piece of cat-gut or wire is fastened, or made to bear against one end of it; this, when drawn or acted upon, causes the parts of the spring to approach more nearly together. To the end of the cat-gut are fixed straps, or other fastenings, for the ready fixing of the girth, crupper, &c. in the usual manner.

The spiral springs are inclosed in proper receptacles, which form a separate piece capable of being applied or attached between the saddle and the extremity of the girth, crupper, &c. so as to communicate to the said appendages the effect of its own elasticity in the longitudinal direction.

Mr. Dickenson includes all materials, forms, and shapes in his patent; steel, however, he thinks the best substance, and the spiral the most commodious form. In some cases he makes use of *caoutchoue*, or common Indian rubber.

Mr. J. Lewis's (Old-street, Middlesex), Patent for a Method of Preventing Accidents by a Horse or Horses drawing a Carriage or Carriages.

BY means of rings fitted to the harness, and bolts adapted to them, the horse or horses, are fastened with a chain to the carriage; from the part of the carriage to which the chain is fixed, proceeds a handle to the place most convenient to be laid hold of by the driver, who can instantly disengage the horse from the chaise. The same pressure which sets the horse at liberty, in case of a two-wheel carriage, throws out two legs, one before and another behind, so that the chaise still keeps its level. And that the rider may be in no danger of falling forward, by the sudden stopping of the carriage, each of the legs has a wheel; thus the motion will be gradually retarded. Mr. Lewis's invention is applicable to curricles and other carriages, the principle of which is explained in the patent with a number of drawings.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE READING MERCURY, MAY 24, 1802.

FOR A WIFE.

MISS in her Teens,—let not this sacred offer escape your eye. I now call all qualified ladies, marriageable, to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour. —With tears in my eyes, I must tell you that sound reason commands me to give you but one month's notice before I part with my chance of an infant Baronet for ever: for you may readily hear that three widows and old maids, all aged above fifty, near my door, are now pulling caps for me. Pray, my young charmers, give me a fair hearing; do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you, with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewel and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary; and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroine, command my Three Hundred Thousand Pounds, and rank above half the ladies in our Imperial kingdom. By your ladyship's directing a favourable line to me, Sir John Dinely, Baronet, at my house, in Windsor Castle, your Attorney will satisfy you, that if I live but a month, Eleven Thousand Pounds a year will be your ladyships for ever.

Anecdote of Foote, and an Essex Man.—When Murphy and Foote were at Stratford-upon-Avon, the latter proposed to take a turn upon the banks of that river, saying, he should catch some inspiration; they accordingly sallied forth. Foote was no sooner seen on the margin of the river, than a crowd assembled round him. He cracked his jokes, and peals of laughter resounded all over the lawn. On a sudden, a tall man, prodigiously corpulent and unwieldy, broke through the circle, richly dressed in gold-laced clothes, in order to have conversation with a famous wit. Foote paid him several compliments, and then asked him, "Has the county of Warwick the honour of giving birth to you, Sir, as well as to Shakespeare?"—"No," said the uncouth gentleman, "I come out of Essex."—"Where, Sir?"—"I come out of Essex:"—"Out of Essex!" said Foote, "and who drove you?"—A loud laugh broke out at once, and the Essex traveller rushed away, with a look that spoke his resolution never to have any more intercourse with a man of wit.

A punster being told, that "truth *lies* in a well," was an old saying, he replied, "it was none the truer for that, because he thought it was the property of truth to *lie* no where."

The same person hearing that the Cambridge feast of *John, Port Latin*, was very shortly to be held there, replied, "then it will be a truly *classical entertainment*, if *Latin* be as freely poured out as *Port*.

A gentleman

A gentleman, rather in high spirits, was stopped by three footpads, near Bow, who demanded his money or his life! "Can you doubt which I will give?" said the gentleman, "take my money. My life may obtain me more money; but all my money cannot obtain me another life."

Anecdote. — A gentleman, at Wigton, was lately called in to make the will of an elderly lady in the neighbourhood; when, amongst other appropriate admonitions to her children, she thus accosted her eldest son—"Now, John, I have made my will. I hope I have made my peace with God, and that after I am gone, I trust *thee* and all our friends will be agreeable.—But there is one thing more, John, I have, in particular, to desire of thee."—"What is that, mother? (replied the son) and if it be in my power to comply with your request, you may depend upon it I will."—"It is this, John;—I desire thou wilt never hold the quart too long in thine hand; for thou canst not tell how *dry* thy next neighbour may be."

Mr. Sheridan's laughable story. —Mr. Sheridan, in his speech on the Definitive Treaty, said, Mr. Pitt reminded him of a story of Aristophanes. It was this—A man of the name of Dæcius was represented as having been seated on a certain stool a considerable time, perhaps longer than the Right Hon. Gentleman, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, had sat on the Treasury Bench—the fact, however, was, he sat so long that his sitting part became identified with the stool, so that even Hercules, with all his strength, found it difficult to remove him; at last he gave him a sudden jerk, which, though it had the effect of removing him, at the same time left behind a portion of that part of him which it was unnecessary to name. Thus, if it had been found an Herculean task to remove the Right Hon. Gentleman, and, jerking him out of his seat, it had so happened, that he had left behind him, sticking to his stool, a portion of those, who, from constantly following him, might be compared with that which had been lost by Dæcius.

In another part of Mr. Sheridan's speech, alluding to Mr. Pitt's supposed secret influence, though out of administration, he says, "Mr. Pitt appears as an outside passenger upon the top of the state coach; where, to be sure, he has no ostensible hold of the reins; yet, if we see him busily employed in pointing out where it is to turn, what road it shall take, and where to bait, it is easy to see who is the real guide."—It is to be remarked, at the time Mr. Sheridan was speaking, Mr. Pitt was seated by chance on one of the highest of the seats behind the Treasury Bench, and which rendered the allusion more apposite, and the laugh greater.

One D. a notorious character, was a few days ago examined before a Magistrate, who not finding much cause of detention, told him he might go about his business, if he could give any account of his way of living. "Sir," replied D. "I live upon what I have saved from my having filled two *posts* under his Majesty," The Magistrate laughed at the assertion, but told him, he might go, if he would only inform him what posts they were.—"Why, please your Worship," replied the arch rogue, "I was first promoted to the *whipping post* for pot-stealing, and a twelvemonth afterwards, for cheating at put, I was promoted to *the pillory!*

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OWING to the pressure of the new tax upon dogs, Mr. John Hayter, of Shaftesbury, commonly called the Old 'Squire, is very reluctantly going to part with his hounds. The anecdotes of this old man would fill a volume for a sportsman's calendar. Notwithstanding repeated prosecutions from several gentlemen tenacious of their game, he has kept a pack of Harriers for more than sixty years; and it seems a pity the true lovers of that diversion do not open a subscription and indulge him to the end of his days. The last day of hunting this season he met a party of old sportsmen, and threw off at Kinton, near Sturminster Newton; after six hours sharp running, they started a fresh hare, which stood them two hours more; and what is remarkable, seven of the company (on foot) were in at the death, whose ages amounted to upwards of four hundred and ninety-three years, viz. the Old 'Squire, and his brother, Mr. James Castleman, Mr. Daniel Mitchell, Mr. T. Sweet, Mr. John Rowland, and Mr. Thomas Morgan.

On Tuesday morning, May 4, at nine o'clock, Mr. Trent's famous Irish horse, and Mr. Herring's celebrated chesnut mare, started at the top of Sloane-street, to run one mile on the turnpike road, for a bet of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas a side, which was formed in one minute and a second. The horse carried eleven stone, and was rode by the gentleman's groom; and the mare carried catch weight. A better contested race was never witnessed; the mare winning only by a neck. Had the race been extended one hundred yards further, it was thought the horse would have won, as he came in exceedingly fresh, and the mare was considered to be much distressed.

The North Country Sportsmen, who came up, in great numbers, to back their favourite Rolla, in his race against Tag, for the One Thousand Guineas on Easter Monday, at Newmarket, returned so very much *chop-fallen* at their loses and disappointment, that it is not to be expected they will hastily repeat their journey without a better prospect of a more profitable speculation.

Rolla being a very long-legged high horse, with a commanding fore-hand, and his adversary Tag, a horse of different formation, it was ludicrously said by Singleton (who rode Tag) to Dehny, after they were mounted, that it had "a great deal the appearance of running a Mare against a Foal." Great, however, as the disproportion certainly was, in length and size, the least horse won his match very easy.

A Grand Match has been made at Newmarket, to take place the second day of the Craven Meeting, 1803, between Mr. Fletcher's Allegranti, and Mr. Whaley's Tuneful, 8st. 7lb. each, Ab. M. for 2000gs play or pay. Bets were immediately made to a very considerable amount, and it is supposed nearly as much money will depend on this match, as when Hambletonian and Diamond ran. Allegranti beat Sophia, though allowed 3lb. over the B. C. for 1000gs, and is at present the favourite in the sporting circles.

On Monday, the 3d, for a considerable

siderable bet, a poney, purchased a short time since, by Mr. Mathew Rawlins, butcher, of Bitton, for only two guineas and a half, started from Temple Gate, Bristol, to trot to Bath Bridge (full twelve miles) in one hour; which he performed with apparent ease in fifty-one minutes, carrying upwards of eleven stone.—The little animal is under twelve hands high, and declared, by his former owner, to be twenty-nine years old!

A gentleman in the North has made a bet, to a large amount, that he produces a terrier that shall kill *fifteen* cats in *ten* minutes.—If those who penned this paragraph had said, a *brute* in the North, instead of a *gentleman*, the article would have been somewhat more analagous to the savage bet it speaks of.

Wonderful Running.—The famous horse, Childers, ran the Round Course at Newmarket, carrying ten stone, in six minutes and forty-eight seconds, beating Almanza, and Brown Betty, giving each sixteen pounds, and Almanza was two years older.

A few weeks since, a four-year colt, the property of Mr. Chinery, of Great Whelnetham, for a considerable wager, trotted one mile on the London road, in two minutes and a half, to the astonishment of a great concourse of spectators, the time allowed for the performance being three minutes. —Many bets depended.

Mr. Heathcote, who met with such an unfortunate accident at Newmarket, during the race between Tag and Rolla, is likely to recover, though his whole body is so crushed, that it is much feared he will always be a cripple. The accident was occasioned by a countryman riding before him, who, like many others, wished to be in at the winning post. His horse fell, and Mr. Heathcote being close behind, his horse fell over the other, and broke its neck. Mr. H. was taken up apparently lifeless, as several people fell over him.

The uncommon attachment subsisting between a horse and dog, belonging to Mr. K. of Dover, is worthy of notice—each of them had been his faithful servants for many years, when the former fell ill, and was sent out to graze several miles from home. The dog left his master to remain with him, under the care of a peasant; and one night the horse wandered into a very marshy piece of ground, into which he was gradually sinking deeper, from weakness and the nature of the place, when his dumb companion ran to the cottage of the hind, who attended and fed them both, and barked so loudly, that the man, completely roused by the noise, looked out of the window. The uncommon howlings he heard, excited his attention, and he opened the door to admit the poor animal, who, instead of entering, ran to and fro, as if inviting him to come out. The man, good-naturedly, did so, and the dog ran before him to the place, where his nearly stifled friend had sunk, and could only just keep his nostrils above the bog. He soon roused some neighbouring farmers, and, with their assistance, the horse was saved. Some time after, Mr. K. sent for both home, and one day riding into an inn-yard, followed of course by his dog, the latter was attacked by a mastiff every way his superior; the mare shewed every sign of fretfulness, and Mr. K. vainly strove to keep her quiet; at last, seeing her favourite covered with blood, she turned herself round in spite of Mr. K——'s exertions, who could

could not give her credit for so sagacious an intention, and with one blow of her hind foot, laid his antagonist dead. Though this may seem scarcely credible, it is a fact well known to several of the most respectable persons in that town.

The Races at the Duke of Richmond's, at Goodwood, which ended on Friday, April 30, were uncommonly well attended. Among his Grace's visitors were, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Egremont and Chichester, and many other families of distinction. All the matches were rode by gentlemen. This is the second year of their meeting, and from the great number of persons that attended from all parts, it bids fair to rival the famous Club at Bibury.

The gentlemen of the Maddington Club, who for three or four years past, have had an annual Race Meeting, at Maddington Down, near Amesbury, on the plan of the celebrated Bibury Club, held their Races this year, for the first time, on Worthy Downs, near Winchester. They lasted three days, and were very fashionably attended.

Of the Cocking Match between Lord Milsintown and Mr. Germaine, consisting of twenty-five battles, for One Thousand Guineas the main, five battles were fought at Newmarket, on Monday, the 3d of May, four of which were won by Mr. Germaine. At the beginning, five to four on Lord Milsintown.

On Sunday evening, the 2d of May, was rung, on the eight large bells, at St. Alphage, Greenwich, by the Society of Ringers of that place, a true and complete peal of London Court Bob, containing five thousand and forty changes, which was completed in three hours and twelve minutes, and is the first five thousand and forty, in the above method, ever rung.

On Easter Tuesday, the annual foot-ball match was played at Workington, and again won by the seamen, who have gained the victory for ten successive years.—A belt was wrestled for by twenty-six competitors; when the prize was carried off by one Johnston, a man about fifty years of age, whose attempt, at the onset, was laughed at: the event, however, proved the truth of the axiom—"let him *laugh* who *win*."

The late journey of young Hunter, the Messenger, from Amiens, was extremely expeditious; but a Messenger is still living, who, during Lord Lansdowne's negociation, was at Paris and in London thrice in one week; and a Courier belonging to the Duchess of Devonshire, in the commencement of the late revolution, made the journey from Paris in twenty-eight hours.

The celebrated Evan Peubwich, thirty-seven years old, and W. Rhuglyn, aged twenty-eight, for a wager of fifty guineas, lately ran six miles, in the county of Glamorgan, in less than twenty-five minutes—in the last half mile Peubwich lost his sight, and fell, when, finding he must be beat, he wept very much. The bets ran high, three to one on the loser.

Two remarkable events have lately occurred at Nantes, in France. Twelve common women repaired, by appointment, to the wood of Lannois; and with an equal number on each side fought a pitched battle, and after having beat each other violently with their fists, they would not come to an accommodation. No man was present on the occasion.

A duel

A duel of a more serious nature was fought at the same place, between two women with pistols, at only six paces distance. One of them received a ball in the thigh. The challenge was given in writing.

Boxing.—In page 29, of our last number, we gave a circumstantial account of the apprehension of Bourke, Belcher, and a number of persons, assembled to see them spar, at the Pea-Hen, in Gray's-inn Lane. The last day of the Quarter Sessions at Newbury having since occurred, the two former appeared with their bail, and several friends, when Mr. Dundas, the Chairman of the Sessions, addressed them, and said the prosecution was at the instance of the county, but it had been moved, by *certiorari*, into the Court of King's Bench. He admonished them to leave off the practice of boxing, and particularly addressed himself to Belcher, of whose peaceable and decorous conduct he had heard a favourable report.—The Court seemed pleased at the respectful manner in which they all attended, to submit themselves to the laws of their country; and it was understood, if they did not again violate them, they will not be called upon to answer for their former misconduct.

The following article has, however, appeared since in the public papers:—

"Belcher and Bourke have been matched at Newmarket, by Captain Fletcher, and Fletcher Reid, Esq. for two hundred guineas a side. Belcher has already set off to Yorkshire, to put himself in training, accompanied by Joe Ward; and Bourke remains in the neighbourhood of Newmarket for the same purpose. The battle is agreed to take place within six weeks, but where or when, will be kept as much a secret as possible."

Spanish Bull-Baiting.—Monday, the 7th of April, the Bull-Fights of Madrid opened for the season, and attracted, as usual, immense multitudes in the Arena, constructed for that purpose. The inclination of the people for the sanguinary part of this spectacle may be judged of from the receipts of the morning and afternoon performances, as mentioned in a private letter.—"In the morning, only six bulls were to be run, and the produce of the seats amounted altogether to forty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty rials. In the afternoon, when ten bulls were slaughtered, the money taken was seventy-two thousand and nineteen rials. Nineteen horses were killed during the attacks, by the impetuous goadings of the maddened animals, the skins of which, with that of the sixteen bulls, and a contribution of the people admitted to sell water to the spectators, amounted, all together, to one hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight rials for the day's exertion; in justification of which, humanity seems to exclaim, that no other argument can possibly be adduced, than that the profit is applied to the support of the hospitals of Madrid."

On Thursday the 20th instant, the following accident happened to the phaeton and four horses (bays) of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, in Hyde Park—Between three and four o'clock as the coachman was mounting the phaeton, in Hyde Park, at the Piccadilly corner, with the design of keeping the horses in exercise till Sir Watkin came, just as he had his foot on the step, and took hold of the

reins, the shaft horses moved gently on; when, striking one of the fore-horses with the pole, it took fright, and set off full gallop. The other horses, as usual, set off, and ran full speed towards Park-lane. The coachman not only had not gained his seat, but he had not got proper possession of the reins to stop them. He called to the groom on horseback, but he was not expert enough to be of any service. The four horses ran away with the phaeton at full speed, keeping their own side of the road, till they had nearly reached the Stanhope-street gate, when they overtook the chariot of Mrs. Bentheim, going slowly on the same side. The fore-horses did not clear the chariot, and they led the shaft-horses full upon it. The shaft-horses running at speed, one of the standards of Mrs. Bentheim's chariot entered the breast of one of them, and sunk several inches deep. The standard was broken off and bloody, and the whole carriage received a dreadful shock; a great part of the harness, &c. was broken, the chariot driven upon one of its own horses, and cut its legs; the coachman was nearly thrown off his box, and Mrs. Bentheim, an elderly lady, in the chariot, terribly alarmed. Of the phaeton horses, the one into which the standard entered, fell; it was afterwards led away, and was not expected to live; the other shaft horse stood still; one of the fore horses broke from the reins, but in passing between Mrs. Bentheim's chariot and the rails, it was stopped; the other broke away at full speed. The phaeton was dashed against the rails, the off fore-wheel broke to pieces, and the phaeton came to the ground. The coachman was thrown out, or threw himself off, and the wheel was within an inch of going over his head. He was much bruised. The accident soon collected a crowd of carriages, horsemen, and foot passengers. Sir Watkin himself arrived on horseback with some friends, within twenty minutes after it happened. It was fortunate that no farther mischief was done, as, at the time the horses ran away, the road was full of horsemen and carriages, and the progress of the horses was so swift, that no one was apprised of their approach.

Twenty-seven persons detected in playing at Hazard, have been lately arrested at Rome, and fined two thousand five hundred livres each, and, in default of payment thereof, they are to be sent to the gallies.

Died, April 24, aged 76, Mr. John Parker, of Edmonton-street, Lincoln, formerly an eminent watch-maker, at Liverpool. His pedestrian abilities were so great, that within one year of his decease, he could walk with ease five miles and a half within the hour.

Lately died suddenly, at Lullingstone, Richard Bray, aged 82, who, for these last forty years, had been the faithful and confidential park-keeper and huntsman to Sir John Dixon Dyke, Bart.

Died, March 31, at his house in Bache's Row, Hoxton, Mr. John Carlin, an eminent ringer and composer in the science of Campanalogia, and one of the Society of College Youths. A dead peal, on the occasion, was rung the following Sunday, at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.

Died, a short time ago, at Wolverhampton, at an advanced age, where he was upon a visit, Mr. Robert Collins, long known and admired by the gentlemen of the turf for his great abilities, both as a trainer and rider.

POETRY

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

In ancient days, a Bard was always found to celebrate heroic deeds. The Trojan War, as the sublime in tactics, had its Homer and Virgil. In times more modern, Piercy and Douglas had their Chevy-Chase. Would it not be shameful, then, if the far-famed Flixton, so celebrated among coursers, should have its battles fought in obscurity?—Impressed with this sentiment, a Bard seems to have noticed Flixton, as the following Ballad was found on the Wold there: the author appears to have lost it in a storm, as it was discovered on the dissolving of a—Snowball.

THE NEW CHEVY CHASE:

OR,

THE CLOSE OF THE MEETING—1802.

Arma virosque Cano.——Virg.

FULL sorely had the wint'ry blast
The Flixton Wold assail'd:
And men and dogs, in snow held fast,
Their prowess lost bewail'd.

At length, all on a day in March,
The Hawking Colonel came:
His cap was green: his look was arch:
His spirits in a flame.

And oaths of size and make seven-fold
The gallant Colonel sware;
And vow'd each Hare upon the Wold,
Should know that he was there.

And with him came a gallant crew,
For feats of Coursing fam'd:
A band more gay you could not view;
The Flixton Club 'twas nam'd.

And when the Colonel's dogs so stout
The hares had given a dressing,
The Colonel drove his men about,
And gave the mob his blessing.

At last the day of trial came,
The Colonel's pride was up;
Six gallant dogs of equal fame,
Contending for the Cup!

The Colonel rode; the greyhounds ran;
The hare, she almost flew:
When—lo! came Langley's serving-man
To say—a word or two.

"What ho! what ho!" John Thompson cried,
"What here! my old encroacher!"
And then—to dash the Colonel's pride,
He damn'd him—"for a poacher!"

The reins fell from the Colonel's thumb,
The blood flew in his cheek:
The President himself being dumb,
The Club, they could not speak.

John Thompson then grew livelier still,
And, like a cock in feather,
He boldly gave another pill—
And—"damn'd them all together."

Then first—Sir Thomas, anger full,
Rais'd up his seven-inch stick;
And would have crack'd John Thompson's skull,
But it was far too thick.

"Whips! whips! O whips! George Parkhurst cried;
"Let's give the dogs a course!"
"Whips—whips—O whips!" the hills replied—
Dogs leaders, foot and horse.

On

On Leslie rush'd—for driving fam'd,
And threw his whip-cord in:
It fell where it need not be nam'd,
And with it took the skin.

Away flew Thompson smarting sore,
The meeting gave a hollo!
He was the hare to fly before,
And they the dogs to follow.

Then join'd Lord Grey the pleasant sport,
For who could say him, "No!"
Fiery his horse, his whip but short,
But yet, "He'd have a go."

Then on he dash'd; nor stop nor fear,
Urging his well-bred steed;
To see this Peer so gay appear,
It was a *go* indeed!

Next followed Trapps of powerful size,
Prepar'd to crush the foe;
But whip and spur in vain he tries,
His horse was deadly slow.

"Lay on," he cried, "my merry boys all,
"For I no sport can see;
"For tho' I'm strong, my horse is small,
"So give one cut for me."

John Thompson had an hack of speed,
And he the spur could ply;
Yet Boynton, on a Jupiter steed,
Soon tipt him the *go-by*!

Then came the pelting of the storm,
The whips began to play:
The child may rue that was unborn,
The whipping of that day.

Then prosper long the Flixton sport,
Renown'd in Coursing story;
And when all other game falls short,
May such game rise before ye!

A RAINY SUNDAY.

THE whistling winds tempestuous blow,
The rain descends! Good lack!
The City Dame's compell'd to stow
Her silks into a hack.

Old Squaretoes, growling, views the glass,
And frets as if on thorns,
Oblige to dine at home, alas!
Instead of at the Horns!

The spruce Apprentice angry swears,
And bites his nether lip,
He cannot shew his tonish airs,
Nor sport his *bran new vip*.

The Devotee despising mud,
Though splash'd up to the shins;
Demurely walks, in spacious hood,
To wash away her sins.

The Buck who scorns the City Puts,
And thinks all rich men noodles;
In Hessian boots securely struts,
To make his bets at Boodle's.

Ye Raining Pow'rs! then hear me pray,
And spare! Oh spare us one day!
Throughout the week your fountains play,
And cloudless be each Sunday!

TIM TARTLET.

ON THE PEACE.

MOTTOS FOR TRANSPARENCIES,

BY MR. JOHN BOWDEN.

LET your parading banners fall,
Ye Generals all give place;
Here comes a General worth you all,
For here comes General Peace.

Welcome, unexpected Peace,
(Horrid War, for ever cease)
Plenty's overflowing horn,
Greets thy long desir'd return.

When General War had brought us General Grief,
God sent us General Peace to our relief;
And General Peace, with General Plenty crown'd,
Are come, with General Joy, to heal the wound.

Britons rejoice, your King makes Peace,
Your burdens shall be lighter;
The threatening sky clears up apace,
Grows brighter still and brighter.

When Peace and Plenty thus combine,
The grumbling string relaxes;
But O dispel, ye pow'rs divine,
Our heavy cloud of Taxes.

Farewell, dire War, right glad we are,
Now Peace her reign commences;
O blessed hour, when adverse pow'r,
Brings madmen to their senses.

When God over-rules, Oppressors and fools,
And thus puts an end to their madness;
How, how can we choose, but rejoice at the news,
And light all our windows for gladness.

Though

Though General Peace has relieved us so far
As to save us from famine and General War,
Your triumph, ye Britons, can ne'er be completed,
Till General Taxation can once be defeated.

We who this night so joyful are,
To-morrow must be sad,
For we've a load of Tax to bear
Would drive a wise-man mad.

SENTIMENTAL TOASTS.

WRITTEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

May Briton's sons constrain to yield,
Make lasting peace their plan;
And never more dare take the field
Against the Rights of Man.

May Frenchmen never break their word
(Whence War and Discord springs)
Nor ever more unsheath the sword,
Against the Rights of Kings.

May loyalists and republicans
Both keep within their tether;
And, executing Friendship's plans,
Live happily together.

JACK AT THE OPERA.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

In his last Entertainment called A FRISK.

AT Wapping I landed, and call'd to hail Mog:
She had just shap'd her course to the play:
Of *two rums* and *one water* I order'd my grog,
And to speak her soon stood under way:
But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook,
Like a lubber so raw, and so soft,
Half a george handed out, at the change did not look,
Mann'd the ratlins, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,
With many a coxcomb and flirt,
Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears,
I thought there'd been somebody hurt:
But the devil a bit,—'twas your outlandish rips
Singing out with their lanterns of jaws;
You'd have sworn you'd been taking of one of the trips
'Mongst the Caffrees, or wild Catabaws.

"What's the play, ma'am?" said I to a good-natured tit,
"The play!—'tis the *uproar* you quiz."
My timbers, cry'd I, the right name on't you've hit;
For the devil's *own uproar* it is.
For they pipe and they squeal, now alow, now aloft,
If it wan't for the petticoat-geer,
With their squeaking so molly-ish, tender, and soft,
One should scarcely know ma'am from monsieur.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,
All springing and bounding so neat;
And *speciously* one curious madam-a-selle,
Oh! she daintily handled her feet!
But she hopp'd, and she sprawl'd, and she spun round so queer,
'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me;
And so I sung out—pray, be decent, my dear;
Consider I'm just come from sea.

Tan't an Englishman's taste to have none of these goes;
So away to the playhouse I'll jog,
Leaving all your fine Bantums and ma'am Parisots,
For old Billy Shakespear and Mog.
So I made the playhouse, and hail'd my dear spouse;
She smil'd as she saw me approach;
And when I'd shook hands, and saluted her bows,
We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

IN VINO VERITAS,

Written, composed, and sung, by Mr. DIBDIN, in his last Entertainment, called A FRISK.

COME, let the bottle go round,
And fill every glass to the brink;
In our wine such truth will be found,
Would you wish to drive mis'ry and care from life's portal,
Take a trip up to heav'n, and be dubb'd an immortal,
You've nothing to do but to drink.

Those who try in the lottery their fortunes to mend,
To change money for blanks, all they can rap and rend,
By advertisements gull'd, who their pockets turn out,
And are tickled by flattery, like tickling a trout,

Who

Who gamble at starting Ten Thousand to One.
Rich as Crœsus to-night, and to-morrow undone,—
Come, let the bottle go round,
And fill ev'ry glass to the brink;
In our wine such truth will be found,
Would adventurers insure the full sum of their wishes,
All the capital prizes at Pope's and at Bishes,
They've nothing to do but to drink.

All ye pretty Straphons, such torments who prove,
Who vanity cherish, and fancy it love;
Who think ev'ry folly permitted to youth,
Who propagate lies till you fancy them truth;
And yet, so does prudence make virtue its care,
Who are only despis'd by the honourable fair,—
Then let the bottle go round,
And fill every glass to the brink;
In our wine such truth will be found,
Would you fancy all those to whom nonsense you've written,
With your sweet-scented persons are all of them smitten,
You've nothing to do but to drink,

Last, ye young virgins about fifty-three,
Who so languish and leer as you're sipping your tea,
Who would fain the young men from the girls take away,
Though the first to confess you have all had your day,
Who as gaudy as butterflies trip it about,
Who dress naked in spasms, and who trip in the gout,—
Come, let the bottle go round,
The glasses be charg'd to the brink;
In our wine such truth will be found,
While low at your feet kneel Adonises plenty,
Would you blush with the airs and the graces of twenty,
Why,—you've nothing to do but to drink.

THE OLD LOVER.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

IRIS! how young thou bloomest now,
While I full many a year have told;
But read my heart, and not my brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love's a child, and thou canst say,
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day,
That first I set my eyes on thee!

In C. D. MEDICUM et EQUITEM AURATUM.

TE tandem tuns Orcus habet, te Civibus Orci
Gratius haud unquam misit Apollo caput
Quippe tuo jussu terras liquêre, putentque
Tartara se jussu linquere posse tuo.

TRANSLATION.

ON C. D. KNIGHT AND PHYSICIAN.

HELL's at length in possession of Dr. C. D,
Whom the Citizens there are delighted to see;
For they think, now he's fixed in those regions to dwell,
As he sent them from earth, that he'll send them from hell.

LINES

ON SEEING A HACKNEY COACH-HORSE IN LONDON STREETS.

FAREWELL, poor beast! thy labour now is o'er,
And all thy wretchedness with life is fled;
The whip shall lash thy panting sides no more,
No more th' unfeeling driver shalt thou dread,

Tho' hard thy task, and scanty was thy fare,
Yet didst thou toil with unabating zeal,
Till with'ring age thy spirits did impair,
And from thy nerves their native strength did steal.

Tho' "with'ring age," and weakness, thus conspir'd,
Of every joy to render thee forlorn;
Thy marble-hearted tyrant still requir'd
Of thee, the task thou could'st no more perform;

When Death, with pity saw thy misery,
Quick aim'd a fatal, but a friendly blow,
Which from thy tyrant's power sat thee free,
And put a period to all thy woe.

J. K.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For JUNE, 1802.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of the STANDING LEAP, and an Etching of DEAD GAME, Plate IV.]

LONDON.

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W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a Critique on the Sporting Subjects, in the Exhibition at the Royal Academy; but which, at this late period, we must decline inserting. Nevertheless, in justice to the merits of a rising Artist, who did not exhibit this year, we shall give the following extract from the article in question :—

STUBBS and MARSHALL enjoy, as it were, a kind of fortunate monopoly in their favour. The former has long basked in the sunshine of public favour; but it is within the last two years that the merits of the latter have been honoured with a patronage sufficient to bring his name into its present share of popularity. Having never exhibited, it could be only by private recommendation and persevering attention to the Art, that his name, with the Sporting world, has already reached the summit of celebrity. As they are not to be found in an exhibition, we have pleasure in being enabled, by the assistance of a friend, to report some few of his patrons and productions.

His Majesty—For whom he painted at the Windsor Dairy, Cows of the Leicestershire and Lincolnshire Breed.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—Horses of various descriptions, amongst which are "Curricle," "Lop," and the favourite Roan Hackney.

Duke of Devonshire—A favourite Horse.

Earl of Oxford—"Tamerlane," and several others.

Earl of Cassillis—His Portrait on a favourite Hunter.

Earl of Scarborough—Two Hunters.

The late Lord Bateman—Several at his seat in Herefordshire.

Lord Mansfield—A favourite Grey.

Colonel Campbell—Another.

The late Joseph Cookson, Esq.—Diamond, Sir Harry, and Expectation.

The Hon. Joshua Vanneck—Several Portraits of Hunters, and Groupes at Grass.

Mr. Mellish—Upon a favourite Hunter, getting forward at the head of the Stag Hounds upon Enfield Chace.

Tom Oldaker—The Huntsman of the Berkeley Hounds, mounted upon a favourite Mare of the Hon. Mr. Lambe's, with the leading Hounds of the Pack.

In addition to these, are various productions of Portraits, Horses, and Hounds, the property of J. Durand, Esq. D. Blake, Esq. H. Villebois, Esq. J. Houblon, Esq. J. Dunnage, Esq. and many others, too numerous to recite, with an hourly increasing reputation. From which rapidity of success, so soon after his initiation, it is natural to conclude, he may probably attain a greater degree of celebrity in this particular department of the pencil, than has ever been known and acknowledged in this kingdom.

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THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JUNE, 1802.

STANDING LEAP.

THE Engraving which ornaments this Number, is the STANDING LEAP, esteemed a truly correct representation of a Hunter about to take a leap over a five-barred gate. The cool steady manner of the horse and his rider, cannot but afford delight and satisfaction to the Sporting observer, while it attaches no small degree of credit to Mr. SARTORIUS, Junior, from whose design the Engraving is taken.

THE FASHIONABLE SPORTSMAN.

[The Article of this Correspondent, inserted last month, was called THE FASHIONABLE SPORTSMAN, but which should have been, as written by the Author, THE SPORTSMAN OF FASHION. This correction is necessary to the understanding of the present Letter, which is properly headed, THE FASHIONABLE SPORTSMAN.]

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING, in my last, troubled you with a characteristic delineation of a Sportsman of Fashion, I now take up my pen to display the most distinguishing traits of a Fashionable Sportsman; previous to which, I must be permitted to observe, that although the idiom may seem to convey an idea of synonimous celebrity, yet they are characters not bearing the least similitude to each other, in either family, fame, or fortune, and yet they are equally prominent to the public eye, and equally emulous of becoming striking objects of public notoriety. The "Sportsman of Fashion" is only so in external appearance, being, in fact, no more than a sporting pedestrian; having no such thing as horse or hound belonging to him. The Fashionable Sportsman is a being of the superior order; he has horses and hounds of every description, and is in fact the very "*hic ubique*" of the field and turf. Of an ancient family and ennobled blood, he has been nurtured in the hot bed of luxury, and imbibed the essence of aristocratic *hauteur*, from the downy pillow of his cradle. A favourite of his mother from the earliest state of infancy, he possesses (it may be naturally supposed) no small share of feminine frivolity, and can be but little suspected of contributing much sa-

gacity to the support of either Church or State, King or Constitution.

Having been early initiated into, and passed through the scholastic trammels of an Eton education, and acquired the necessary effrontery for a more public appearance, he was entered at one of the Universities, where he soon acquired a degree of pre-eminence in every perfection, that could animate the soul, and expand the mind; not in the dull and dreary pages of literary refinement (the common bore of book-worms, and plodding philosophers), but in all the brilliant blaze of nocturnal superiority: the sparkling wine, the enlivening glass, the sprightly catch, the mirthful glee, with every attribute of the jolly god; and though "last, not least," the life-inspiring confidence of those illumined feminines, who condescendingly contribute their utmost personal exertions for the completion of a polished education. In addition to these more important acquisitions, some proficiency in the art of logical disquisition and personal practice, became indispensibly necessary to his future destination, the better to reconcile those points of honour and paradoxical pursuits in which he was so soon to engage. Considered by his infatuated relatives, ripe in reason, and rich in mental excellence, he emerges from the college, and blazes suddenly in the hemisphere of fashion, a constellation of the utmost magnitude.

The Fashionable Sportsman, at this, his first moment of appearing upon the town, is a direct contrast in many respects to the "Sportsman of Fashion," whose delineation has gone before him, and whose very existence it was observed, depended mostly upon the diurnal (or rather nocturnal) caprice of the fickle goddess, Fortune. Not so with the Fashionable Sportsman, whose property (in real estates) is large and hereditary, but with a certain degree of fatality so unfortunately perverted to the worst of purposes, that he is seldom the possessor of ten pounds for five days in succession. This seemingly paradoxical assertion, can only be reconciled to the comprehension of the rational reader, by a concise and candid explanation; which consists in nothing more than the Fashionable Sportsman's very far exceeding by his indiscreet and inconsistent expenditure, the receipt of his income. This is at present a most fashionable and infectious influenza, which sooner or later must reduce its practitioners to a state of repentant mortification. Accustomed to an unrestrained gratification of every wish the mind can form, or the heart approve, and equally a stranger to prudence and economy, as to reflexion, it is no matter of surprise to those who surround him, that he is in a constant pursuit of the most extravagant and complicated causes of trouble and vexation.

To establish the character of a Fashionable Sportsman, it is absolutely necessary (without meanly adverting to number or expence) that he should have hounds and hunters in different counties, and horses upon the turf, in different parts of the kingdom; and this has been, at some certain periods, carried to such an almost incredible extent, that there are not wanting instances where the memory has been so tenacious, (or more properly deceptive) that Sportsmen of this description have been at a palpable loss to recollect, whether horses, then running, were really their own, or the property of other people. A circumstance of this kind

kind is, however, (it must be candidly confessed) not calculated to create surprise, when it is remembered, that those busy, prying, officious scoundrels, John Doe and Richard Roe, are eternally busied in altering titles to property (without the *consent* of the owners) during every day they live.

Nothing can be more derogatory to the character of a *fashionable* Sportsman, than descending to the *clerk-like* drudgery of arithmetical calculations; he, therefore, never encounters the mortification of entering into an investigation of his concerns, and is, without the misery of knowing it, many thousands worse than nothing. From the earliest stages of his existence he has been a stranger to self-denial, and, as he has never laboured under even momentary restraint, so he never found it necessary to bestow a condescending reflexion upon the state of his affairs, till a melancholy *memento* from the steward, the banker, or the lawyer, denotes the *game to be up*, and publicly pronounces the pecuniary annihilation, so long expected, and so fully confirmed.

In addition to this unembellished representation of the Fashionable Sportsman, it must not be omitted to observe, it is his invariable rule, never to let the receipt of his rents revert to the distinguished channel of strict honour and unsullied integrity. Money must always be ready for the ecstatic pleasures of the turf, the diurnal dulcineas, and the nocturnal tables, though the wretched, unhappy, dependant, imploring tradesman, is upon the very verge of bankruptcy, and his hitherto unsullied credit, most probably, irretrievably ruined, after years of industry, for want of a few pounds (so justly his due) out of the many thousands, so shamefully dissipated amongst the most unprincipled (fashionable) classes of society.

These are the high-born, well-bred men of honour, (as they call themselves) to whom we are to look as objects of perfection worthy imitation. These are the immaculate types of our old English ancestry, who have so accurately and attentively studied the manners, the frugality, the honour, and the patriotic principles, of the ancients, the better to render themselves laudable and praiseworthy examples to the moderns. These are the "puny whipsters," so visibly the offspring of degenerate luxury, who look upon the pride, the glory, and true strength of Britain, (the middle orders of the people) with contempt; without the sinews of whose arms, without the invincible loyalty of whose hearts, the landed interest, so justly boasted of, would bear no inapplicable affinity to the organist and the bellows-blower, or the body without a head.

Your's, &c.

June 10, 1802. T. W.

CRICKET.

TUESDAY and Wednesday, June 15, and 16, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between nine Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, with two men given, against eight Gentlemen of the Woolwich Club, with three men given, for Five Hundred Guineas a-side.

WOOLWICH.

	FIRST INNINGS.	
Pryor	5	b. Box.
Bone	2	b. Mr. Lord.
Ayleing	5	b. Ditto.
Ward	1	b. Fox.
Mr. Barton	30	b. Mr. Lord.
Mr. Nyran	20	c. T. Smith, Esq Crowhurst

Crowhurst	25	b. Box.
Finsham	1	c. Mr. Lord.
Mr. Tanners	9	b. Capt.Cumb.
Bentley	3	b. Box.
Stanhope	3	not out.
Byes	2	
	106	

Second Innings.

Pryer	1	c. Mr. Lord.
Bone	1	b. Box.
Ayleing	25	not out.
Ward	13	b. Capt.Cumb.
Mr. Barton	4	b. Ditto.
Mr. Nyran	9	c. T.Smith, Esq
Crowhurst	1	leg before wick.
Finsham	1	b. Box.
Mr. Tanners	1	b. Ditto.
Bentley	2	b. Ditto.
Stanhope	1	b. Mr. Lord
Byes	6	
	65	

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

First Innings.

Ashurst, Esq.	0	run out.
J.Gibbon, Esq.	0	b. Ward.
T. Smith, Esq.	6	Ditto.
G. Leycester	21	st. Mr. Nyram
Hon.A.Upton	13	b. Mr. Tanner
Capt.Maitland	2	run out.
Box	0	run out.
Hon.G.Lennox	3	b. Mr. Barton
J.Waller, Esq.	2	b. Ditto.
Capt. Cumb.	12	not out.
Mr. Lord	1	run out.
Byes	1	
	61	

Second Innings.

Ashurst, Esq.	11	b. Mr. Tanner.
J.Gibbon, Esq.	0	run out.
T.Smith, Esq.	12	b. Mr. Tanner.
G. Leycester	4	st. Ward.
Hon.A.Upton	2	b. Ditto.
Capt. Maitland	2	run out.
Box	5	c. Ward.
Hon.G.Lennox	3	not out.
J. Waller, Esq.	2	run out.
Capt. Cumb.	16	b. Ward.
Mr. Lord	0	c. Mr. Tanner.
Byes	1	
	57	

Six to four on the Mary-le-bone Club at starting.—Woolwich Club won by fifty-three runs.

THE INTENDED FIGHT.

Not being able to obtain any other than Newspaper accounts of the late intended Fight, near Middleham, in Yorkshire, we shall present our readers with first, the Yorkshire account as printed in the York Herald; and second, the London report from the Morning Post.

FROM THE YORK HERALD.

BELCHER AND BOURKE.

THE Boxing Match made some time since at Newmarket, to be fought by the above persons, it was agreed by the parties, should be decided on Thursday (June 17,) betwixt the hours of twelve and two, at the village of Grewelthorpe, about six miles from Ripon. The above village is in the West Riding; the division of that part of the county and the North Riding taking place there Accordingly, in the morning of Thursday, a stage was erected at the bottom of a close adjoining the house of Mr. Pickersgill; the money, amounting to one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds a side, deposited by the parties, and every necessary preparation made. In consequence of information having been previously sent to the Magistrates, of the business that was to take place, the very Rev. the Deans of Ripon and Middleham, with several of the Justices for the North and West Ridings, attended at Grewelthorpe, and signified their determination

determination to put a stop to all such outrageous proceedings; but finding that the business was likely to be proceeded with, and that a number of people were assembling, they ordered the Riot-act to be read, which was accordingly done about twelve o'clock, by Mr. Taylor, the town clerk of Ripon. Betwixt one and two o'clock, however, Belcher, with his second, &c. went on the stage, and was followed by Bourke; upon which Mr. Trapps went down to inform them, that if they did not instantly quit the stage, and the neighbourhood, they and their parties would be apprehended. They immediately obeyed, and left Grewelthorpe soon after. Thus, in consequence of the very prompt and praise-worthy conduct of the Magistrates, has this disgraceful business been prevented from taking place in Yorkshire. Had it been fought, we believe Belcher would certainly have beaten his antagonist: he appeared cool and collected; showed much strength of nerve and bone. Bourke, on the contrary, though the heaviest by far of the two, appeared sickly, much agitated, and seemed unwilling for the engagement.—We are informed that Belcher is an extremely well-behaved young man, and that he was forced into the match from the over-bearing behaviour of Bourke. We hope it will be the last time we shall have to notice such transactions in our columns; and recommend it to both, to apply to their lawful avocations, and endeavour to gain their livelihood by proper industry, and a peaceable and orderly conduct.

FROM THE MORNING POST.

THE BOXING-MATCH.

It appears, that on Tuesday, June 17, a stage, on which it was intended that Belcher and Bourke should exhibit a fresh trial of their skill and strength, was erected in a bye place about twenty miles distance from Middleham, in Yorkshire, and so conveniently situated for the purpose, that no persons present could have been deprived of a full view of the fight. On the Thursday following, at one o'clock, Fletcher Reid, Esq. on the part of Belcher, and Captain Fletcher, on behalf of Bourke, met on this spot, to make good the stake of one thousand four hundred and fifty guineas a side, being the sum which Belcher and Bourke were matched to fight for. The conditions having been fulfilled, Belcher appeared on the stage at a quarter before two o'clock, attended by Joe Ward, as his second, and Bill Gibbons, as his bottle-holder; and shortly after Bourke joined them, with Crabb, as his bottle-holder, but no second. The two bruisers shook hands, and Bourke observed, "that it would now be determined which was the best man;" to which Belcher replied, "he was surprised he did not know that already." There were several hundred persons present on the tiptoe of expectation to see the conflict commence; but the combatants could not set to, as Harry Lee had not ascended the stage, who was Bourke's promised second. On his name being called out among the crowd, he answered to it; but when asked why he did not appear in his place, he gave no other explanation than that he would have nothing to do with the fight.

This circumstance produced general dissatisfaction, as it was declared that this determination on the part of Lee, could have only been occasioned by a previous understanding between him and Bourke's friends, who now began to

to think of the large sums they had at stake, and the little chance they had of success. No bets could be procured on the ground without staking considerable odds. As Bourke refused to accept any other second in the room of Lee, all hopes of a contest now vanished, and the champions retired from the stage. Belcher, however, unwilling to disappoint the company, offered to have a few rounds with Bourke for pure love, but he declined, and immediately sat off in a post-chaise.

Mr. Fletcher Reid, who backed Belcher, made him a present of fifty pounds for his trouble, and five pounds to bear his expences to London. He also made a present to Ward, the second, and to the bottle-holder, with money to bear their expences to town.

The Yorkshire people, it appears, did not encourage the idea of prize-fighters coming among them, any more than the Magistrates of Berkshire; for about one o'clock they were visited by two Magistrates and the Dean of York, who desired that no fight might take place; but having no *posse comitatus* to enforce their orders, the battle would have proceeded, had it not been for the circumstance we have stated.

Death of a Favourite.

An elderly Lady, at Brighton, remarkable for her attachment to the canine race, a few days ago, on observing symptoms of disease in one of her old favourites, who had been her companion for the last twenty years of her life, dispatched one of her servants for an apothecary. The dog, in the interim, was enveloped in flannel, and carefully laid on one of the best beds. On the arrival of the apothecary, such medicines as were deemed necessary, were immediately administered; but all would not do, for poor *Phillis* the next morning breathed her last. The first violence of grief on the melancholy occasion having subsided, an undertaker was called in; and the dead animal, during the three following days, shrowded, and decorated with flowers, in a handsome coffin, was exposed to the numerous visits of the Lady's friends, and at length, with great funeral parade, interred in a garden, but a moderate distance from the house, where a stone, with the following inscription, is erected over the grave:—

"Here lies poor *Phillis*, dead and cold,
Lamented in her death;
Her Mistress dear shed many a tear,
When she resign'd her breath.
For twenty years she skipp'd and play'd,
And frolick'd like a lamb;
Upon her knees she oft sipt tea,
From her Mistress's lily hand."

Ascot.

As the sport at Ascot-Heath Races will not come in time for our Calendar, the regular report must, of course, be deferred till next month. We have here only just to mention, that on the first day, Tuesday, June 22, the King and Royal Family attended, and a more splendid meeting was scarcely ever remembered.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs was won by Mr. J. Sutton's Hackneyman, 5 yrs old, beating four others.

The first year of the renewed stakes of 10gs each, for 3 yrs old, was won, as expected, by Young Eclipse, beating five others

The first year of the renewed 10gs stakes, for 4, 5, and 6 yrs old, and aged horses, was won by Mr. Durand's Sir Sidney, 5 yrs old, beating six others.

DEAD GAME.—PLATE IV.

[A spirited Etching by Mr. Howitt.]

A Brace of Partridges turned out of a basket, as beautifully as naturally designed and executed.

The

Dead Game, Plate 4.

Pub. July 1. 1803. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

The Life, Adventures, *and* Opinions, *of* Col. George Hanger.

(Concluded from page 75.)

ONCE again I had risen to a state of ease and happiness, after the various misfortunes I had suffered, when I was again most suddenly reduced to the greatest distress. I had fondly brought my mind to think that I had weathered all the storms in life, and brought my vessel into a quiet snug harbour; but how was I deceived! for the hurricane of misfortune, without giving me notice, drove me from my comfortable moorings into the troubled ocean, once more to seek the necessaries of life. I now began gradually to measure my steps towards the King's Bench; and, on the 2d of June 1798, I surrendered to that prison, where I remained until the 6th of April 1799, on which day I was discharged.

Prior to my surrendering to the King's Bench, I was engaged in a family law-suit, which was decided by arbitration before a Master of the Court of King's Bench; by this I gained a considerable sum of money, when I compounded for my debts, and was discharged. My affairs, on this occasion, were settled in the following manner:—My creditors were paid seven shillings and sixpence in the pound, in cash; and I signed a bond to them to pay the remainder, in future, from every property I might have to receive by will, reversion, or entail. After allotting to them the various sums assigned them, there were forty odd pounds remaining, which I took for my own use; and that was all I reserved to myself. I therefore started again to run the course of life, with forty pounds capital stock.

And now I shall beg forgiveness if I once more introduce myself into the Rules of the King's Bench, in order to mention a circumstance which I trust the reader will believe; but if he has not faith enough in my word, I can shew him written documents, as I have preserved all the bills as brought in every Monday morning by my servant when they were paid: those bills will prove, that, on the average, I never spent above three shillings any one day during my residence in those blessed regions of rural retirement. I had two reasons for living so cheap: first, being of opinion a prisoner for debt should not be squandering money; nor should he live sumptuously, yet he should not deny himself the necessaries of life: secondly, I was determined to ascertain how cheap a gentleman could live, and want for nothing necessary to his maintenance, namely, a hearty breakfast and dinner every day. Bread and beer were cheaper at that period than at this moment; but meat was much the same. The reader must be informed that I drank nothing but porter.

Before I surrendered to the King's Bench; nay, from the very commencement of this war, I endeavoured, by every means, and by repeated applications, to be employed on active service: I even proposed to form a corps from the convicts; shewing how, after the war, they might be provided for, and not be turned adrift in the world again: and two years before the act for that purpose took place, I suggested the permission for the militia to enlist in the regiments of the line. I also proposed to be allowed to take one

thousand volunteers, at a small bounty, from the militia, and train them to the use of the rifle-gun—a science which I have made my study ever since I was sixteen years old.

Finding every channel shut up to my solicitations for employment, I then resolved to apply myself to trade, and, in May, 1800, commenced coal-merchant. It has been circulated and reported, in order to injure me in my new profession, that I receive a certain sum per chaldron commission. On my honour, the report is absolutely false! I am allowed an annual salary, which, with prudence, will keep me from want, by a generous friend, who has undertaken this business to serve me, and to set the trade a-going.

By the distinguished favours I have already been honoured with, by a further protection from the public in favouring me with their commands to supply their families with coals, and, by the orders which are weekly increasing, I shall, I trust, be able to relieve my friend from his anxious exertions, and to establish the trade myself, in a few months, on a solid and permanent commercial basis. *Sunt mihi deliciæ, sint mihi divitiæ Carbones,* is my motto. May the black diamond trade flourish with me! which, if it receives, as I trust it will, a generous support from the public, cannot fail of success.

To a man whose affairs have been so deranged for a long period of years, it is no small degree of satisfaction that his pecuniary obligations are confined to a very few persons. Mine are concentrated in three noble Earls—the largest sum two hundred pounds, the smallest one hundred. At the same time that I acknowledge my gratitude, it is doubly pleasing, on reflection, that their characters are so eminently respected by the world at large, as well as by me.

One singular mark of generous friendship I experienced from an old acquaintance, who had been for years acquainted with poverty, (that worst of crimes) and who came suddenly, by the death of a near relation, to a command of money. He offered me two thousand pounds, requesting me not to think of paying him until I should be a rich man. I refused it, on this principle—I knew I never should be able to repay him, and held it dishonest to borrow a sum so large that I never should be able to refund. I took one hundred pounds from him: he pressed the whole on me, almost to an injunction.

Twice have I began the world anew. I trust the present century will be more favourable to me than the past.—*Valete et plaudite!*

EDMUND BURKE,

The Champion of the Poor Black HORSE.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU will doubtless readily allow me room to tell the following anecdote of Mr. Burke, which has never before been in print, and which I desire to relate, not merely in honour of his disposition, but for the purpose of rendering a great man an example to all others, in a point wherein they may easily imitate him—a generous willingness to defend the humble rights of dumb animals, against the fury of unworthy masters.

In the year 1762, one Johnson, an Irishman, exhibited feats of activity

tivity in horsemanship; and was, I believe, the first public performer of that sort near London. He was a vigorous, clever fellow, in his way, and seemed to me, in some degree, patronized by Mr. Burke, then a Student of the Temple, and by his friends, Mr. Netterville and Mr. Nugent, the merchants. It suited my taste, at that time of life, to be a frequenter of his amusements; and I was seldom there without seeing this party, among whom Richard Burke sometimes appeared. Johnson's performances were shewn two or three times a week, upon a piece of open green-sward behind the bun-house at Chelsea, some temporary stables being raised upon the spot, and the spectators standing where they pleased.

The great favourite of the company, next to himself, was a beautiful black horse; the finest animal I ever saw. Whenever Johnson wanted him, he gave three smacks of his whip, and the docile creature, coming out of his stable, stood by his side. He then ran about the ring till another sound of the whip brought him again to his master. In one unlucky round he disobeyed, and his master's whip often smacked in vain. When at length he stopped, Johnson, by a violent blow between the ears, felled him to the ground, and the creature lay for some minutes as if expiring. Mr. Burke broke from the circle; ran directly up to Johnson, and exclaiming—"You scoundrel, I have a mind to knock you down;" would, in my opinion, have done so, if Mr. Netterville had not reached him, and interposed. Johnson had then leisure to make what apology he could, and so the matter ended; but I shall never forget the impression of awe and admiration made upon myself and others by the solemn passion, with which Mr. Burke uttered this otherwise coarse reproof. Though the circle was immediately broken, all kept a respectful distance. Perhaps this was the first time he ever produced *an effect upon an audience.* You must excuse me for comparing great things with small, but when I first heard him in the House of Commons, pouring out indignation against cruelty and corruption, I was reminded, after an interval of many years, of the *Champion of the poor black horse!* Your's, J. W.

MORE OF JOHNSON AND HIS BLACK HORSE.

GENTLEMEN,

JOHNSON, the horseman, and his black horse, are not new to the acquaintance of many persons now alive in this county. Johnson, being down here in one of his excursions, married the daughter of Alderman Howe, who then kept one of our principal inns; and succeeded him in his business. He conducted himself so as to be well esteemed by the gentlemen of the county, and his black horse, which he still kept, was one of the favourites of the Vernon Hunt, then probably the first in England. A feat performed by him and his horse may, perhaps, be worth remembering.

The hunt were taking leave of Lord Vernon, one day, by the side of the Ha! Ha! when his Lordship told Johnson, it was extraordinary that he never had been tempted in the course of any day to do more, as a horseman, than all the members of the hunt could do. "Well, my Lord," said he, "what would you wish me to do?"—"I am not to choose," said his Lordship,

"but surely you can do something more than others." "I will go over that Ha! Ha! my Lord." "So can others, Johnson, myself for one." "But I, my Lord," said he, "will go over it in a way, in which your Lordship cannot."

He rode his black horse up to the brink, and as he stopped, laid his hands upon the pommel of the saddle, and sprung from that posture clear over the Ha! Ha!—The Hunt applauded, but the performance was not over. He was something shook by the fall, and did not immediately rise; the horse looked at him attentively all the while, and, when he had got out of the way, followed him over, ran up to him, and stood by his side till he mounted.

Note.—Such a horse is worthy of the emotion, which Mr. Burke felt for him. Your's,

Derby, May 3. DERBIENSIS.

ON WHEEL-CARRIAGES, MODERN PRACTICE OF STAGE-COACHMEN, &c.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 42.)

IN the former part of my speculation, it will be observed, that I have, in my consideration of Wheel-Carriages, only mentioned those vehicles which are destined to the pursuit of pleasure, are the concomitants of luxury, or the appendages of state. I have, indeed, in one instance, slightly glanced at some which may be considered as professional instruments or tools, but seemed, which was really the case, as glad to escape from the chariot, as many are from the hands of the faculty. I, therefore, now descend from my mechanical elevation, from the plate glass, gilding, painting, and plated harness, together with the fringes, tassels, lace, and pompous paraphernalia of pride and opulence, to those plain, undecorated, unornamented vehicles, which are dedicated to business, in which people travel, that have something to do. If the former, as has been stated, have of late greatly increased, these have increased in an equal proportion.

What would our ancestors, who looked upon a journey of an hundred miles, as an event in a man's life, as at least the business of a week, and who, by settling their affairs, made a proper preparation for so important a transaction, have thought of being whisked over the road from London to Bath in twelve hours? What would they have thought of flying from London to Edinburgh in fifty-six? Or whirled from the Land's-end to the extremity of Caithness, with the same velocity? What they would have thought of these things, it is impossible for me to state; but if they had not trembled for the lives that must have been risked, and been touched with compassion for the horses that must have been sacrificed, to such frequently unnecessary rapidity, they must have had less sense, and less sensibility, than I have ever given them credit for.

That these machines have increased with our commerce, is certainly a pleasing circumstance, because it shews that opulence and improvement go hand in hand. It is also curious to reflect, how much the mode of travelling has altered within the last fifty years. At the time that the inimitable Tom Jones was written, we find that post-chaises, though now to be procured in almost every road-village in the kingdom, were scarce-

ly

ly known; the journey of Sophia and her cousin, the reader will recollect, was performed on horseback, until they met the carriage of the Irish Peer. Stage-coaches are machines of far greater antiquity; for we may discover by the Spectator, and other works, that they were in use at the close of the seventeenth century.

When the practice of carrying (or rather suspending) three times as many passengers on the out, as in the inside of stage-coaches, obtained a footing, I have no opportunity to ascertain: it certainly was not coeval with the first introduction of the machines, because, in old times, there was not only safety promised, (which no one in London would underwrite for a hundred per cent. under what was, and may still be termed, the *break-neck* system) but also some piety exhibited, which, as they are now, generally speaking, a most grievous and unnecessary profanation of the Lord's Day, and equal wisdom and modesty is left out of modern advertisements. One of the ancient school, I recollect, run in nearly the following words, which I quote from my remembrance of a bill, that I saw at the door of an inn at Bath, so long since as the year 1768.

"The Bath Fly, in three days, from the market-place, Bath, to London, will set out from each every Monday and Thursday mornings, at four o'clock, and arrive early the ensuing Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at the above places, &c.

"N.B. As the *safety* of the passengers is as much an object of consideration with the proprietors, as their *speedy* mode of conveyance, they are determined to take but *two* persons on the outside, and no luggage on the top of the coach, —Performed, if God permit!

"By K—— and Co."

It appears, that as the ingenuity of stage-coach speculators contrived to increase their velocity, and consequently to reduce the time between London and Bath; for instance, from three days to twelve hours, their avarice prompted them, while their horses were so unmercifully lashed to almost aerial celerity, to load their carriages both within and without, so that man and beast might be equal sharers of the danger. I have frequently wished, when I have seen those poor animals nearly flayed by the drunken savage upon the box, who had perhaps loitered at the inn, and was, as the phrase is, "cutting against time," I have, I say, frequently wished that such of the passengers as encouraged him in those brutal exertions, or, indeed, did not interfere to prevent them, were suffering the same correction.

How often have I seen the Norwich, Yarmouth, York, Manchester, Exeter, Portsmouth, Dover, Margate, Brighton, and a hundred other stages, with a compliment, or rather crew, of twenty-eight or thirty passengers, within-side and without, almost pressed down by their own weight, and losing all reliance on the centre of gravity, and consequently liable to be overturned upon the least irregularity of the road.

The Act 28, George III, known on the road by the name of the Gamon Act, and the subsequent one, 30th George III, enacts, "that no more than six persons shall, at one time, ride on the roof, or more than two persons, besides the driver, on the box." But, alas! it is sincerely to be lamented, that in this speculative age, avarice, and its concomitant ingenuity, have,

have, in these instances, converted, or rather perverted, these salutary measures, and counteracted the care of the Legislature in a manner, which leaves to the Public the choice of but two modes of redress, namely, the foundation of an hospital upon every road for the cure of wounded and mutilated travellers, or the making another appeal to Parliament.

Who would have imagined, that after the statute referred to, had prohibited more than six persons from riding upon the roof of a stage-coach at one time, a simple contrivance, viz. the placing at the back, about eight or ten inches below the said roof, a board upon brackets, like a shelf, which brackets are screwed to the body of the coach, so that the passengers seated thereon, had only their elbows on the top, and their feet on the basket; or, as in the elegant language of the road, it is termed the *rumble-tumble*, as the board itself has, by the highway wits, been denominated, a back-gammon board; who would, I repeat, have imagined, that this mode of suspension of passengers upon brackets should, by two of the greatest lawyers of the age, be deemed to have taken the machine to which they are so closely connected, out of the meaning of the Act. So that coachmen may now load *ad libitum*, a privilege, which experience convinces us they have not failed to avail themselves of; for a week has not elapsed, since I saw on the Mile-End Road, three stages, with eleven, thirteen, and fourteen persons upon their roofs, or appendant to their backs, driving with a velocity, that seemed equally well calculated to set danger and law at defiance.

It would, in a work dedicated to the consideration of Wheel-Carriages, were I so inclined, be impossible to pass over another species of machines, which I think, from the very large and curious manufactory at Millbank, some years since began to crawl over the road, but which, except in their application, do not certainly come within the description of any of the classes I have already mentioned; perhaps the best idea of them would be conveyed by negatives. They are neither coaches, chaises, nor diligences. They are not waggons, although the artist who invented them, seems to have the elegant form of these vehicles in his eye; for they have long barge-like bodies, supported by, and rolling upon, ten or twelve small wheels. The wits of the road, whose ingenuity I have before had occasion to celebrate, used to call them *caterpillars*; but I can remember, when the proprietors thought they deserved much more distinguishing appellations, and therefore christened them the Royal Sailor, the Royal Soldier, the Princess Royal, &c. though I believe these royal epithets have been some time obliterated, and have given place to the names of Tom Trott, Sam Smack, and Kit Quarter. What affinity they ever had to the carriages in question, the learned gentleman who acted as nomenclator, best knows; I must confess, that I have not erudition sufficient to determine. Contemplating these machines with that admiration and reverence, with which I always consider works of ingenuity, especially those from which I conceive great national advantages have been, and still greater may be derived; it occurred to my mind, that the admirable plan of these carriages might be improved and extended, and that upon the same elegant construction. A suite of rooms

rooms might be built and decorated, in which a family of distinction might see company in every county through which they passed, and at the same time be travelling to any part of the island to which their inclinations pointed, or their occasions called them. It would require a volume to enumerate the amazing convenience of moving one's house, family, goods, and chattels, from place to place, not in the beggarly gipsey stile that was formerly practised by the Scythian Nomades, nor at present by the Arabian hordes, but in an elegant mansion on wheels, wherein every appendage to dignity and consequence might be exhibited; not like the Old Iron House, but in a kind of Land Truck-schuyt, which might be furnished in a stile that would excite the wonder of even a Dutch connoisseur. If we could once see one of these magnificent edifices on wheels, I should hope that the inhabitants of our squares, places, and streets, would at least, in their future plans of improvement, have an eye to so laudable an example, which would, besides the local advantages it afforded, advantages which, like those metaphorically ascribed to dramatic poetry, which takes the auditor to Thebes, to Athens, when it will, and where, would in reality enable them to transfer their houses to, and transplant themselves in, any part of the kingdom. An assembly of these carriages might form a square, a paragon, a crescent, a polygon, a circus, or whatsoever figure the proprietors or tenants choose; on Hounslow Heath one week, Salisbury Plain the next. They might at one time of the year fix in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and at another in the vicinity of Bath. The exorbitant charges and impositions of innkeepers &c. so long complained of would, under this system, be done entirely away, and the labour, and consequently the lives of thousands of horses, which are now lashed day and night from one end of the island to the other, upon the most trivial and unimportant occasions, which their trivial and unimportant owners can contrive, in order to excite their celerity, be saved to the public.

Diversions and Entertainments of the Russians,

From Peter Storch's Picture of Petersburgh.

(Continued from page 266 of Vol. XIX.)

THE diversions and amusements of the politer part of mankind are, by the extent of civilization, and the regular intercourse of nations, now become so much alike in all countries, that the account of them taken from one capital would nearly suit all others: the popular diversions, however, still almost every where bear the stamp of a certain peculiarity which may not unfrequently be regarded as a remarkable addition to the history of its manners. Besides, if it be true that the most delicate features and properties of the national character are principally displayed in the methods adopted for indulging in mirth, it will be well worth our while to quit, for a few moments, the elegant circles where joy is circulated, like money, under the stamp of conventional decorum, in order to mix among the great multitude where every person may rejoice in the way most agreeable to himself.

The Russian, on the whole, is a cheerful being. A happy volatility, and a thoughtlessness peculiar to himself, accompany him through life. The most penurious condition, and the most toilsome labour, leave

leave him always some sensibility for the enjoyment of his existence. The former gives him no concern, as his circle of ideas seldom extends to the representation of a nobler and more refined state of being; and the latter he mitigates by singing his country ballads, and taking a drop of brandy. The verge at which this excellent ground-colour in the national character gradually fades away, is the line of partition between the populace and the citizen. The higher the classes of mankind, the less natural is their mirth. In the boxes of the opera, and the brilliant circles, the countenances here are as gloomy as in any capital of Europe. A convincing proof, that content and satisfaction are not confined to the soil of politeness and wealth!

The cheerful disposition of the common Russians being chiefly manifested by *singing*, that may well deserve to be mentioned, as the most general amusement. Every employment, even the most laborious, the Russian alleviates by singing, and every satisfaction, every amusement, is by the same means heightened and improved. There is certainly not a nation in Europe in which the propensity to this amusement is so prevalent as in this. In France, the people sing likewise; but only opera airs and vaudevilles, which are admired by the genteel part of the public; whereas in Russia are heard, the true popular ditties, composed and set to music by the inferior classes of the populace, and are sung in the very same manner in every town and village from Petersburgh to Irkutsk. The national interest contained in the subjects of these ballads, their extremely simple but melodious tunes, the musical dispositions, and generally well-formed organs of the Russians, produce a very agreeable and surprising effect even on unmusical strangers and foreigners. It is therefore a very customary recreation of the higher ranks in St. Petersburgh, to take with them in the boat on their parties of pleasure on the water, a band of expert singers, to sing to them the popular Russian ballads, a practice likewise often used at their tables at home. In summer, the Neva is covered with boats, from which these songs resound, and particularly, on fine evenings, delight the ears of the solitary walkers on the quays, lulling them into sweet reveries, or awakening in them mild sensations by their soft and plaintive tones.

When the Russian populace are disposed to be merry in company, the *dance* cannot be omitted. Without dancing and singing there can be no junketing. Certainly no popular dance in any country can be more expressive and diverting than the national dance commonly called the Dove-dance, and it is well-danced, not only in the politer circles of the higher ranks, but even by the populace. It is generally performed by one couple, who stand facing one another at some distance, seemingly make love together, and by very energetic pantomimical gestures, by turns sue, reject, importune, disdain, and comply: in all which, the personal talents of the dancers, the modest solicitations of the lover, and the affected coyness of the fair one, form the greater or less variety of shades. The dancers approach and retreat in certain measured steps, which however are not strictly connected with the music. As this dance is throughout a natural strongly expressive pantomime, art can add little or nothing to its improvement: I have seen it more frequently well danced among the common

common people than in genteel companies, but only once to perfection by experienced popular dancers.—The music to which it is danced, is extremely simple; often no instrument at all is used, but the bye-standers sing in chorus some vulgar ballad to the tune.

The public-houses frequented by the populace are called *kabaks*. In these they assemble at idle hours in merry companies to sing and to carouse. The waste made here occasionally by the rude uneducated vulgar of their hard-earned money in the indulgence of their sensual appetites, excites our pity when we happen accidentally to be the spectators of it; but it never could induce me to condemn these places of refuge to the most oppressed and harrassed class of people. What mortal could have the heart to deprive these poor creatures of the only means they know of compensating the innumerable troubles of their lives, and to obtain, by brandy, a momentary oblivion of their cares? who could have the heart to rob them of that sole relief, without substituting a better for it? Not to insist here on the arguments that might be drawn from the climate, the hard manner of life, the wretched fare and the strict fasts of the Russian people, as an apology for the use of his nepenthe, I shall only appeal to the humanity of the reader, in hopes of obtaining a favourable judgment of the sombre tints of this characteristic. Far from wishing to palliate or excuse the generally pernicious and often dreadful consequences of the propensity to intoxication, it is the utmost desire of my heart that the Russian nation should soon learn, by a farther moral improvement of their still very rude condition, to dispense with so deplorable a refuge from care: but I cannot condemn them according to their present circumstances.

Among the places of public resort for the lower classes, the *bathing houses* must be included, which here, as in Greece and Rome, administer not only to necessity, but to recreation, after having lost their original destination in most of the countries of Europe. The common Russians frequent them at least once a week; and the day on which this custom is adopted is a holiday for them. In the residence are a great number of these bagnios, usually situated by the side of the rivers and canals, and the internal construction of them deserves here to be briefly mentioned. They are all throughout the country vapour-baths; the bath-room having a large vaulted open, which is so strongly heated, that the field stones which form the upper part of it, become glowing hot. For augmenting the heat, water is sprinkled on these stones, by which process the room is immediately filled with vapour. Round the walls are benches or scaffolds, affording every person the choice of taking an atmosphere, more or less hot, as the bench is higher or lower from the ground. The bathers sit or lie in this hot vapour, which is sometimes so high as forty-five degrees of Reaumur, and produces such a perspiration, as without actual experiment cannot well be conceived. To promote this still more, it is the common practice for the bathers to be gently flogged by the bathing-woman with dry bunches of the leafy twigs of birch, and then rubbed down with woollen cloths. From time to time they descend from their heights to stand in a tub, and have hot or cold water poured from buckets on their heads and over the whole body. Num-

bers of them in summer run out of the bagnio and plunge in the rivulet flowing by; or, if it be winter, roll themselves in the snow. The public baths of the residence have spacious court-yards belonging to them furnished with benches, where the bathers in summer dress and undress. Almost all the hospitals and public institutions of every kind are provided with such baths; and even among the higher classes of the inhabitants of the city the vapour-bath is used as a necessary and a luxury.

(*To be continued.*)

Character of a Noble Bruiser.

MILO discovered an early aversion to literature, and politeness; and, from the time he became master of his actions, consorted with the lowest company, contracting an habitual love of their exercises and amusements, for a pre-eminence in which an athletic body qualified him. In the county where he commonly resides, Milo boxes, fox-hunts, races, drives, or punts, drinks, and smoaks. When compelled as a legislator to be in London, he frequents pugilistic exhibitions, bull or bear-baiting, and engages with watchmen and chairmen. Milo knows nothing of the constitution of his own, or of the history of any other nation; but he understands a horse and a dog as well as any jockey or huntsman in his county. He despises genteel exercises, and can neither fence nor dance, but then he can cudgel, box, and play at cricket. Hastening in his chariot to the Senate, Milo was impeded by the obstruction of an impudent carman; he gives and receives ill-language, gets warm, quits his equipage, strips and fights; he happened, however, to meet with an overmatch, was severely handled, and gave out. Going to re-frock, he found that his footman, busied as his master's second, had suffered his clothes to be carried off. Milo laughs, shakes his conqueror by the *paw*, gives him a *shiner*, and drives home in his shirt, checquered with sable and gules, only cheered by the acclamations of the mob. Another time Milo chanced to mix with some men of fashion and honour, where he presently conceived an antipathy against a little well-dressed gentleman, whom he did not know. Emboldened by liquor, (of which he always secured a Benjamin portion) he commenced a volunteer quarrel, reproached him with effeminacy, and dealt a blow. The person so injured, proved to be a man of known spirit; he instantly bared and pointed his sword at his gigantic insulter, minding him of his defence. Milo falls into a panic, applies to the company for protection, pleads his ignorance of a weapon that every gentleman carries about him, talks for once affectionately of his wife and children, and exclaims against the cowardice of drawing upon a naked man. His antagonist having given him correction contemptuously with his flat, retired. Recovered from his fright, Milo enquired who his opponent was, and receiving information, left the room, declaring (with an oath), "That the first time he met that Frenchified pigmy, without his toledo, he would beat him within an inch of his life."

J. J. B.

REMARKABLE

Remarkable Death of a remarkable Man.

On the 6th of May, died, at Guernsey, aged forty, Serjeant Samuel Macdonald, well known by the appellation of "Big Sam." He was a native of the county of Sutherland, in Scotland, and during part of the American war, served in the Fencible corps raised there; he was afterwards Fugel-man to the Royals, and continued in this situation till the year 1791. At that time, his extraordinary stature, and obliging disposition, procured him a recommendation to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with whom he lived as Lodge Porter at Carleton House, till 1793. He was then appointed Serjeant in the Sutherland Fencibles; but, on account of his prodigious height, which made the rest of the Corps, though stout men, look like so many dwarfs, he was chiefly employed in the recruiting service; he, however, continued with them after they were formed into the 93d, until the day of his death.

He measured six feet ten inches high, four feet round the chest, extremely strong built and muscular, but yet proportionable, unless his legs might be thought even too large for the load they had to bear. His strength was prodigious; but such was his pacific disposition, that he was never known to exert it improperly. He always displayed a degree of manly pride, and, notwithstanding very considerable offers were made him, upon condition that he should allow himself to be exhibited as a show, he spurned at what he thought the hire of degradation.—Once, and only once, he was prevailed upon to make a public appearance, nor was this obtained from him by less authority than that of His Royal Highness, whose servant he then was. This took place at the Opera House, in the Haymarket, then occupied by the Drury-Lane Company, where Sam appeared in the appropriate character of *Hercules* in *Cymon and Iphigenia.*

Notice of the late Mrs. Pinto.

Mrs. Pinto, of musical celebrity, who lately paid the last debt to nature, was not, we are assured, of an extravagant turn herself, but was the victim of extravagance in others. All the profits of her performances, considerable as they were, were lavished in dissipation by a careless husband; and her great vocal powers were impaired, more by disappointment and chagrin, than by time. The late Dr. Hugh Smith, who was a great admirer of music, allowed Mrs. Pinto a guinea a-week for many years, merely in consideration of what she had once been, and to what she was reduced; but making no bequest in her favour, his family withdrew this liberal tribute to unfortunate merit, and at his death she was left to struggle through the world as well as she could.—Mrs. Billington, much to her credit, shewed great kindness to Mrs. Pinto, and afforded comfort to her declining days. But one of her most zealous and persevering friends, in the hour of adversity, was the veteran Hull, a man, to whom the Theatrical Community are indebted for the establishment of an Institution to support them in age and debility, and who is always alive to the interests of humanity.

ORIGINAL DESCRIPTION OF GAME AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

With a Variety of curious BIRDS, BEASTS, INSECTS, &c.

In which the Mistakes of Vaillant, and some other Writers, are corrected.

The Writer, an English Missionary, who is now in Caffre-Land, begins with

QUADRUPEDS.

THE most common are, the ox and the wolf. Of the former, (including bulls and cows) they often possess several hundreds; and some, I believe, keep above a thousand. Of the latter, there are two kinds: the first is spotted; and, on that account, called by the colonists, tiger-wolf: the other is the strand-wolf. The first is most common, and very troublesome, as he oftentimes drags the Caffres out of their houses. The cow, however, will stand against a wolf to advantage, especially when he has wounded or taken her calf.

The lion and buffalo are less frequent. These animals seem to be fond of each other, and commonly keep company; though the lion uses the buffalo for food, as we do the ox. Near the Goboussi I found a prodigious number of elks. They grow very large; and one of them affords more meat than two oxen; they are easily taken, as they very soon grow weary. The elephant of this country is very tall, much more so than that of India: his teeth are sometimes eight or nine feet long. I was surprised that we never found skeletons, or teeth, of those that die spontaneously; but, by the following observations, I am now led to suspect, that they bury their dead, or hide them. One of our company killed an elephant, and went the next day, with some of our women, unarmed, to take out its teeth. They found between fifteen and twenty elephants at work, to take up the dead corpse, but drove them away by their cries. The man pursued them on horseback, till one of them turned back, and hunted the old colonist in his turn: he was so near him, that he continually threw a prodigious quantity of a very limpid fluid, which he drew out of his stomach by means of his snout, upon him; and the poor man had a very narrow escape, by hiding himself in a thorn-bush.

There are no tame horses in Caffre-land, except a very few, which are brought from the colony; but there are two sorts of wild horses, —the Dau and the Kwagga: the former is more beautifully streaked than the latter. The Kwagga is an enemy to the wolf, and drives him out of the field which he inhabits.

The tiger of this country is not streaked, but spotted with small brown spots. Last year the Caffres killed a tiger, which was black, intermixed with white hairs; but it had a streak of shining black over its back; the fore legs and thighs were spotted as the common tiger; it was the second of this kind they had killed; and said that it was found also among the Tambouchis. I must also mention an animal, the name of which is not known in the colony, as they call it the Unknown Animal. The Hottentots call it Kamma. It is sometimes seen among a herd of elks, and is much higher than these. It was never caught nor shot, as it is, by its swiftness, unapproachable: it has the form of a horse, and is streaked, but finer than the Dau. Its step is like that of a horse. I looked upon this description as somewhat fabulous, till we came near the Tentjana, among

among the Boschemen; there one of our company saw an animal among some Kwaggas, which he had never seen before; he said, that it was like a most beautiful horse, but much larger. The Boschemen pointed to a plain, where they said these animals were found in great numbers. This one had a tail like that of a n'gou, but with a much longer bunch of hairs at the point. The n'gou and koudou are also inhabitants of Caffraria; and, if I recollect rightly, are described by Sparman. The leopard is a different animal from the spotted tiger, and very tame, if educated young; and more fit for hunting than a hunting-dog. The African stag also differs from the European: it is larger, more fierce, and its horns are without ramifications.

There are two sorts of wild hogs. The first is called, by the Caffres, Goulouwue, which has smaller teeth, and the excrescences standing in the upper jaw are smaller, harder, and more horny; its snout is more pointed. The name of the last, whose snout is very broad, is Thagwou. The rhinoceros with two horns, and the sea cow, are also natives of this country. The latter has strength and courage enough to throw a rhinoceros from the rocks down into the river; the rhinoceros, however, is the terror of the elephant, and sometimes puts many of them to flight.

There is a variety of different sorts of bucks, distinguished by the names of, Steenbok, Springbok, Rietbok, Boschbok, Klipspringer, Bontebok, Gemsbok, Duiker, Blauwebok, Rhecbok, and Orbietje. Of the badger (dama) there are two species; the tree-badger and the rock-badger. I must also mention the wild cats and dogs. The former is of the shape of a tame cat, but larger. I measured one, which was, without its tail, two feet and a half long; its fur reddish. Of the wild dogs there are two kinds; the one black and white, the other red and white. I have only seen the former: they are both very savage, and devour their prey alive.

I have never seen a tame cat, a bear, or a camel. Among the quadrupeds, I may rank a serpent with four legs, called, by the Caffres, Kube; and also a numerous tribe of lizards, from which the former differs, and of which I can only mention the geitje, the salamander, and the cameleon. The common report, that this latter animal changes colour, so as to be like that of the ground which it stands on, I always considered as a fable, but my own experience convinces me that it is a fact, though it does not assume every colour. I placed a cameleon upon black; it turned almost black, like mud; upon dark blue it turned not quite so black as in the former case, but no blue colour was to be seen; upon white it assumed the colour of white ashes; upon green, a yellowish grey, with green spots; upon bright red it remained white, with a yellow hue. I placed it in a dark box, expecting to find it black; upon opening the box I found it white; and, leaving the box open, it got large brown spots, of a chocolate colour. This change takes place in one to three minutes; it affects not the whole surface of the body from the beginning, but spots are at first seen, commonly, at the sides of the body, below the neck, on the shoulder, and eyelids. The progress from one change to another is not uniform, but, by intervals, slower or more rapid, as it were, by flushes.

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It is not necessary to irritate the animal to make it change its colour; and I found that the change takes place even when it is asleep. To the same class belong the leguan, the tortoise, the otter, the frog, and the toad. There is an uncommon large toad, which has teeth in its mouth, and roars very loud.

BIRDS.

I am at a loss how to enumerate the birds that came under my observation, as I know not their English names. Those I know are, the swallow, the bat, the crow, (of which latter I have seen three kinds, a white, a black with a white collar, and a grey with a yellow bill) the duck, the pheasant, the partridge Guinea-hens, ostriches; but these are not to be found in great quantities. Falcons, vultures of different kinds, the crane, the wild peacock, turtle-doves, and the cuckoo. Sparrows I have never seen. The kwicken-dreff and kwikstaart are also known in Europe, but I know not their English names; the honey bird,—unknown in Europe; the gangani, (by the colonists called Hadada) the golouisi, (by the colonists called Loeri) the inngwinngwe, (by the colonists called Suikerbekje) the pekwe, the segizi, the heem.—It would be tiresome to read their description: they are all beautifully coloured; the last, I think, is mentioned by Van Rhener, and called Hemoe. The attachment which this bird shews to mankind, when tamed, is remarkable. One of them which we kept, and which flew freely about, always followed me whenever I walked out. There are many other birds, of which I do not know the Caffre names.

INSECTS, &c.

Two kinds of spiders attracted my attention. The one being very large, and the other smaller, having on its back a hard and very broad shell, like white enamel. There is a very large sort of scolopendra, large snails, and multitudes of scorpions, the bite of which is said to be mortal: that a wound made by a sting in its tail is not so, I have experienced more than once. There are also, a variety of butterflies, and the mantis. This animal appears to have been held in some reverence, as its name seems to import. The Hottentots consider it almost as a deity, and offer their prayers to it, begging that it may not destroy them; and the Caffres call it Oumtoani-zoulou; that is, Child of Heaven. There is also a variety of locusts, and a vast quantity of wild honey. Phimpi, Khaendi, Naamba, Nous-sou, Chamba, and Inthango, are different sorts of serpents. The first, I think, is the Cobra-capello of the colony; the second, a greenish water-snake; the third, a large grey serpent of the woods; the fourth, a yellow coloured one; the fifth and sixth are vipers; the former is the large pofadder; the latter is the viper of the mountains.

Caffraria produces many sorts of ants; some of them build their nests above the ground, of clay, of an hemispherical form, the radius of which is from one to three feet; another sort build houses of a conical shape, being very acute at the top.

I have seen multitudes of fish in several rivers, but I do not know of what kind they were: the only fish I have eaten is the eel.

ANCIENT

Ancient Manners and Amusements.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Oh! Gentlemen, Gentlemen, I am almost out of breath with eagerness to tell you something, that makes for *my system*. I dare say you know enough of the nature of *systematising*, to understand the pleasure of discovering any unexpected support of one's own doctrines. Being mightily of opinion, that, notwithstanding all the good things said of these bad days, we are not inferior to our ancestors in morals, manners, taste, or condition, I have now and then sent you some little documents to justify it, as far, at least, as respects taste; and, looking this morning over the Burleigh collection of State-Papers, I find such a memorial relative to *manners*, as must tell pretty pointedly upon that subject too. The Lord Admiral, Seymour, was suspected, you know, of having entertained, among other ambitious schemes, the design of marrying the Princess Elizabeth; and the interrogatories, directed by the Council, produced some proof of such an intention. The following confession shews with what degree of *delicacy* this Nobleman, during the life of his wife, the Dowager of Henry VIII. conducted himself to our favourite and renowned Elizabeth, when a Princess.

"The confession of Kateryn Ascnyly.

"What familiaritie she hath knowen betwixt the Lord Admirall and the Lady Elizabeth's Grace.

"She saith at Chelsy, incontinent after he was maried to the Queene, he wold come many mornyngs into the said Lady Elizabeth's chamber, before she were redy, and sometyme before she did rise. And if she were up, he wold bid hir good morrow, and ax how she did, and strike hir upon the bak, or on the —— famylearly, and so go forth through his lodgings; and sometime go through to the Maydens, and play with them, and so forth; and if she were in hir bed, he wold put open the curteyns, and make as though he wold come at hir; and she wold go further in the bed, so that he could not come at hir.

"And one morning he strave to have kissed hir, in hir bed; and this examinate was there and bad hym to go away for shame. She knoweth not whither this were at Chelsy, or Hanworth.

"At Hanworth, he wold likewise come in the mornyng unto hir Grace; but, as she remembreth, at all tymes she was up before, savyng two mornyngs, the which two mornyngs the Queene came with hym; and this examinate lay with hir Grace; and ther thei tytled (tickled) my Lady Elizabeth in the bed, the Queene and my Lord Admirall.

"An other tyme at Hanworth, in the garden, he wrated with hir, and cut hir gown in an hundred pieces; and when she came up, this examinate chid him; and hir Grace answerid, she could no do with all, for the Queene held hir, while the Lord Admirall cut it.

"An other tyme, at Chelsy, the Lady Elizabeth heryng the pryvie lock undo, knowyng that he wold come in, ran out of hir bed to hir maydens, and then went behynd the curteyn of the bed, the maydens beyng ther; and my Lord tarried to have hir com out, she can not till how long. This examinate hard of the gentlewoman. She thinks Mrs. Power told it hir. And then

then in the galery this examinate told my Lord, that thes things were complayned of, and that my Lady was evill spoken of: The Lord Admirall swore he wold tell my Lord Protector how yt slanderid him, and he wold not leave it, for he meant ne evill.

"At Seymor-place, when the Queene lay ther, he did use a while to come up every mornyng in his nyght-gown, barelegged in his slippers, where he found commonly the Lady Elizabeth up at hir boke; and then he wold loke in at the galery dore, and bid my Lady Elizabeth good morrow, and so go his way. Then this examinate told my Lord, it was an unsemly sight to come so bare-leggid to a mayden's chamber; with which he was angry, but he left it.

"At Hanworth, the Queene told this examinate that my Lord Admirall loked in at the galery wyndow, and se my Lady Elizabeth cast hir armes about a man's neck. The whych heryng, this examinate enqyred for it of my Lady's Grace, who denyed it weeping, and bad ax all her women; thei all denyed it, and she knew it could not be so, for ther came no man, but Gryndall*, the Lady Elizabeth's scholemaster. Howbeit, thereby this examinate did suspect, that the Queene was gelows betwixt them, and did but feyne this, to thentent, that this examinate should take more heed, and be as it were in watche betwixt hir and my Lord Admirall.

"KATERYN ASCHYLY."

Give me leave to add to this curious and authentic document, the following extract of a letter from Charles the Second to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, dated Whitehall, February 9, 1669:—

"I am very glad to hear, that your indisposition of health is turned into a great belly; I hope you will have better lucke with it than the Duchesse here had, who was brought to bed Monday last of a girle; one part I wish you to have, which is that you have as easy a labour, for she dispatched her business in little more than an houer. I am afraid your shape is not so easily made for that convenience, as her's is: however, a boy will recompence *two grunts more*, and so good night."

Dalrymple, from whom I have copied this, prints some letters from Charles, which are still coarser, but, perhaps, I have already extracted too much. Your's,

April 20, 1802. JAM-NUNC.

* Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, by translation from York.

A NEW TAKE-IN AT THE LATE COCKERMOUTH FAIR.

THIS Fair was distinguished by a species of fraud which does not often occur; and which, one would suppose, could not happen more than once in a century.—A man, who had stationed himself near the Goat, (between Derwent Bridge and the road that leads to Papcastle) purchased from sundry people to the amount of fifteen head of cattle, *on their way to the fair*. He ordered them to be driven to a certain yard in the town where he had a person to receive them.—One particular hour was also appointed for the different sellers to meet him, to receive *payment*; but probably, long before that hour, the person who performed the part of *dealer*, had made his exit; and his associate, who had first appeared in the character of *herdsman*, had sold the cattle, openly in the fair, for *ready money*,—and had also retired.

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It is also said, that a *transfer* of *live stock* was also made, in another way, without the consent (or knowledge) of the one party; by the sale of three cows, which had not been intended for the market, but which had been taken out of a field and cow-house adjoining the town.—Whether this was another instance of the abilities of the two *strangers*, is not known.

LAW REPORTS.

A SAND-CRACKED HORSE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, MAY 17.

CLARK, ESQ. *v.* JACKSON.

THIS action was brought by Mr. Clark, Chamberlain of London, against Mr. Jackson, a horse-dealer, near Portland-place, for having sold him, as sound, for 126*l.* a pair of coach horses, one of which had a sand-crack. Of the warranty there was no doubt; and the only question was, whether it had been fulfilled. It appeared, that the sale took place on the 6th of April, 1801. Some marks of disease were then pointed out on the horse's hoof, but the defendant said, that if they produced any unpleasant consequences, he would take him back. The horse went tolerably well for nearly two months, but at the end of that time he became lame; never, however, so bad as not to be able to do his work. The defendant offered to take him back, upon condition of receiving a guinea and a half a week for the time the plaintiff had used him. This offer was refused, and Mr. Chamberlain Clark waited till the horse should be so bad that he might clearly maintain an action. Accordingly, about Christmas, the sand-crack burst, and this action was brought.

For the defendant it was proved, that the horse was sound immediately before the sale; that some weeks after the sale Mr. Clark was in treaty to sell him to another person, and that he is now much better. Great stress was laid upon the length of time that had been allowed to elapse before the action was brought, and upon the circumstance of the horse having never been returned.

Lord Ellenborough said, that when a man found a warranty of this nature violated, he had two courses to take; he might either return the horse, and rescind the contract, or keep the horse, and recover damages for the loss and inconvenience he had sustained. If a gentleman bought a horse to go upon an urgent journey, it could not be said that he must either return him or submit to go without any compensation, if the horse should not be found to answer the description of the vender. —Verdict for plaintiff—Damages, Forty Pounds.

INFRINGEMENT OF THE GAME LAWS.

LEE *v.* CLARKE.—MAY 21.

THIS was an action to recover the penalty on an infringement of the game laws. A verdict was entered for the plaintiff. The case came before the Court on a writ of error from the Common Pleas. The error assigned, was on the second count of the declaration, which did not conclude with the usual terms, "contrary to the form of the statute." The Court were of opinion, the informality alluded to was fatal to the action,

and therefore ordered the judgment to be reversed.—Judgment for the defendant.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FRIDAY, JUNE 4.

BROWNE *v.* ALLEN *and* OLIVER, For an Assault.

THE assault complained of in this case was committed on the road between Carshalton and London. Some time ago the plaintiff, Mr. Browne, his wife, and Mrs. Field, going along on that road in a chaise, they were passed by Mr. Allen and Mr. Oliver, on horseback, when one of them made an observation in their hearing respecting the person of Mrs. Browne, to which was added some indelicate language, not fit to be publicly repeated. Mr. Browne said they were impertinent fellows, or something to that effect; upon which Mr. Allen turned back and asked him what he said. Mr. Browne replied he had forgot. Allen insisted upon knowing, which at last ended in a scuffle. Allen struck Mr. Browne first, but in the contest he got much the worst of it, for Browne gave him a couple of black eyes. Oliver then said he was Browne's man, and offered to fight him, but Browne declined.

Mr. Gibbs, for the defendants, insisted that the provocation arose from the impertinence of the plaintiff, Browne, who had no ground of offence, for the only thing said by the defendant, as they heard was, merely that Mrs. Browne was a fine woman. This, he insisted, was no reasonable cause of offence to Mr. Browne, or if it was, it was spoken by a Mr. Worley, one of their company, and not by either of the present defendants. He insisted also that Mr. Allen had the greatest cause of complaint, inasmuch as he had got the most of the beating.

Lord Ellenborough said, he rather expected that Mr. Gibbs meant to call evidence to shew that the words were not such as had been stated. His Lordship, however, gave it as his opinion, that persons going along, whether gravely in the course of their business, or decently in pursuit of their pleasure, ought not to have their feelings insulted by observations made upon them within their hearing. If the words were only such as had been represented by the defendant, namely, that "Mrs. Browne was a fine woman," and not as represented by the other side, as alluding to a "secret intercourse," yet they were such as ought not to have been impertinently said in the hearing of a husband. But whether Allen spoke them or not, was not material, inasmuch as he, being the person to demand an explanation of the observation they provoked from the plaintiff, adopted them, and embodied them in his subsequent conduct. Neither did he think it was any argument in favour of Allen that he got the worst of the contest; if he had provoked it, the other did right to make the best use of the strength which nature had bestowed upon him in repelling an assault attempted upon his person. —Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages One Hundred Pounds.

[The Mr. Allen mentioned as the defendant in the above action, is Robert Allen, Esq. of Whitechapel, brewer, familiarly called *Bob Allen*, and at one time celebrated for driving a very high phaeton with four horses in hand. He was one of the first amateurs that disregarded uniformity of colour in carriage

riage horses, and following the adage, that "a good horse could not be of a bad colour," chose them for their *quality* in preference to *colour*. We very much lament that he should have been so thrown off his guard as to subject himself to this action and its consequences, as in general, a better tempered, or more gentlemanly character, than Mr. Allen, is not to be met with.]

SHERIFF'S COURT, MIDDLESEX.

WILSON *v.* THOMAS.

An investigation lately took place, to assess damages in an action brought by the plaintiff, a labourer in the neighbourhood of Ealing, Middlesex, against the defendant, an opulent farmer, residing upon the same spot, in consequence of his dog having torn and lacerated the infant child of the plaintiff.—The defendant had been frequently warned of the viciousness of the animal, in order to getting him tied, lest he should hurt some one who might accidentally come in his way. The farmer paid no attention to this admonition, and the above injury ensued. The upper part of the child's arm was so dreadfully torn, that, at first, it was imagined she would lose the use of it; by the skill and attention, however, of a surgeon who was employed, the wounds were healed, and the arm was gradually recovering strength and elasticity. —After hearing the whole of the case, the Jury awarded the plaintiff Twenty Pounds, besides the amount of the surgeon's bill.

POACHING.

At the late Norfolk Sessions, Mr. Marsh moved for judgment against Cocks, Mayes, French, and two others, who had been convicted of vagrancy, for having assembled, at different times, about last Christmas, in the woods and plantations of Colonel Wodehouse, for the purpose of destroying game. —Mr. Marsh moved, that they should be punished under the new act, of the fortieth year of the present King, an act made for the purpose of enacting severer penalties against persons found guilty of poaching.—The learned counsel dwelt for some time on the expediency of the act of parliament which had for its object the suppression of an offence, containing, within itself, the germ and principle of the worst delinquencies, of which the criminal law took cognizance. The Court, however, quashed the convictions for several defects and omissions, and the prisoners were discharged.

KINGSTON ASSIZES.—March 25.

JEUDWINE *v.* WRIGHT.

This was an action for a trespass.—The plaintiff is a gentleman of considerable fortune, the defendant a farmer. The plaintiff's counsel stated, that damages were not the object, but to punish the defendant for wilfully trespassing on his ground.—The facts of this case were, that from former disagreements the plaintiff and defendant had mutually served each other with notices not to trespass on their grounds; after these notices were served, the defendant, who was riding on a road, by the side of which was some uninclosed clover land belonging to the plaintiff, alighted from his horse, and plucked a small handful of clover, in order to smell it. This was the trespass complained of.

The defendant's counsel said, the action was shameful and disgraceful; but that, if they must give damages, a farthing was sufficient.

His Lordship being of opinion that this was a trespass, but that the smallest damages they could give would be sufficient, the Jury found for the plaintiff—damages, One Farthing.

LOVERS SPORTING.

KENT ASSIZES.—MAIDSTONE.

Before Sir Beaumont Hotham.

TURNER *v.* UMFERRIL.

THE counsel who opened this cause stated, that it was an action brought by the plaintiff, a young and respectable attorney, against the defendant, a stout athletic farmer, to recover damages for a most violent assault, committed in violation of the rights of hospitality, and without the slightest cause or provocation.

The defendant had invited the plaintiff to his house, in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, and upon some sudden trivial dispute, he struck him, presenting a loaded pistol to his breast, to terrify him; turned him out of doors at a very late hour of the night, beat him unmercifully, threw him down, and wantonly rubbed him in the wet.

Miss James, a young lady about eighteen years of age, and sister-in-law to the defendant, was called to prove these facts on behalf of the plaintiff; and from her evidence, after she had been cross-examined, the case, which had been stated as of so serious a nature, resolved itself into this—she had been upon a visit to the plaintiff's father in London, and was so pleased with her treatment, and the attention of the plaintiff, who was about the age of twenty-one, that she, in return, invited him down to her brother's. The young lady shewed an extreme partiality for the young lawyer, and they were never happy but in each other's company.—They were accustomed to amuse themselves by walking in the groves of Greenwich park; and, upon a certain evening, after having been a long time missed, they were found enjoying a *téte-a-téte* in one of the vaults of Sir Gregory Page Turner's decayed mansion. Another source of amusement was reading novels to each other; and upon the evening the supposed assault was committed, the defendant was preparing to go round his grounds with a pistol in his hand, as was his custom, when he heard the plaintiff in his sister's bed-chamber, reading a novel. He immediately exclaimed to his wife, "What's that girl and boy about in the bedroom—they shan't be there." In order to be sure of it, he ordered that Miss should sleep in the same room with his sister that night; and he would take care to keep the young lawyer from her. This determination so affronted the plaintiff that he resolved upon leaving the house that instant. He went out, and Miss James followed him, insisting upon seeing him safe over the heath to some other house. She clung round and resisted every attempt of the farmer to get her away. The assault consisted in nothing more than the struggle, which was the consequence of her laying tight hold of the plaintiff; no blow was struck whatever; on the contrary, the defendant wished the plaintiff to come back, and sleep at his house that night.

The Surgeon was called to prove that the plaintiff had been seized with a cold and fever, and had paid him Twenty Pounds. He however admitted,

admitted, that passing an hour or two in a damp vault was as likely as any other cause to produce such a disorder.

The counsel insisted the attempt to pull the young lady from the plaintiff by force, was an assault which entitled him to a verdict.

The Judge thought the contrary, and that the defendant had acted like a prudent man. He even intimated that he would not have perhaps far exceeded his authority if he had given the plaintiff a gentle horse-whipping, and had locked the young lady up for a week, upon an allowance of bread and water. Under his Lordship's direction, the jury found a verdict for the defendant.

PART OF A COFFEE-HOUSE CONVERSATION,

About fifty years ago, overheard by an *Old Quiz*.

"THE devil!—yes—by G—yes, d— my heart if it is not—*(here a long whisper)*—Well, I did not think that of him—O Sir, a sad son of a b—h—he had five thousand pounds with that girl—The devil!—yes—Well, was you at Mother *Seaton's* last night——Not I, d—n such a parcel of *nobodys*—Faith, there was high *humbug* there last week—I have got a d—ble cl—p—*(quite loud)*—Do you see that innocent looking son of a whore at the other end of the room?—Who is he?—Just come out of the counting-house for a bottle of claret—Smoke the fellow writing behind you—*(looking over my shoulder)*—Short-hand, by G—d, a presbyterian parson, or an anabaptist, by G—d—*(a loud interjection, and a horse laugh.)*—Spill a dish of coffee over him, and beg his pardon.—*(Another laugh continued, with a deal of satisfaction).*"—Here, Sir, being under some apprehensions of the imputation of impertinence, and having no inclination to appear conspicuous in a public coffee-house, I marched up to the bar, paid for my coffee, left my two gentlemen in *high glee*, at their having *hummed* the old dog out of his *sermon*, as they imagined, in this elegant discourse of theirs.

HISTORY OF ANIMALS PECULIAR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

(Continued from page 101.)

THE PUPPY.

THE Puppy is an animal often mentioned, often seen, often complained of, but, never as far as I know, accurately described. As the word puppy is not to be found in Linnæus, it may be necessary to attempt a definition. Puppy then is derived from the French *pou-pee*, which means either a whelp, or one of those pasteboard figures, which we see in the shops of fashionable hair-dressers to exhibit their skill. It originally signified the whelp of a female dog, and at that time was known rather in kennels than in families, but it is now understood as a species of human beings, differing from the rest of mankind in this respect, that in them there is something internal, as well as external to be looked at or expected; whereas, with the puppies, all is outside. When, therefore, we speak of the head of a puppy, we are not speaking of that which contains the brain or intellect, but of a round empty knob, which has no other pre-eminence but that of being accidentally

cidentally placed at the upper extremity of the body.

Puppies (from the above derivation of their name) came from France, but though puppies were originally the growth of that country, they may be cultivated with success in almost any, and it is pretty certain that they have been made to thrive with as much success in London as at Paris.

In the account of this animal, I must correct myself so far as to guard against the term cultivation, strictly speaking, applicable not to them; on the contrary, they never flourish so well, as when left to themselves, and kept free of all cultivation. Those who have attempted cultivation, have either failed, or have produced an animal of a quite different species. Cultivation and education are almost synonimous terms, and therefore equally improper in this case.

At what time they were imported into this country, it is not easy to say; they have been mentioned by writers for nearly two centuries, but it is principally within the last that they have become domesticated, and that no place has been found entirely free of them. In the metropolis, the best specimens are to be seen, and next to that in the principal cities, and in some towns on the sea coast, such as Brighthelmstone, Margate, &c. but in the latter, they are principally in the summer, and it is only within these thirty years that they have frequented those places at all.

The metropolis, notwithstanding, is the chief haunt of the species, and no public place is free from them. The theatres, opera, concerts, and riding-schools, the parks, and the most frequented streets, particularly between Charing-Cross and Hyde-Park Corner, often swarm with them.

It was a long time supposed, that they were of the monkey kind. In respect to chattering, they certainly resemble that animal. Their language is pronounced with the same kind of confused noise, and what they say is equally sensible. They have also all the mischievous tricks of monkies, and somewhat of their knack of imitating common actors, or taking off certain peculiarities; but, in other respects, they totally differ from the monkey, who is a far more faithful and affectionate animal, and fulfils the end of its creation more punctually, than the puppy. Veracity, in matters of natural history, is of great importance, and, therefore, we have introduced this short comparison between the two animals. It is our present business to do justice to puppies, but it must not be at the expence of monkies.

We have already hinted, that the puppy is an animal entirely *outside*. Strip him of that, and you have a mere non-entity, or what we may term, the personification of *nobody*. It is in their skin, or outer covering, that they pride themselves, and by which they are principally known. On this account, also, it is that they are so much encouraged by various descriptions of artisans, particularly tailors and barbers, who have acquired such a perfect knowledge of the genius of the animal, that they can alter its shape at pleasure, and do sometimes for the entertainment of the public, produce such extraordinary transformations as have been thought worthy of representation on the stage, and these are often exhibited by artists in the print-shops.

It is common with natural historians to enquire into the use of the

the animals they describe, but this is a question, which, in the case of puppies, would be attended with some difficulty, and no author has seriously made the attempt. In truth, the more we consider them, the more useless they appear. A great part of their time is consumed in sleep, or at least in bed, where they are to be found at the time when the rest of the world have completed half the business of the day. Justice, however, requires me to add, what indeed I have slightly hinted at already, viz. that they occasion a considerable consumption of broad cloth and leather, particularly in the article of boots; but, on the other hand, they have occasioned a diminution in the demand for shoes and stockings, none of these articles having for many years been considered as belonging to the Puppy tribe.

With regard to the propagation of this animal, there are many difficulties and uncertainties. That they are capable of propagating their own species, has been doubted, and, indeed, they seldom marry; but, on the other hand, they are said themselves to be the produce of a cross-breed, composed of a fool and a fine lady! These produce puppies in abundance, and take such care in rearing them, that they are quite perfect in their kind, by the time they have reached their fifteenth or sixteenth year; after which, their parents send them into the world to provide for themselves, and seldom take much care about them afterwards. They are not a very long-lived animal; they are generally worn out after they have been upon the town a few years, and very many of them, when they have arrived at the age of twenty-one, are caught by persons appointed for the purpose, and locked up in cages, of which there are several in and about the metropolis, particularly in the Old Bailey and Fleet-market, and a very large one in St. George's Fields.

Some of them are not absolutely disagreeable, and many persons, especially ladies, are particularly fond of them; preferring them to parrots, or monkies. Indeed they are in some respects more docile than these animals, and perform a greater number of droll and diverting tricks. Some of them cannot only call a coach, but hand the company into it, and pay for it afterwards. Some of them can very cleverly defray the expence of a tavern-bill, and will present tickets for an opera, or a concert, like a human being. Some likewise have been taught various games, although it must be confessed they play their cards but indifferently: yet if they pull out their money readily and gracefully, it affords amusement to their antagonists. Others of them ride on horseback very expertly, and acquire a knowledge of the business of the stable, equal to that of the most rational grooms and jockies.

When to this is added, the chattering noise they make in talking, and the various actions which they are taught to mimic, it may be supposed that in general they would be preferred to monkies or parrots; but, there are many reasons why this should not be the case, and the principal reason is, that the expence of keeping them is enormous.

J. J. B.

History of Ancient and Modern Coursing.

From Rural Sports.
By W. B. DANIEL.

[Continued from page 99.]

COURSING has apparently lost nothing of its value in the eye of the Sportsman, however it may have suffered in the splendour which accompanied it when honoured with the royal presence in former ages. It is an amusement much in vogue at the present period, and of the meetings held for the express purpose of enjoying this diversion, some account will now be given. Among the first, both in point of time and numbers, and which will be more minutely mentioned, was the Society established in the year 1776, at Swaffham, in Norfolk, by the late Earl of Orford. The number of Members is confined to the number of letters in the alphabet, and each member's dogs are named with the initial letter he bears in the club. When a member dies, or wishes to retire, his place is, by the rules of the society, always filled up by ballot. Upon the decease of their worthy founder, the members of the club agreed to purchase a silver cup, of the value of twenty-five guineas, to be run for annually; and it was at first intended to pass the cup, like the whip at Newmarket; but it was afterwards agreed, that a new cup should be purchased by the society, and ran for in November every year, conceiving that such an alteration would best diffuse that respect they were anxious to shew to the memory of their founder, by gracing the sideboard of the different winners in various parts of the kingdom.

Rules of the Swaffham Coursing Society, to be observed at the Meetings.

1. Every Member to pay annually, in November, One Guinea to the treasurer, to defray the expences of the society; and Half-a-Guinea in February, as a fund for purchasing the Cup to be run for in November following.

2. If any member absents himself for two Meetings, without sending what shall be judged a sufficient excuse, by a majority of not less than thirteen members, he shall be deemed out of the society, and another chosen in his place.

3. Every vacancy to be filled up by ballot, and three black balls to exclude. Thirteen members to make a ballot; the names of the candidates must be hung up in the dining-room, three days preceding.

4. No stranger to be admitted into the society's room, unless introduced by a member, who is to put down the stranger's name, on a paper, which is every day to be hung up in the dining-room; and no member to introduce above one friend.

5. Every member who attends a meeting, shall produce and match one greyhound, or forfeit one guinea to the treasurer, to be disposed of as a majority of this society shall think proper.

6. Two stewards are to be named each night for the succeeding day, by the stewards of the day.

7. The stewards are to appoint each an assistant member in the field, to regulate the number of beaters, situation of the company and servants, to determine what part of the field to beat, and to preside

preside at dinner. Each steward and his assistant is to wear a cockade of his own colour.

8. The owners of the dogs matched, are to nominate one or more judges, who are to decide all courses, whether long or short; provided there be an evident superiority in favour of one of the dogs.

9. Any member may put up to auction the dog of a member, who (notice being given) must be present, and has the liberty of bidding once.

10. All future meetings to be held on the second Monday in November, and on on the first Monday in February, unless prevented by frost or snow, in which case all matches made previous to such meetings are off; and the meetings shall be held the first open Monday in or after November, and the first open Monday in February, and not later.

The Marchioness Townshend—Lady Patroness,
The Countess Cholmondely—Vice Patroness,
Mrs. Coke—Assistant Vice-Patroness, and
The Earl of Montrath—Honorary Member—have the liberty to use any Letter or Colour.

In the year, 1793, the Members, Letters, and Colours, belonging to each were as follow:

A. Mr. Colhoun	Red, Blue, and White.
B. Mr. Holt	Brimstone.
C. Mr. Coppin	Yellow.
D. Mr. Pottinger	White.
E. Marquis Townshend	Blue and White.
F. Earl Cholmondely	Pink.
G. Mr. Whittington	Black, Red, and White.
H.	White and Purple, vacant.
J. Mr. Dashwood	Pea Green.
J. Mr. Micklethwaite	Red and White.
K. Mr. Nelthorpe	Rose.
L. Mr. Motteux	Green and White.
M. Mr. James Parson	White and Black.
N. Mr. Denton	Sky Blue.
O. Mr. Wilson	Lilac.
P. Sir John Sebright	Garter Blue.
Q. Mr. Hammond	Quaker.
R. Mr. Hare	Red.
S. Mr. Crowe	Orange.
T. Mr. Tyssen	Pompadour.
U. Sir Samuel Fludyer	Aurora.
V. Sir John Berney	Brown and Red.
W. Mr. Woodley	White and Crimson.
X. Mr. Cooper	Yellow and Green.
Y. Mr. James, Jun.	Orange and Black.
Z. Mr. Forby	Red and Blue.

The rules of the Wiltshire coursing, as far as relate to the greyhounds in the field, are, that the dog that has the most of the course is the winner, whether he is the dog that kills the hare or not; and that if a dog stops in any part of the course, and does not run home, it is always decided against him. The dogs are now loosed from slips of a better construction than those formerly in use, so that it is impossible for either dog to have the least advantage given him at starting.

With respect to the swiftness of the greyhound, the following questions were submitted to a gentleman whose greyhounds are known to be as swift as any in the kingdom. Whether the speed of a greyhound is equal to that of a first-rate race-horse for the distance of a mile, or for a greater or smaller distance? and, whether the speed of any hare (supposing the dog and hare to be started without the law usually allowed to the hare in coursing) is equal to that of the greyhound; and to what distance within that of a mile, the hare could exert that superiority of speed, supposing the hare to be the swiftest animal of the two? His opinion was, that upon a flat, a first-rate horse would be superior to the greyhound, but in a hilly country, as in Wiltshire, a good greyhound would have the advantage: on the second point, that although he had seen many hares go away from greyhounds laid *close* in with them, *without a turn*, yet he believes a capital greyhound (so laid in) would not suffer a hare to run from him without turning her. An incident, however, occurred in December, 1800, which brought the speed of the greyhound and race-horse into competition A match was to have been run over Doncaster course for One Hundred Guineas, but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone to make good the bet, and after having gone the distance of *about* a mile, a greyhound bitch started from the side of the course, and ran her the other three miles, keeping nearly head to head, which produced a singular race, and when they arrived at the distance post, five to four was betted on the greyhound; when they came to the stand it was even betting. The mare won by about a head.

In February, 1800, a brace of greyhounds in Lincolnshire, ran a hare a distance, measuring, strait from her seat to where killed, upwards of four miles, in twelve minutes; during the course there was a great number of turns, which very considerably increased the space gone over; the hare ran herself dead before the greyhounds touched her; this extensive course, in so short a time, is a strong proof of the strength and swiftness of the hare. Horses have been as much distressed in keeping up for their riders to see a course, as in much longer chases with hounds. The compiler recollects a hare being found close to the town of Bottisham, in Cambridgeshire, and which took away for the Six Mile Bottom, twenty-two horses started, but only one could make a gallop at the conclusion of the course; the hare (who was within fifty paces of the cover) was dead some yards before the greyhounds, who were obliged to be bled to recover them.

The remark made during his troubles, by the unfortunate Charles I. upon the greyhound's affability, was just as applied to the animal, and a keen satire upon those that surrounded him; a discourse arose respecting what sort of dogs deserved

served pre-eminence, and every one allowed it to belong to the spaniel or the greyhound. The Monarch gave his opinion in the greyhound's behalf, because (said he) it has all the good nature of the spaniel, without the *fawning*.

The high spirit and courage of the greyhound has frequently shewn itself in extraordinary exertions. In November, 1792, Lord Egremont's gamekeeper was leading a brace of greyhounds coupled together; a hare crossed the road, and the dogs instantly broke from their conductor, and gave chase, fastened as they were to each other; the pursuit afforded an uncommon, and no less entertaining sight to several spectators. When the hare was turned she had a manifest advantage, and embarrassed the dogs to change their direction; notwithstanding, she was at length killed at Pikeless Gate, after a course of between three and four miles. In October, 1796, a similar occurrence took place in Scotland, where a brace of greyhounds, coupled, coursed a hare a mile and killed her.

The uncommon ardour and velocity of greyhounds have often occasioned their destruction. An instance happened many years since to a famous dog of the Rev. Mr. Corsellis, who chanced to be wind-bound at Dover. A hare in the neighbourhood had beat all her pursuers until this attack, when the dog was so superior to her in speed, and pressed her so close, that she ran for the Cliff as her only chance of escaping; but the greyhound threw at, and caught her at the brink, and went with the hare in his mouth to the bottom of the precipice, where they were both literally dashed to atoms.

In 1797, a brace of greyhounds belonging to Mr. N. Tourd's, coursed a hare over the edge of a chalk-pit, at Offham, Sussex, both hare and dogs were found dead at the bottom.

In December, 1794, a company of gentlemen were coursing at Finchingfield, in Essex, a hare was started, and a brace of greyhounds in running at her, ran against each other, and were both killed on the spot.

(*To be continued.*)

Careless Driver, and the Poney killed.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, June 14.

ORDE *v.* BEAUFOY.

THE plaintiff in this case was a butcher, residing in the Borough, and the defendant the master of a Kingston waggon. The action was brought to recover the value of a poney, which was run over by the negligence of the defendant's servant in driving his master's waggon through the Borough on the 3d of April last.

The account given of this transaction by four witnesses on the part of the plaintiff, was as follows:—That on the 3d of April, the poney was standing at Mr. Orde's door, waiting for the apprentice to fetch out a load of meat, which the horse and boy was accustomed to carry round to the plaintiff's customers. He was standing close to the curb, with his head towards St. Margaret's Hill, and the waggon came the opposite way. The waggon wheels were in the kennel, the fore-wheel knocked the poney down, and immediately the hind-wheel went over his foot, and crushed it so badly that his throat was obliged to be immediately cut. All the witnesses agreed in saying, that they did not see the waggoner

his horses, but that he came up during the bustle occasioned by the accident.

On behalf of the defendant, Nicholls, the waggoner, was called. He said that he was with his waggon during the time of the accident; that he was walking near the head of the second horse, which he conceived was his proper station to have a due command both of the shaft-horse and the leader. He drove off a little to make way for the poney, which he saw standing there, and when he saw his horses and shafts clear of him, he of course concluded all to be safe, and turned his attention forwards. He was sure he left plenty of room, and the accident must have happened by the poney's starting.

John Davis, another witness, said he saw the accident; and that it happened by the poney's turning round, as if to go to his stable, after the fore wheel had passed him; but there not being room, he put his foot out, which the hind wheel passed over, and it was torn from his leg.

Mr. Erskine, in reply for the plaintiff said, before the Jury could believe this evidence, they must say, that all his four witnesses were perjured; because they spoke to facts, in which they could not be mistaken.

Lord Ellenborough observed, the evidence was contradictory, and that it was the province of the Jury to decide between them. He then observed, that if the accident arose from any negligence in the manner of the defendant's servant driving his master's waggon, then, undoubtedly, the defendant would be liable; but if he had conducted himself with all due care, it was what the law called *damnum absque injuria*, then he would not.—Verdict for plaintiff, —damages, Fifteen Guineas.

During the morning, the audience in the hall was very noisy, and interrupted the proceedings of the Court several times; at length the Chief Justice enquired, whose duty it was to keep silence, and being informed it was the Sheriff's, he immediately stopped the proceedings in the cause until the Under Sheriff made his appearance. His Lordship then informed him, that it was fit that they should be able to administer the justice of the country wishout interruption. "I understand, Sir," said he, "that it is your duty to see order be kept; I therefore fine you Five Pounds for your negligence; and, unless silence be hereafter observed, I shall have recurrence to the same means to enforce your attention to your duty.

A MARE BURNT FOR A WITCH.

SOME time ago, a woman, of one of the Scilly Islands (St. Martin's) having the misfortune to lose two or three sheep, through sickness or starvation, possessed herself with a notion that this calamity had fallen upon her through some supernatural agency, and that she and her sheep were bewitched. Determined to sift the affair, she took a passage to Penzance, to consult a genuine son of the Druids, who is content to sell his oracles, under the appellation of a conjuror. The wizard proceeded to work, and soon discovered, that the malignant spirit who had caused this mischief inhabited the frail body of an old mare, the property of the unfortunate woman, and who had long inhabited the same fields, and cropped the same herbage with the deceased sheep. He assured

assured her, that while this mare lived, nothing would prosper with her, but that if she burnt the mare to death, her future sheep and herself would live long and prosper. She returned home, assembled her neighbours, who, as credulous as herself, were ready to assist at this ceremony. The mare was tied to a stake, the straw and faggots placed about her, and, surrounded by a circle of ideots, was offered up a sacrifice to the genius of superstition! In plain English, they actually burnt the old mare to death.

A Man nearly killed with Kindness.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Being advised some time ago to go to the country for the benefit of my health, which had been impaired by too sedentary a course of life, I took the opportunity of paying a visit to a gentleman by whom I had frequently been invited. He is married to a relation of mine, and lives at a great distance from town, in rather a wild part of the country, where he keeps up the true stile of old British hospitality. I had not seen my cousin for several years, and I proposed to myself great comfort and satisfaction in our meeting. I was received, according to expectation, with great cordiality, by the good people, and had indeed no reason to complain of any thing but a most killing excess of kindness. Supposing that the keen air of their hills must impart an extraordinary appetite, a cow and sheep were ordered for immediate execution, to which were added a plentiful supply of game and poultry. On the first day of my arrival, my cousin, who is a notable housewife, made incessant apologies for the indifference of her dinner, though the fare was both various and good, and sufficiently abundant to have served a family in town for three or four days. But, for the supposed deficiency in quality, she was determined to make me ample amends in quantity, and though my first allowance was more than sufficient for an appetite better than mine, I had hardly got down two mouthfuls, before it was doubled by her friendly assiduity. To ask for any thing, was out of the question, all my wants were anticipated by her vigilance. If I happened to look about, in order to gain a little respite from her attack, it was construed into a wish for something, and the butler was ordered to give me a tumbler of strong beer, or a bumper of Madeira. Though, in compliance with her urgency, I ate in truth much more than was either necessary or agreeable, she was incessantly deploring my want of appetite, with a hope, however, that the better fare of to-morrow, might be more agreeable to my palate. It was in vain to protest, that I wished to eat my meat and vegetables very plain, my plate was deluged with sauce and melted butter, in spite of every remonstrance. I was, indeed, precisely in the unfortunate predicament of a crammed turkey, obliged to swallow victuals, not to gratify myself, but my feeder. The direction of eating being the lady's province, I suffered little molestation during dinner from the man of the house, and felt extremely happy when her reign was over, and the cloth removed. I shall now, thought I, enjoy some comfort, provided I escape the danger of surfeit or indigestion; but, alas! I reckoned without

without my host, whose turn was now come on, with as desperate designs against my stomach. Half a dozen bumpers of port I swallowed without much compunction, as no bad antidote to my over-eating, and was getting up to take a walk for the benefit of air, agreeably to medical advice, when my friend stepping towards the door, with a look of surprise, insisted on my sitting down. I asked pardon for retiring so soon, and pleaded the privilege of an invalid. My friend declared, that nothing was so unwholesome as walking after dinner, a thing he had carefully avoided all his life, and that two or three bottles of good wine, were worth all the Materia Medica. In short, I was obliged to remain with him and another country gentleman, who perfectly coincided in his art of preserving health, until the annunciation of supper at eleven o'clock, called us into another room, not very meet guests for female society. My cousin had employed the interval in providing a supper more nice, and little less plentiful, than the dinner, at which I sat, under a similar course of importunity, till I eat myself sober. To this again succeeded the bottle, and the clock struck one before I was permitted to think of repose. The officious good nature of my friends pursued me even to my chamber. The warming pan was directed for my bed, a strong bowl of whey was ordered as a sleeping dose, and my cousin insisted on cherishing my head with the comforts of a thick flannel night-cap, to all of which, being now reduced to complete subordination, I submitted. You may suppose, that the purest air would fail to be restorative under such a course of living, and that nothing remained for me, but a speedy escape from my country physicians. Accordingly I pretended to have received some letters, that required my immediate return, and took leave of my friends the next day, with many thanks for their good entertainment, and much regret for my abrupt departure. On the road I could not help wondering how any persons can so egregiously err in their notions of hospitality, as to mistake teazing for kindness, and compulsion for comfort; or possibly suppose, that a man can be happy in a house, where he is not at liberty to follow his own inclination. I am, Sir, &c. OPPIDAN.

EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY TO EDINBURGH.

AT a time when so many equestrian fatigues are gone through, merely to shew the vigour of the riders, or to win a bet, it may, perhaps, be not unwelcome to our readers to lay before them the following account of a far more extraordinary performance than any of these times, undertaken by a person of rank for a very serious purpose.

In March, 1602, when Queen Elizabeth was evidently near her death, Sir Robert Cary, who from his employment on the borders had become known to James, sent him private intelligence of her condition, with an assurance, that he would be the first to bring him the news of her death. On the morning of her decease, great care was used by the lords of the council to prevent any anticipation of their own message to James, and Sir Robert appears to have been particularly suspected of intending it, for when, in consequence of positive information of her having expired, he went to the gate of the palace at Richmond, he was told by the Comptroller that she was

pretty

pretty well, and invited in with an assurance that he should go out again when he pleased. We now take up the story in his own words.

" Upon his word I entered the gate, and came up to the Cofferer's chamber, where I found all the ladies weeping bitterly. He led me from thence to the privy chamber, where all the council was assembled; there I was caught hold of and assured, that I should not go for Scotland till their pleasures were farther known. I told them I came of purpose for that end. From thence they all went to the Secretaryes chamber, and as they went they gave a special command to the porters, that none should go out of the gates but such servants as they should send to prepare their coaches and horses for London. There was I left in the middest of the court to think my owne thoughtes 'till they had done counsaile. I went to my brother's chamber, who was in bed, having been overwatched many nightes before. I gott him up with all speed, and when the council's men were going out of the gate, my brother thrust to the gate. The porter, knowing him to be a great officer, let him out. I pressed after him, and was stayed by the porter. My brother said angrily to the porter, " Let him out, I will answer for him." Whereupon I was suffered to passe, which I was not a little glad o'.

" I gott to-horse, and rode to the Knight Marshall's lodging, by Charing-Crosse, and there stayed till the lords came to Whitehall garden. I staid there 'till it was nine a clocke in the morning, and hearing that all the lords were in the old orchard at Whitehall, I sent the Marshall to tell them that I had staide all that while to know their pleasures, and that I would attend them, if they would command me any service. They were very glad when they heard I was not gone, and desired the Marshall to send for mee, and I should with all speed be dispatched for Scotland. The Marshall beleeved them, and sent Sir Arthur Savage for me. I made hast to them. One of the council (my Lord of Banbury that now is) whispered the Marshall in the eare, and told him, if I came they would stay me, and send some other in my stead. The Marshall gott from them, and mett mee coming to them between the two gates. Hee bade mee begone, for hee had learned for certaine, that if I came to them they would betray me.

" I retourned and tooke horse between nine and ten a clocke (on Thursday morning, March 24) and that night rode to Doncaster. The Fryday night I came to my own house at Witherington, and presently took order with my deputies to see the borders kept in quiet, which they had much to doe; and gave order the next morning the King of Scotland should be proclaimed King of England, and at *Morpit* (Morpeth) and Alnwick. Very early on Saturday I took horse for Edenborough, and came to Norham about twelve at noone, so that I might well have been with the King at supper time; but I gott a great fall by the way, and my horse with one of his heels gave mee a great blow on the head, that made mee shed much blood. It made me so weake, that I was forced to ride a soft pace after, so that the King was newly gone to bed by the time that I knocked at the gate (of Holyrood House, Saturday, March 26.) I was quickly lett in, and carried up to the King's chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. Hee gave mee his hand to kisse, and bade me welcome."

From

From the same authority, his own Memoirs, it appears that Sir Robert, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, was destined to do every thing speedily. In the year 1789 he says, "having given out some money (betted) to go on foot in twelve days to Berwick, I performed it that summer, which was worth to mee two thousand pounds, which bettered mee to live at Court a good while after."* In estimating both these performances we should consider the state of the roads at that period.

COURT MARTIAL,

Held at the Royal College of Chelsea, upon Lieutenant-General Harry Innes, Commandant of his Majesty's Chatham Division of Marines.

FIRST DAY—SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

THERE were two distinct charges exhibited. The first went to accuse the General of false musters; the next was, for discharging Serjeant William Penn, of the Chatham Division of Marines, from his Majesty's service, without the previous permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; at whose instance this prosecution was instituted, under the influence of what they conceived to be a public duty.

In support of the first charge, the proper officer who held the check book, the Adjutant of the Division, and others, were called, who proved that an error, either wilful or otherwise, appeared upon the face of the muster books, and that thereby some very small sums of money had been charged to the account of the public, which ought not to have been so charged. But, on the cross examination of these several persons, it did not appear that the defendant could derive any advantage therefrom, and that the accounts were merely presented to him, *pro forma*, as Commanding Officer, to sign them in the common course and hurry of business; and that it was usual and customary for officers of his rank and station, to depend for the accuracy of the musters, wholly upon those individuals, whose more immediate duty it was to ascertain that they were correct.

In support of the second charge, Serjeant Penn himself was called, who stated, that he was discharged from the service, as mentioned in the second charge. On his cross-examination, he said, it was by his own earnest wish he was so discharged, having served the King twenty-four years, wanting one month; and that he was desirous of returning to private life, and pursuing the line of business he was originally intended for: and, finally, that he gave neither fee or reward, directly or indirectly, to any person whatsoever, much less to General Innes, for his discharge.

The evidence, on the part of the prosecution being finished, the General addressed the Court, requesting time to be prepared with his defence, adding, that as he had lived unsullied, so he would die, he trusted, preserving his honour without reproach, and his innocence manifest to the world.

The Court was here ordered to be cleared, and after some time deliberating, the defendant was ordered in, and informed, that the Court would hear him in his defence on Tuesday.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY, *June 8.*

At eleven o'clock this day the Court assembled, and the General,

* Memoirs of Sir Robert Cary, first Earl of Monmouth, written by himself.

ral, from a written paper, read his defence; the purport whereof was, that he had served his Majesty, as a faithful Officer, forty-seven years; that if, during that long period, he had atchieved nothing of magnitude, or of splendour, yet he had executed every trust, and performed every duty committed to him, in all respects as became a British officer. He lamented, after such a service, that at his time of life, he should be brought to a Court-Martial, and that too upon the accusation of so infamous and noted a character as the person who lodged the information against him (he alluded to George Jewson), a man who eloped from the service with eight hundred pounds of the money of the Chatham Division of Marines in possession, with an intent of going to America with it, when he was prevented by being apprehended at Liverpool, just at the moment he was about to embark, tried for the offence, and sentenced to receive eight hundred lashes, and be drummed out of the service. He received five hundred and fifty lashes of his punishment, and the Lords of the Admiralty having interposed as to the remainder, he, the General, expressed a consent that the rest, except the ignominious part, might be dispensed with, and he was according drummed out of Chatham, and the three towns, with a halter about his neck.—'This was the man," said the General, "who suggested the information against me." And as to the first part of the charge, he denied all intention of wronging the public; and declared, as was stated by one of the witnesses, that he could not derive the smallest advantage by such conduct.

He further observed, in his defence to the second charge, that Serjeant William Penn was a most deserving Officer, had served nearly twenty-four years, was eminently serviceable in quelling the mutiny in the year 1797, and upon that occasion received a reward of sixty pounds from the gentlemen at Lloyd's, and the approbation of the Admiralty. He concluded an animated appeal to the Court with saying, that his honour, dearer than his life, lay in their hands, and he felt confident in their justice and judgment.

He called Earl St. Vincent to state a conversation that happened at the Admiralty, in October last, between the General and him, respecting the discharge of William Penn, part of which his Lordship only could remember, but he recollected that he approved of every thing done in behalf of any person who had taken an active part to quell mutiny, and so far generally he might have included, without being able to say he remembered the name of Penn being particularly mentioned.

Mr. Nepean was interrogated chiefly by the Court, and more especially by General Gascoyne, (who put leading questions) as to the prosecution itself, when he stated, that information being sent to the Admiralty of false musters, signed by George Jewson, they were referred to the then Attorney and Solicitor General, and to the Counsel for the Admiralty, who gave it as their opinion, that a prosecution should be instituted against Colonel Berkeley, and that the present trial proceeded from the minutes taken on Colonel Berkeley's trial. Mr. Nepean stated other matter, which went fully to establish the General's good conduct and character, and the high opinion the Admiralty entertained of him. But that the prosecution

was instituted from the paramount claim of public utility, and an equal and conscientious discharge of that duty, which the public had called upon them to perform, and from no disrespect to the General himself.

Mr. C. Bicknell gave a similar testimony; and the evidence for the defence, as well as for the prosecution, being closed, the Court was cleared, that the members might determine on their verdict.—The sentence of the Court was submitted to his Majesty, and approved. It is as follows:—

"That the first charge, in detaining a man upon the books, six weeks after he had deserted, is *frivolous* and *vexatious*; and of the second charge, for discharging Serjeant Penn, without an order from the Board of Admiralty to that effect, the General is most honourably acquitted."

Brunetto Latini's Account of English Diversions,

In the Reign of Henry III. Battle between all the Dogs in Champagne, &c.

THE chief diversions of the English barons and gentry [*Seignors et ch'rs (chevaliers)*] are hawking, hunting, and exercising with arms, as well on horseback as on foot. The lower sort of people [*sergens et burgeis*] divert themselves on holidays with wrestling, cudgel-playing, foot-ball, foot-races, leaping, throwing quoits or huge bars of iron, baiting bu'ls, bears, and badgers, with dogs. To these may be added, combats betwixt cocks of the game, hunting ducks and otters with dogs.

Their dogs are very fierce, and fight desperately, never quitting their hold. The English are particularly curious in the breed of this animal; and, indeed, all of that race here, which are designed for the chase, have a wonderful quickness of scent.

I need scarcely tell you, that the dog is born blind, and comes to his sight in the regular course of nature—that he has a greater attachment and love for the human race, than any other animal—that he discovers a shyness towards those with whom he does not happen to dwell—that he answers to his name and the call of his master—that his tongue has the property of healing wounds and sores—that he eats his own vomit—that if he swims across a stream with flesh, or any thing else, in his mouth, and discovers the shadow thereof in the water, he will let go the substance in order to catch its resemblance.

All, or the greater part of what I have now written, you may already know: I must further tell you, that the dog, accoupling with the wolf, produces a breed which is surprisingly fierce; but there is a breed still fiercer produced between the dog and tiger. These are of such swiftness and ferosity that they seem very devils. The domestic races (*li chien de demestche nature*) are here in great variety. There is a small dog very watchful and fit to guard the house. The ladies have dogs with noses that turn upwards, (pug-dogs) which they keep in their chambers, and admit into their beds. Some of these dogs, when their dams and sires are small, are reduced to a size which appears astonishing; and this is effected by giving them little food, and confining them in a little vessel. At the same time they are frequently pulled by the ears, which causes their ears to be long and to hang downwards: this being considered as a great perfection.

There

There is the beagle (*braches*) which has naturally long sweeping ears. This dog is for the purpose of hunting, because he discovers his game by his scent. They who take delight in the chase are very attentive to the breed of their dogs; lest it should be deteriorated or spoilt by injudicious crossing. For this perfection of nose greatly depends upon the right choice of sire and dam. It is, as it were, an inheritance which descends from the parent to the offspring. Hence, the proverbial saying applied to villains, or persons in a state of vassalage, "dogs hunt by nature."

They have likewise the greyhound, which we call *segus*, because it pursues the hare as soon as seen, having no scent.

Dogs are taught whilst very young what particular game they are to follow; whether it be the stag, the hare, the rabbit, or any other wild animal.

The blood-hound (*mastin*) is a dog of great size and courage, and is used to hunt the wild boar, and other wild beasts of great strength. He will even attack a man. I have read in an ancient history, that a king who had been taken prisoner was rescued by means of his dog. It seems this animal assembled together a large troop of dogs, and attacked the king's enemies with so much fury, that they were forced to fly and leave their royal prisoner behind them.

Not long since there was a battle of dogs in Champagne, in France, when all the dogs of the province met in a certain plain and fought with so much fury, that not one of them escaped from the field of battle alive.

I have already observed the great fidelity and strong affection which dogs entertain towards their masters; and I will relate to you some stories I have met with in certain authors relative to the subject. When Jacelins was slain, his dog from that hour refused his meat altogether, and actually died of grief. King Lysimachus was condemned for his crimes to be burnt to death, and his dog rushed into the flames after him, and was burnt with his master. Another dog followed his master into prison, and when the master was thrown into the Tyber, which runs through Rome, the dog jumped into the river after him, and brought his master's body to the shore. I could relate from histories other instances of the excellent qualities of dogs; but these may suffice.

THE TURF.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me to congratulate you upon the much wished-for return of Peace; you are, I know, like me, avowed enemies to war of every kind, and would, as true sportsmen, prefer a bumper of "mirth and good fellowship," to hostility either simple or compound. It has been with no small degree of concern, that I have for some few years past looked at the declining state of our favourite summer diversion, the Turf, and of course I can but proportionally enjoy the present promised revival of its former splendour. It will prove no unpropitious prospect to you, that we so suddenly bid fair to recover the "golden days" of the first Duke of Cumberland, O'Kelly, Stroud, Bertie, Wildman, &c. &c. of the old school, so well remembered by the present Dukes of Queensbury and Grafton, the

Lords Grosvenor and Clermont, the only veterans remaining of those whose invariable maxim it was to run for honour and to win; in opposition to the "family compact," whose well-known practice it was to regulate the running of their horses by the pecuniary pulsation of the spectators in the betting stand.

The temporary sterility of the late years was a little encreased by the loss of poor Cookson, to which death's unrelenting blow at Bullock constituted an additional gloom; the repeated "loss upon loss" of a certain northern baronet, and the successive pecuniary disasters of another baronet's two younger brothers (with the continuance of the war, and the consequent absence of many military devotees) nearly threatened us with an impending annihilation of our favourite sport; but thanks to fortune and a new crop of sportsmen, we are now likely to regenerate and out-do our former out-doings.

A match for fifty, or a sweepstakes of one or two hundred each, were some years since considered stakes of great magnitude, but in the present year of Peace and Plenty, (when even the lowest classes are supposed to be rolling in luxuries) such betting is abandoned, as too trifling and insignificant for the leading amateurs, *alias* professors, two of whom have, at this moment, no less than three distinct matches depending for one thousand guineas each. Now, gentlemen, what say you to this regeneration of Sporting emulation? What say you to this fascinating furor of Fame and Opposition? hazarding the fee-simple—principal and interest—of a sum that (according to rustic earnings) is the support of one hundred and fifty labouring mens' families for a year, to be lost and won in seven minutes and fifty-nine seconds—"all Lombard-street to an egg-shell." Who shall dare presume to talk upon the sterility of the times, the stagnation of trade, the increase of taxes, the price of provisions, or the terms of peace, which has produced (the appearance of) a greater influx of money, and profusion of prodigality, than has ever been known in this country.

Should these introductory effusions be thought worthy insertion, you shall hear again, upon the same subject, from your constant reader,

SAM. STIRRUP.

June 20, 1802.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE CANARIES.

A Short time ago two artificial canaries were imported and estimated at three hundred pounds, on which sum the duty was paid. The officers rated them higher, yea even at five hundred pounds. The dispute produced seizure, and they were to be sold by auction, the upset price being five hundred pounds. These artificial birds are so extraordinarily contrived, and perform such wonders, the public will scarcely believe our recital. Each is made to resemble completely, in feathers, &c. a real Canary; and each is in an elegant cage. There they stand, as lifeless things must, in a particular position, till a spring is touched; they then expand their wings and their tail, fly and hop about the cage, grasping the twigs with their feet, open their mouths, and sing most beautifully for about a minute; when the clock-work having run out, they resume their old motionless position.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE *ostentatious* Editor of a diurnal print, gave this month two proofs of his extensive powers and sporting ability; in first telling us "a match was ran at Epsom between two fillies (naming the owners), which ended in a *dead heat* in *favour* of the *former*."—The next week he, with equal *sapience*, informs us, "the Hundred Guineas was *run for* at Guildford, when Mr. Durand's horse, Teddy the Grinder, *walked* over the course."—Surely this may be termed sporting refinement, and would probably recommend the writer to a situation in the printing office of "the Hibernian Journal."

The following anecdote occasions, at present, much amusement in Paris:—A *lover* had bribed the Abigail of his Mistress to shut him up in a closet in her *lady's chamber*, where, it is scarcely necessary to observe, he was effectually cured of his passion, by hearing her give these confidential instructions before she retired to rest—"Fanny, put my *hips* upon the sofa—lay my *left shoulder* upon the chair—arrange my *breasts* smoothly upon the dressing-table—and take particular care to get my *right eye* mended before morning!"

Some gentlemen being at a tavern, and play being proposed, one of the company said, "I have fourteen good reasons against gaming."—"What are those?" said another.—"In the first place," answered he, "I have no money."—"Oh," said the first, "if you had four hundred reasons you need not name another."

A short time since, a strolling preacher had got perched upon an *empty tub* to hold forth; and, to protect his reverend head from the rain, an old woman stood behind him upon the same holy elevation, holding an umbrella. A sudden puff of wind assailed the umbrella; the old woman laid hold of the preacher to prevent herself from falling; and the tub, not having been firmly placed, inclined to one side, and laid both sprawling in the dirt. The poor woman began to apologize; but the preacher, frantic with passion, bellowed out—"D—n you for an old b—; had you broken your neck, it would have been no matter, provided I had not *torn my breeches*."—This wicked ejaculation had such an effect upon his audience, that they fairly pelted him *out of the field*.

Tellier, a famous harlequin of the French stage, was once among the spectators, who were admitted to see Louis XIV. sup, on a day of festival. He stood near the rail, and looked so eagerly and hungrily at some partridges in a gold dish, that the King, who knew him well, and intended he should have something to eat, said, "Give that dish to Tellier."—"And the *partridges* too, Sire?" said the ingenious Harlequin. The King smiled, hesitated a moment, and said,

said, "Give him the *dish* too for his wit."

Alphonso, King of Naples, sent a Moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a considerable sum of money to buy horses, and return by such a time. Now, there was about the King, a kind of Buffoon, or Jester, who had a table-book, or journal, wherein he was used to register any absurdity, or impertinence, or merry passage that happened upon the Court. That day the Moor was dispatched for Barbary, the Jester waiting upon the King at supper, the King called for his journal, and asked what he had observed that day: thereupon he produced his table-book, and among other things he read, "how Alphonso, King of Naples, had sent Beltram, the Moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco, (his own country) with so many thousands of crowns, to buy horses." The King asked him why he inserted that? "Because," said he, "I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again, and so you have lost both man and money." "But if he do come, then your jest is marred," quoth the King. "No, Sir; for if he return, I will blot out *your* name, and put *him in for a fool.*"

At the great dinner, lately given at the Mansion-house, the Lord Mayor, in compliment to M. Otto, who was present, gave, as a toast, "*The Three Consuls;*" but the crier, in repeating the toast aloud to the company, threw the whole room into convulsions of laughter, for he bawled out—"Gentlemen—*The Three per Cent. Consols.*"

Sunday, the 30th ult. a clergyman who officiated at a village near Norwich, having finished his regular duty, informed his parishioners, that as it would be inconvenient for him to attend on the Thanksgiving day, he should preach an *additional sermon* at the present time; which he actually did, to the no small astonishment of his auditors.

A gentleman who attended the races at Epsom, on the Thursday, advertises in one of the daily prints, that some person took away his grey mare, *by mistake*; in consequence of which, he was obliged to return home on a bay one, belonging to somebody else; he therefore requests the person who made the mistake to call and rectify it. We have no doubt that the latter will decline the invitation; as the *grey mare* in this, as in many *other cases*, may prove the *better horse!*

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, "By G—, brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!" which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alledging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The Marshal, being made acquainted with his request, exclaimed, in his rough and hasty manner, "it is the way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the Marshal asked him what he had to say? "Why, my Lord," said the culprit, "when I first had the honour of your conversation, you were obliging enough to say, that *either you or I should be hanged;* now I come to know, whether it is *your* pleasure to be so; *because, if you wont, I must, that's all.*" The Marshal was so much pleased with this address, that he pardoned him.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE late Newmarket Meeting, though but thinly attended, has been productive of sport for October. Besides a very sporting Sweepstakes between Penelope, Gaoler, and Babylon, most of the noblemen and gentlemen present (we mean such as usually keep race-horses) entered into an engagement for three years, on a plan similar to the York Subscription of twenty-five guineas each, to be divided into three purses, and fifty pounds to be added to each from the fund of the Jockey Club.

Mr. Fletcher has purchased Driver for fifteen hundred guineas, and matched him against Lord Darlington's Muly Moloch for one thousand guineas each, to run two miles at next Doncaster Meeting, 8st. each. He has also matched Applegarth against Agonistes, to run at Newcastle for a large sum.

A Newcastle Paper relates, that a Turkey cock and a dunghill cock having been missed at Castlemilk, a careful search was made for them for some days, which proved ineffectual, it was therefore concluded that they had been stolen. On the morning of the 10th ult. however, a person happened to look into the ice-house, which was empty, and heard a noise in the pit, when one of the servants went down and found the Turkey cock alive, though quite weak and emaciated by a confinement of thirty-one days, without any apparent probability of having got either meat or drink during that period, as he fed immediately after he was brought into the open air, and soon after walked about in apparent good health. The dunghill cock was dead.

The Bath Journal also contains the following curious statement:—"About two months ago a cow belonging to the landlord of the Crown Inn, Salford, near this City, calved a fine calf; the calf, by some accident, fell into a ditch, and the cow could not extricate it. A colt that had been some time feeding in the same field with the cow, took the calf by the ears in his mouth, and dragged it out of the ditch for the cow; and the colt is now so fond of the calf, that travellers may always see the colt fondling the calf the same or more than the cow. About ten days ago the owner meant to wean the calf, to do which he separated the cow and the calf, and put the cow and the colt in a field near the river Avon; the cow, missing her calf, took to the river, and swam over to the other side in pursuit of the calf; the colt followed the cow; after some time the colt took to the river back again in search of the calf, the cow now following the colt. The landlord being informed of the circumstances, came to the assistance of the cow, as she was nearly drowning in crossing the river after the colt. The owner is going to keep the calf."

A third instance of the marvellous is copied from the Shrewsbury paper of Friday, the 18th instant. The

The following curious circumstance occurred a few days ago:—As two young gentlemen, of Lancaster Moor, one of them perceiving a large hawk in pursuit of a small bird, fired at it, and brought it to the ground. Well pleased with his prize, he ran to take it up; not being aware of its talons, he soon felt their *fraternal* embrace, and it was with much difficulty he extricated himself, but not without much bloodshed. Unwilling to give up the contest, he took his silk handkerchief from his neck, and throwing it over the hawk, he proceeded towards the town. Arriving at Gallows hill, he must take another view of the *fallen foe*, and untying the handkerchief, there he saw the hawk apparently dead, and turning to his companions, the sagacious bird sprang up, and took flight, with the handkerchief sticking fast to its claws; and though both our *sportsmen* discharged their pieces at the bird, it was out of sight, with its trophy, in a few minutes, to their great mortification.

Ranelagh Regatta.—On Friday evening, June 18, the Proprietors of Ranelagh gave a Naval Fête on the river, under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. The following six boats started for prizes:—

Blue.—James Howell, Westminster, Isaac Wood, Somerset House.

Yellow.—Thomas Taylor, Chelsea, James Still, Hungerford.

White.—Thomas Banks, Cuper's Bridge, Richard Delvin, Horse Ferry.

Green.—John Hill, Battersea, John Scott, Hungerford.

Red.—J. Shepherd, Lambeth, George Wilson, ditto.

Sky Blue.—James Porter, Horse Ferry, Joseph Jesson, ditto.

The distance was from Blackfriars to the centre arch of Battersea-bridge, and back to the water gate at Ranelagh. Five to four on the blue, at starting.

Soon after seven o'clock, the six boats started from Blackfriars-bridge. From Blackfriars to Westminster, they were all close upon the stern of one another; if any one had the advantage, it was the blue, which was about a boat's length ahead the others. When they got to Westminster-bridge; the blue crossed to the Surry shore, and was followed by the red. The bets were then five to one on blue. They all kept near together, till they had passed Ranelagh, and then a long pull carried the blue ahead of the others, about twenty yards; and getting through the principal arch of Battersea-bridge first, the tide wafted the blue back; and Howell won the principal prize, having only about ten boats length's advantage of Shepherd, the red. The green came in third; the white, fourth; the sky blue, fifth; and yellow, last. They came in exactly at a quarter past eight. The prizes were, five guineas the first; three guineas the second; and two guineas to each of the others. The original plan was to give a wherry of fifteen guineas value, but to satisfy all, the former scheme was adopted. The prizes were delivered in silk purses.

The fineness of the day drew several thousand people to the water side: the pleasure boats, wherries, skiffs, and cutters, were innumerable. Among the company, we observed the Duke of Manchester, in his eight-oared cutter, with a party of ladies; Lords Craven and Camelford, in their funnies.

The Rotunda, in the evening, was crowded with fashionables. Monsieur Ruggieri was uncommonly

nearly successful in his fire-works. The company, after partaking of the usual refreshments, departed about four o'clock the next morning.

A young ass has been landed at Sunderland, by an officer of our army in Egypt, of uncommon beauty and form, between fourten and fifteen hands high, and extremely lively, notwithstanding the length of the voyage; its ears measured near twenty inches in length.

Three hundred elephants were caught in the forest of Doodonea, in Asia, during the last year. In consequence of the decrease of this species of animal, the marriage portion of the Assamese women, which used to be four elephants, has been reduced to three.

An article from Bourdeaux, states, that a furious wolf lately attacked two farmers, father and son. He fell first upon the father; the son perceiving the danger of his parent, seized the wolf by the body, and the father, though already bleeding profusely, had strength enough to rise and kill the animal with his bill. The Mayor of Sadirac has sent an account of this transaction to the Prefect, who has transmitted to this family the legal reward. The two citizens are both severely hurt, but the wounds of the father excite most apprehension.

Pedestrians.—Abraham Wood, of Lancashire, ran against John Brown, of Yorkshire, for one hundred guineas a side, four miles on the course. Wood won by a distance, having performed the journey in twenty minutes and twenty-one seconds. Wood was the favourite, as the bets were five to one in his favour.

Last month the two annual sums of Ten Pounds were run for at Old Wives Lees, in Kent, when the first was won by Barrow, of Faversham, beating Engham, of Canterbury; the second, by a young woman, of the name of Walker, who walked the thirty rods without an opponent.

About the middle of this month, a long depending race was run for a very considerable sum, on Chipping-Norton Common, amidst a large assemblage of persons, between two gentlemen of the town, one upwards of seventy years of age, giving the other, under thirty years, ten yards in one hundred. The odds were two to one in favour of the young gentleman, who won by only a few inches.

Lion-Baiting, according to Mr. Courtney, M. P. was anciently a royal sport; and James I. baited a Lion with three Bull-dogs, in the Tower. This Lion-baiting, he said, was so much of a royal sport, that, perhaps, no King ever disliked it, except Henry VII. He, indeed, seemed to consider that there was something like Jacobinism in the amusement, and could not brook that a dirty Bull-dog should attack the King of Beasts.

Saturday, May 31, the Duke of Manchester and Lord Craven promoted an aquatic match on the Thames, by subscribing the sum of Twenty Guineas, which were rowed for, in two heats, by four watermen; viz. Westwood and Shepherd, above Bridge, — and M'Lenan and Judd, below Bridge; when Westwood gained the chief Prize, of Ten Guineas—Shepherd gained Five Guineas—M'Lelan, Three;—and Judd, Two.

Twenty-four gentlemen, and six ladies, among whom was Colonel Thornton, with his celebrated pistols for the Chief Consul, lately sailed, from Brighton for Dieppe, in the Elizabeth and Margaret.—

A travelling chariot, and four couple and a half of stag-hounds, belonging to the Colonel, were also on board. The concourse, in the evening, to see them embark, was very great. The difficulty in prevailing on the dogs to enter the boat, afforded much diversion, one of which betrayed such extreme reluctance to the aquatic excursion, as defied the efforts of the servants to get him on board.

A few days ago, a battle was fought on Hampton Common, between two men, named Walkley and Scratchley. After three or four rounds, Walkley received a blow, which deprived him of the sight of his right eye. The combat was, notwithstanding, continued; and, after the most severe fighting that ever was witnessed, during the space of three hours, fifty-eight minutes, the palm of victory was yielded to Walkley.

At Earl Ferrers's, Chartley, Staffordshire, says the late Lord Orford, the indigenal British cattle are still extant. In form they resemble a deer, and are white, except the ears and tail, which are black; a black list also runs along the back. In Needwood Forest, in the same county, blood-hounds are also reared, about the size of a mastiff, blackish back, belly reddish brown.

At Dumfries, on the King's birth-day, the Silver Gun, the venerable donation of one of the ancient Scottish monarchs to the Incorporated Trades of Dumfries, was shot for on the Kingholm by the Incorporations. They marched to the ground, in grand parade, nearly one thousand strong, preceded by their colours and martial music, when the Gun was won by Mr. William Smith, one of the Incorporation of Fleshers.

Some men lately caught in the brooks, near Alfriston, Sussex, a bird which they call a Pelican; but it not having been described to us with any degree of accuracy, we cannot venture to confirm their opinion of it; on the contrary, we are rather inclined to believe, they have given it a wrong name, and mistaken it for some one of the Penguin kind.

At Mr. Russell's, of Roan Lands, in Millom, Cumberland, a turkey and a partridge lately deposited their eggs in the same nest; but as the time of their sitting approached, the servant took away the turkey's eggs, and soon afterwards a very sharp contest ensued between the two birds. The partridge was, at length, expelled from the nest, and the turkey, at this time, keeps possession of it, and also of the eggs of the partridge.

The Jockey Club Dinner was held on Monday, the 31st of May, at Millard's Hotel, in Dover-street, London; Lord Milsingtown in the chair.—Among others there were present, Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir Frederick Evelyn, Mr. Shakespear, Mr. Howarth, Colonel Leigh, Mr. F. Hammond, Mr. P. Hammond, Mr. Wilson, Mr. C. Norton, Captain Taylor, and Mr. Dawson.

Time Match.—The parties have paid forfeit who betted that Mr. Shaw could not ride from Barton to London in ten hours, on the same number of horses he used in his late performance in twelve hours.

A remarkable fine roach, weighing upwards of two pounds, was caught lately, in Urswick Tarn, near Ulverston: supposed to be the largest ever caught in the north of England; especially with fair angling.

The Rev. Mr. Williams, of Netheravon, Wilts, in angling lately, caught a remarkably large trout, so plump and heavy, as to excit

his

his astonishment; but on opening it his surprise was increased at finding a large rat, which the fish had swallowed.

The recent death of Mr. Richard Ladell, jun. of Oulston, near Aylsham, in Norfolk, should operate as a caution against the too frequent mismanagement of fire arms. His death was occasioned as follows:—A young man in the neighbourhood called upon him to take his gun in order to shoot some crows, placing, at the same time, his own gun loaded against the door-stall of Mr. Ladell's house—the deceased, after reaching his gun, went into the yard to examine it—the young man took up the loaded gun which he had left against the door to follow him, when, by some accident, it in an instant discharged itself, the contents of which lacerated the flesh from one thigh, and lodged wholly in the other. The best medical assistance was immediately obtained, but without effect. Thus ended the life of a man in the twentieth year of his age, who, but for such an accident, might have lived an ornament to society.

New species of Street and Stage Racing.—A few days ago, two hackney coachmen were brought to Bow-street, charged by a lady and her daughter with furiously driving and racing against each other, in Newport-street, by which means one overturned, and greatly bruised them. The parties were bound over to prosecute at the next Sessions for Westminster, and both coachmen were committed until they find sureties.

On Wednesday evening, the 2d instant, as two of the Newington stages were running a race, (and which of late has been the practice both by the Hackney and Newington coaches) they came in contact with each other in passing through Shoreditch turnpike gate, by which means the fore part of the hindmost carriage caught the post and was torn to pieces; a young woman thrown from the box was much bruised, and miraculously escaped being dashed to pieces; the horses broke loose, and galloped off towards Bishopsgate-street. An action lies against the proprietors, for the medical assistance on the young woman.

Thus it appears, that an *eclat* of clever horsemanship is so infectious, that some of the short stages about town make no scruple to run against one another, with no more regard for their passengers, than if they carried a *feather*. It will become necessary to settle some of these *bets* in the Court of King's Bench, and some, perhaps, at the Old Bailey.

The National Debt being 538,365,205*l.* if the amount was in shillings, allowing thirty to be counted in a minute, for ten hours in the day and six days in the week, would require something more than one thousand nine hundred and seventeen years to count it—the weight of it, in gold, would be five thousand seven hundred and sixty tons—in guineas, it would extend, in a right line, eight thousand ninety-two miles, and it wholly cover upwards of sixty-three acres of ground. In shillings, it would extend, in a right line, one hundred and sixty-nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-two miles.

A most immoral practice prevails in the town of Manchester since Peace has been concluded. Several persons, particularly soldiers, exhibit their *wives* in open market *for sale*, like cattle. Last week, a woman was sold for *fourpence halfpenny*; while another fetched no less a sum than fifteen shillings, as she was warranted *not to be with child!*

As a consolation to *Topers*, we state the following fact:—A farmer, of the department of Morbihan, in France, died a few days ago, at the very advanced age of ninety-four; he boasted, some days before his death, of having, in the course of his life, drank one thousand three hundred barrels of cider, two hundred and sixty hogsheads of wine, and sixty pipes of brandy, real Nantz.—He was married three times, had several children by each of his wives; and the day previous to his death, he was at the wedding of the grand-daughter of one of the girls he had by his first wife!

A person, supposed to be a man, who had been a cart-driver for several years, called lately at a relation's, at Bridgehouses, on his road from Ecclesfield (where *he* was engaged) to Sheffield, and complained of being poorly, when a doctor was immediately sent for, and lo! to the astonishment of all present, the *supposed man* was safely delivered of a fine boy. As such accidents do not frequently happen to cart-drivers, it has occasioned much scandal in the neighbourhood; and it would be very difficult to persuade the wisest man in the parish, that *Billy Rogers* is not a woman.

A few days since, a gentleman observed two sailors very busy in lifting an ass over the wall of a *pound*, where it was confined. On asking the reason, the tars, with true humanity and character, made the following reply:—"Why, lookee, master, we saw this here animal aground, without victuals, d'ye see, and so my messmate and I agreed to cut his cable, and give him his liberty, because we have known, before now, what it is to be at *short allowance!*"

A young man, the son of a colt-breaker, of the name of Davy, of Withycombe, Somersetshire, was found, a few days since, near Timber-combe, very much injured by a stallion, with which he was returning from Dunster market. He was taken home to his father's house on a bier, where he languished two days, and expired; but before his death, he said he recollected the horse became restive, seized him by the head, then by the neck, and shook him until his senses were quite gone. His head, neck, legs, &c. were bitten and lacerated in a manner too shocking to describe.

"An English horse-race," says a Paris paper, "which was to have taken place in the plain of Sablons, has been put off. Great wagers are depending upon it.

The large Bell at the Cathedral of Vienna has lately been taken down, to be new hung. This bell was cast from cannon taken from the Turks. It is ten feet in height, thirty-two in circumference; the clapper is twelve feet long, and weighs one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight pounds.—The whole weight of the bell, iron-work, &c. amounts to twenty-five tons and fourteen cwt. The tower it hangs in is four hundred and forty-seven feet in height.

A seaman lately discharged from the Navy, with plenty of *rhino* in his pouch, ordered a post-chaise at an inn, in Newcastle. A chaise and pair were brought to him; but Jack would have nothing less than four horses to the carriage, which was complied with; but, on opening the chaise door, he started back, declaring that, while he was able to keep the deck, he would never skulk below; he then mounted the roof, and the chaise, with its four horses, its two postillions, and Jack, set off in full speed, to the great amusement of the spectators.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

BOND-STREET PEDESTRIANISM, AND CONVERSAZZIONE.

WOULD you view a Bond-street lounger,
Seek the end of Grosv'nor-street;
There 'bout noon he's to be found, Sir,
That's the spot where loungers meet.
Handsome dames, with footmen brawny,
Ogling, nod from left to right,
Ev'ry signal draws some sawny
To the motley groupe at night.

Would you hear their conversation,
Listen when the loungers meet,
Horses, dogs, and w——s of fashion,
Grating both, your list'ners greet.
"Derby and Oakes—I'm sure to win man,
"Bibury Stakes to ME must fall,
"Deep I've Belcher 'gainst the Tin-man;
"Favourite I'm at Brocket Hall."

Odd fish, quizzes, kids so silly,
Crowd the street from day to day;
From Oxford-street to Piccadilly,
Lounge they either side the way.
Boots as tight as they can bear them,
Leathers large as truss'd-up straw;
Fashion says, "You so should wear 'em,"
Fashion is the lounger's law.

Dukes, Earls, Lords, with Pic-Nic Col-'nels,
Form the fashions now-a-days,
Swelling all theatric journals,
Garbling poor Will Shakspeare's plays,
To "strut a part," each lordly brother,
Seems on sock or buskin bent,
In tragedy they'll slay each other,
Murder all they represent.

PARODIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

WHITSUNTIDE SCHOOL SPORTS.

YON village school-boys, frantic in their joys,
Incontinent proclaim their breaking-up:
Their ill-thumb'd books are hurl'd into the air,
And terror-shaking rod burnt scornfully.
Mischief seems plotting in their close cabals,
And slily through their wanton eyelids peeps;
The bigger lads parade with slashing whips,
And switches in their hands; the puny fry
Hover round stalls, buying tarts, nuts, and apples:
The train let off, quick flashes in their eyes,
And from their saucy aim, squibs, serpents, crackers,
Fly through the streets, sudden and dangerous.
Meanwhile, their anxious, fond, expecting mothers
Count the slack hours, impatient for a kiss:
Remembrance cannot suit itself in instance,
To shew a scene of life, so void of care,
And yet so busy, as this, was once to all.

YON little misses, verging to their teens,
Impatiently sigh for the holidays;
Their labour'd sampler quaintly is set out,
And the sprigg'd apron finish'd passing neat,

The

THE DARTMOOR COTTER; OR, THE WIDOW AND HER PONY.

MORE savage than the howl
Of winter on the moor;
His voice, who once a widow drove
At midnight from his door.

The hills were clad with snow;
And glimmer'd in the moon;
Which, through the clouds, seem'd like the sun,
Obscur'd with mist at noon.

From noon to midnight hour,
The dame her way pursu'd;
O'er hill and dale, o'er moorland wild,
And mountain solitude.

Her pony with the cold,
Begins to droop and sink;
The snow deny'd him grass to eat,
And ice, a pool to drink.

The inn is nigh: she knocks,
And calls aloud for aid:
To lift her pony from the snow,
Where prostrate he was laid.

"Away"—a voice replies;
Nor has she answer more;
But, shiv'ring, listens to the wind
O'er Dartmoor-forest roar.

She thinks of home—so far!
With tears, and heaves a sigh;
When, lo! a sound of horrow swells
The gale that whistles by.

A hollow groan resounds,
And stops her panting breath;
Alas! 'her pony's plaintive moan,
Bids her farewell in death!

A cot in sight she reach'd,
Heartless again to knock;
But, at her call, a swain unbars,
The door, without a lock.

Unlike that publican,
Who rudely cried—"depart"—
This cottager compassion breathes,
And feels a tender heart.

He lights a blazing fire,
To yield her sweet relief,
And mingles with her tale of woe,
His sympathy of grief.

With morn around the door,
The Cotter's children smil'd,
Or gambol'd in the heath, as blithe
As bees that haunt the wild.

This tale they love to tell
The stranger on the green,
And shew him where the pony fell,
And where his bones are seen.

The Father of the dew
Accepts the Widow's tears,
That drop in pity for the beast,
That serv'd her days and years.

ON THE DOG-TAX.

BY MY DOG CHANCE.

WHAT schemer whisper'd it to Mr. —
To plague our luckless race with so much ill?
We never fawn'd on him for money lent;
We never ask'd him to *discount our bill*!

We never yawn'd upon his striving wit!
We never growl'd, but when his hearers doz'd!
We listen'd, when he rose instead of PITT;
His mouth once open, our's were always clos'd.

Pay then, O! —— for those who *bear* so well;
Reward our silence, and avert our barks;
So may each money'd wight thy praises tell,
The best of speakers and the pride of Clerks!

INSCRIPTION ON SIX BELLS,

IN THE

Belfry, at Biddeford, in Devonshire.

Tenor—Funera plango.

MENS' deaths I tell
By doleful knell.

Fifth—Fulgara, fulmina, frango.

Lightning and thunder
I break asunder.

Fourth—Dissipo ventis.

The winds so fierce
I do disperse.

Treble—Paco cruentos.

Mens' cruel rage
I do assuage.

Second—Excito lentos.

The sleepy head
I raise from bed.

First—Sabbato pango.

On Sabbath all
To Church I call.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For JULY, 1802,

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving from a Drawing by Clifton Tomson, of GOING AT A FIVE-BAR GATE, and a spirited Etching of FISH, by Mr. Howitt.]

LONDON.

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W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much in arrear with our Cricketing Correspondents; but hope to pay it off with a copious insertion of their favours in our next.

On the Weather in England—The Manners of the Town—Dr. Fothergill on Lightning—and upon the Presentation which Animals have of the Weather—in our next.

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Going at a five Bargate.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JULY, 1802.

GOING AT A FIVE-BAR GATE.

[A beautiful Engraving from a Drawing by MR. CLIFTON TOMSON, of Nottingham.]

MR. SARTORIUS having exercised his pencil for our last Month's Magazine, by producing a representation of a Hunter at a STANDING LEAP, we, this month, without any previous design or concert of the two Artists, have to present a Hunter preparing to take a Flying Leap, GOING AT A FIVE-BAR GATE, by Mr. CLIFTON TOMSON, of Nottingham.

THE RUSTIC SPORTSMAN.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU having thought my preceding characters worthy the perusal of your numerous readers, I now transmit you an accurate delineation of the Rustic, or Country Sportsman, in the most strict and unsullied sense of the appellation. The name and character of "Sportsman," is the utmost summit of his personal ambition; and to prove himself every way entitled to it, is his only distinguishing trait of discoverable emulation. The character I mean to describe, is as truly eccentric in his rural recesses, as those we have previously described are in the metropolis, but with this difference only, that however inferior he may at first sight appear in the polish of the times, the seeming rudeness of his address, and the roughness of his manners, he will, upon a better acquaintance, be found to possess a much higher sense of honour, a warmer heart, and a greater disposition to hospitality; the value of all which is enhanced by a blunt integrity. As the chase may be strictly deemed, "the God of his idolatry," he is not only incredibly enthusiastic in the pursuit of it, but all his thoughts, all his actions, all his conversation, tend only to the great gratification of this predominent wish, which an impartial observer would conceive to engross all his attention in this life. So infinitely incredible is his attachment to field sports, that you never, at any season of the year, see him without a horse in his hand, and a brace of pointers, or terriers, at his heels; the tenor of his personal behaviour is precisely midway between the gentleman and the blackguard, upon a self-founded presumption, that where "there is too much politeness, there can be little or no sincerity." Upon this principle, which is too innate to be relinquished, he rather shuns than courts any association with his superiors, considering a gentleman rather a nuisance than any ornament to society; more calculated in his opinion to raise rents, increase taxes, and enhance the price of provisions, than to take any personal step for the promotion of a general good. Roughly hewn

and rigidly unpolished himself, he is a professed foe to even the appearance of good manners in others, conceiving, or affecting so to do, that any attempt at civility, or an offer to render him service, is only an oblique prelude or indirect overture to borrowing money, or picking his pocket.

Confirmed in his original opinion, that to be a sportsman, a man must be in some degree a brute, he sets at defiance all the gentler offices of mutual attention, and indulges in a seeming wish of "living for himself alone." He has from boy-hood cherished the idea, that it is the most manly trait of a rustic sportsman, to hold the feminine gender in perfect contempt during a course of public conversation, but to give a paradoxical proof of the inconsistency of his practice, by privately kissing every female who happens to come in his way. As it is his common remark, that "none but those of a hale constitution can stand all weathers," so he adopts every suggestion likely to promote it; as he never condescends to take a seat at the tea-table himself, so, with him, all are "milksops" who approach it, and consequently, in his opinion, too weak both in "body and mind" to take a leap or follow the hounds. His custom is to derive constitutional stamen from a breakfast of beef-steakes and a jug of strong beer, taking care to prevent any probability of regurgitation by the friendly interposition of a bumper of brandy previous to mounting; as well as to remember the necessary supply in the hunting bottle, that he may be the better enabled to encounter any unexpected lassitude, or debility, that may come on after the first burst; or during the chase. After which, on his return, it is his invariable rule to take a little refreshment at every house where a sign is displayed, as an attractive proof of its peculiar hospitality; and those not inclined to fall immediately into his proposition are, in the language of a celebrated author, supposed "to have no more good fellowship than a malt horse."

The "Rustic Sportsman" is by no means so much circumscribed in his pleasurable pursuits, as many others, having a variety of substitutes during the summer months, when the more polished and brilliant devotees, are labouring under an indescribable ennui from the unavoidable and temporary dearth of their favourite chase. Like a successful adventurer at hazard, who constantly throws "a main of seven," and nicks it "for all in the ring," the Rustic Sportsman pursues the routine of Racing, Cocking, Cricket, and so forth, never hesitating, (in an absolutely sterility of sport) to assist in raising a subscription for an Ass Race, or even to lend a hand in promoting a display of female charms and agility, as well as attracting uniformity for the emulative possession of a Holland smock. Upon a maxim long since firmly fixed in his mind, that "he lives only to enjoy life," he never practices any personal self-denial, nor does he ever sacrifice at the shrine of friendship to his own inconvenience; for, like *Tony Lumpkin*, he never cares "how much he disappoints other people, but is particularly careful never to disappoint himself. Though he is no professed friend to politeness, he is an inveterate enemy to unnecessary or superfluous ceremony, particularly at table, where he soon displays the privilege of free agency, by most expeditiously helping himself to a handsome portion of the best dish, and thinks he gives ample proof of liberality and good manners, in leaving the rest of

of the company at liberty to do the same.

With him the jug or decanter are never permitted to move by rule; it being a sufficient rule, that they are never permitted to stand long in the same place. He never dines or goes to bed at any particular hour, because, he says, "it is meanly mechanical; no man should eat but when he's hungry, or go to bed till he's ready to fall asleep."

Notwithstanding these peculiarities, the Rustic Sportsman is in no great degree personally offensive; not inclined to give up a point, and fond beyond conception of having his own way, it is much more the province of every prudent man to let such play the fool, than provoke them to play the devil. The Sportsman, of this description, with all his singularities, is not a singular character; but most likely to be found in every hunt, in every town, and almost in every parish of the kingdom.

This, your long experience must have long since pointed out to you, as well as to

Your frequent fabricator,

July 20, 1802. T. W.

Prosecution for a Trespass, and Killing Game.

Hertfordshire.

Writ of Enquiry before the Sheriff.

ON Monday, the 12th instant, a writ of enquiry of damages was executed before the Under Sheriff, at Hertford, in an action wherein Henry Browne, of North Mimms, Esq. was plaintiff, and Thomas Greenwood, the younger, was defendant. The action was brought for a trespass committed by the defendant, in shooting game within the free warren belonging to the plaintiff, who is Lord of the Manor of North Mimms, and entitled to free warren throughout the whole of the manor. It appeared, that the land on which the trespass was commited, and the game killed by the defendant, was not, in point of fact, the land of the plaintiff, but, on the contrary, belonged to Justinian Casamajor, Esq.; however, as it was proved to be within the Manor of North Mimms, and the right of free warren extending over the whole of the Manor, the Jury, after fully considering the circumstances of the case, and the defendant's conduct, who persisted in shooting after being warned to the contrary, gave a verdict of ten pounds, which the defendant has to pay, together with the whole costs of the action.

Little-Go Act.

THE amusement of raffling has been suspended, if not entirely suppressed, at the different watering places, in consequence of the following *sweeping* clause contained in this Act:—"Be it enacted, that from and after the 1st day of July, 1802, no person or persons whatever shall publicly or privately keep any office or place, to exercise, keep open show, or expose to be played, drawn, or thrown at, or in, either by *dice*, lots, cards, or balls, or by numbers or figures, or by any other way, contrivance, or device whatsoever, any game or lottery, called a Little Go, or *any other Lottery whatsoever*, not authorised by Parliament; or shall knowingly suffer to be exercised, kept open, shown, or exposed to be played, drawn, or thrown, at or in, either by *dice*, lots, cards, balls, or by numbers

bers or figures, or by any other way, contrivance, or device whatsoever, in his or her house, room, or place, upon pain of forfeiting, for every such offence, the sum of five hundred pounds."

Horse Causes.

AS an additional proof that nothing can stop the speculative furor of equestrian litigation, three causes of this description were found "upon the face of the record" for trial, at the sittings after term; but so numerous are the witnesses in general on each side, so contradictory the evidence, and so truly difficult the truth to get at, that it is now very much the practice of the Courts to recommend a reference to some barrister of eminence, rather than to introduce a mass of evident perjury, which frequently happens either on one side or the other.

The first of these was between James Foveaux, Esq. plaintiff, and Major Davison, defendant, stating the damage for two horses purchased of defendant, as horses "sound, and quiet to ride;" when evidence on the part of the plaintiff were ready to prove one was restive, and the other unsound. As it was presumed that evidence on the other side might be equally confident, the cause, upon the recommendation of Counsel, was referred to the arbitration and award of Mr. Const.

The second, Vincent Wood, Esq. plaintiff, against Lemon, of Oxford-street, was, upon the suggestion of Messrs. Garrow and Gibbs, referred to the arbitration and award of Mr. Dampier.

The third, excited amongst the fraternity, some degree of curiosity, as it involved both the judgment and interest of two, who it was supposed knew the precarious state of such business too well "to hang a doubt upon;" and equally thought too prudent to submit a point between them to the immaculate purity and glorious uncertainty of the law.

Broughton, Plaintiff.
Aldridge (Nominal) Defendant.

THE plaintiff, a very respectable job-master and hackney-man, determining to relinquish business, sent his stock to the repository, in St. Martin's-lane, to be sold. The horse in question (and for the purchase money of which the present action was brought) having been put up by the first bidder, at fourteen guineas, was at length knocked down to Mr. Dickson, at twenty-six guineas, and of course taken away. Mr. Dickson having an account current with Mr. Aldridge, it did not become necessary any money should pass between the two, but the horse entered to Mr. Dickson's account. The latter keeping the horse a week for sale, at length disposed of him (presuming him a sound horse) to Mr. Gullan, who at the time suggested an idea of his appearing to limp in the near leg before; but at any rate, a day's trial was agreed on. The event proved a return of the horse on the following day lame, from Gullan to Dickson, and from the latter to Aldridge immediately after. About this time, or within a day or two, the plaintiff happening to call to receive payment for his stock (sold twelve or fourteen days before) was then told "the horse purchased by Mr. Dickson was returned unsound," to which the plaintiff replied, "he should of course have been returned within the two days allowed for the return of unsound horses, according to the well known and

and long established conditions of sale. The horse, however, thought only to be lame, proved to be labouring under complicated morbility (bearing the appellation of "fancy glanders") so rapidly destructive in its effect, that in a very few days it terminated in a complete mass of putrefaction and death.

For non-payment of the purchase-money the action was brought, and upon the very opening of the cause, a verdict was given for the plaintiff, upon the ground that the horse should have been returned "within two days after the purchase," according to the "conditions of sale."

Many veterinarians were subpœnaed on each side, who had, however, no opportunity of either surprising or entertaining the Court with ample corroboration of Sir Roger de Coverley's opinion, that "Much may be said on both sides."

WHITE *v.* JERVIS.

Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, July 19.

THIS was an action upon the warranty of a horse.

Mr. Erskine stated, that his client, the Rev. Mr. White, was curate of Hampstead. Being in want of a horse, the better to enable him to perform his parochial duty, he saw an advertisement in a newspaper, of one to be sold by a Mr. Dickenson, which was the property of the defendant. He liked the appearance of the horse, and having received a warranty of his soundness, he completed the purchase. He expected to find a quiet animal, who would carry him peaceably through his parish, for he was no great horseman; but Mr. White had scarcely mounted, when the horse became restive, and before he reached Hampstead, he gave proofs of every vice.

Lord Ellenborough said, he supposed the warrantry extended to the soundness of the horse's body, not to the sweetness of his temper.

Mr. Erskine observed, that he should prove that at the time of the sale he was not sound. Mr. Moorcroft, so celebrated for his skill in the diseases of horses, was ready to swear that there was a speak upon one of his eyes, which impaired his vision. This was observed within eight days of the time of the sale, and could not have grown in so short a time.

Mr. Dickenson was then called, and proved the sale and the warranty. On his cross-examination he said, that he had sold the horse to Mr. Jervis, who, having no farther occasion for him, had sent him back to be re-sold. He was perfectly certain that he was sound when sold to Mr. White, and even now he could not perceive that he had a speck on his eye, or any other blemish.

Professor Moorcroft stated, that there certainly was a speck on the horse's off eye, which, in his opinion, was of long standing. He thought that this lessened the value of the horse, as he could not see so well with the one eye as the other.

Mr. Garrow paid many compliments to Professor Moorcroft, and confessed that he liked a horse cause the worse for having his opinion against him; yet, though from this great science he had been able to spy an imperfection, it did not follow that the horse was unsound. If a whole regiment of cavalry were subjected to his inspection, he probably would not allow a horse in each troop to be faultless. "This eye is dull," he would say, "or has a tendency to dullness; this tendon is inserted into the bone a little too high, and that

that a little too low." We enjoyed the light and warmth of the sun, and were grateful to the great Ruler of the universe; yet philosophers, with their telescopes, discovered spots on this glorious luminary, and perhaps some of them were of opinion that we should be more comfortable if it were uniformly bright. Many people had seen this horse, without perceiving any speck on his eye, and had it not been for the learned Professor, he might have carried a good character with him to his grave. If the plaintiff were to succeed, and the trial were to get abroad, as it probably would to-morrow morning by means of the newspapers, every one who was tired of his horse, would get a scientific man to point out something that might be amended, and immediately bring an action against the person from whom he had bought him.

Several witnesses were then called, but they all allowed that a small speck was perceivable, though they thought it was of no importance.

After an able reply from Mr. Erskine, and an impartial summing up from Lord Ellenborough, the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages Twenty-one Pounds, Ten Shillings, and Sixpence.

Shooting Match.

FRIDAY afternoon, the 23d of July, the so long talked-of match, between the celebrated P. Robinson, of Ashe, near Farnham, in Surry, who has been long considered the best shot in the country, and Samuel Morton, a workman to Mr. Gulley, gun-maker, of Oxford-street, took place at Montpelier Gardens, Walworth.

The match was for four hundred guineas, to shoot at pigeons flying from the trap, at twenty-two yards distance, twelve rounds each.

Robinson had the first fire, and, although it was acknowledged to be a fine shot, he missed; Morton then fired and brought down his bird; the bets were three to one on the latter.

The twelfth shot Morton missed, they were then even. Even h

The seventeenth shot Rob missed, and when it came t twenty-third shot, the wag looked upon as decided, as son could only tie if his ad missed, and he did not; H took a long aim, and althou bird flew well, he missed, an binson bringing down his match remained undecided.

It was then agreed to fire seven each, in the course o Robinson missed twice, and once, consequently he is re sidered the best shot in En

Robinson has long be palm. He shot at pigeo time ago at Brentford, for derable sum, laid between t blemen; Robinson was p at twenty-eight pigeons, he down twenty-seven.

This is the first match ever shot.

Robinson is well known of the best cricket players gland; he shoots left hande ing lost several fingers off hand.

Among the company we Earl of Yarmouth, Colone kenzie, Captains Upton and and Sir W. W. Wynne: a thousand persons were pres

Fish.

[An Etching by Mr. Howit

THIS Etching represent Fish, which scarce need mentioned, as they are too w pourtrayed to be mistaken for a other than a Pike and a Perch.

Distinguish

Hoare in del.

Fish.

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Distinguishing Signs of Madness in Dogs,

By Mr. Meynell.

Mr. Meynell, a celebrated fox-hunter in Leicestershire, having paid particular attention to madness among his dogs, communicated to a physician the following remarks, in answer to some questions proposed to him on that subject. In order (says Dr. Fothergill, the writer of this article) to prevent any mistake in a matter of such importance, I shall here present the reader with the result of his observations, copied verbatim, in his own words.

"The first symptom of canine madness in dogs is, I believe, a failure of appetite in a small degree. I mean, that the dog does not eat his usual food with his usual eagerness; though, if better food be offered him, he may eat it greedily. A disposition to quarrel with other dogs comes on early in the disease. A total loss of appetite generally succeeds; though I have seen dogs eat, and lap water the day before their death, which generally happens between seven and ten days after the first symptom has appeared. A mad dog will not, I believe, cry out on being struck, nor shew any sign of fear on being threatened; though he will, very late in the disease, appear sensible of kind treatment.

"I have never known a mad dog show symptoms of the disease in less time, after the bite, than ten days; and I have known many instances of dogs having died mad, as late as eight months after the bite. I think the symptoms generally appear between three and eight weeks after the bite.

"A mad dog, in the height of the disorder, has a disposition to bite all other dogs, animals, or men. When, not provoked, he usually attacks only such as come in his way; but having no fear, it is peculiarly dangerous to strike at, or provoke him.

"Mad dogs appear to be capable of communicating the infection early in the disorder, and as soon as they begin to quarrel with, or bite other dogs.

"The eyes of mad dogs do not look red or fierce, but dull; and have a particular appearance, which is easily distinguished by such as have been used to observe it; but not easily to be described.

"Mad dogs never bark, but occasionally utter a most dismal and plaintive howl, expressive of extreme distress; and which those who have once heard, can never forget. So that dogs may be known to be going mad without being seen, when only this dismal howl is heard.

"Mad dogs do not foam or froth at the mouth, but their lips and tongue appear dry and foul, or slimy.

"Though mad dogs generally refuse both food and drink in the latter stage of the disorder, yet they never show any abhorrence or dread of water; will pass through it without difficulty, and lap it eagerly to the last. But it is remarkable, that though they lap water for a long time, and eagerly, and do not seem to experience any uneasiness from it, yet they do not appear to swallow a single drop of it; for, however long they may continue lapping it, no diminution of quantity can be perceived.

"I am persuaded that this disorder never originates from hot weather, putrid provisions, or from any other cause but the bite. For, however dogs may have been confined, however fed, or whatever

may have been the heat of the season, I never knew the disorder commence without being able to trace it to that cause; and it was never introduced into the kennel, but by the bite of a mad dog.

"The hairs of a mad dog do not stand erect more than those of other dogs. I do not know that there is any thing remarkable in the manner of a mad dog's carrying his head, or his tail. I do not believe that dogs are more afraid of a mad-dog, than they are of any other dog that seems disposed to attack them.

"There are two kinds of madness, both of which I have known to originate from the bite of the same dog. Among huntsmen, one is known by the name of raging, the other by that of dumb madness. In dumb madness, the nether jaw drops, and is fixed, the tongue hangs out of the mouth, and slaver drops from it. In raging madness, the mouth is shut, except when the dog snaps or howls, and no moisture drops from it."

Singular Coalition of Animals.

DR. Shaw, in the second Volume of his General Zoology, treating of the Black Rat, mentions the expedient of frightening them from their haunts, by catching one of them, and hanging a bell round its neck, and then turning it loose among the rest. In illustration of this, in a note, he tells the following story:—

"A gentleman travelling, about thirty years ago, through Mecklenburgh, was witness to the following curious circumstance in the post-house of New Stargard. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor, a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room, a mastiff, a fine Angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkably large rat, with a bell about his neck. The four immediately went to the dish, and, without disturbing each other, fed together; after which, the dog, cat, and rat, lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity existing among the four, informed the guests that the rat was the most useful of them, as the noise he made with his bell had completely cleared the house from the rats and mice with which it was before infested."

An Extraordinary Advertisement, for an Extraordinary Woman.

A Married Woman, of the Church of England, active, and well educated, who is separated from her husband (provided it is not through her own misconduct or bad temper), competent to manage with genteel economy the small private residence of a merchant, and likewise to educate, work for, and wholly bring up his two little children who have lately lost their mother, may hear of a comfortable situation, by sending a letter in her own hand writing, addressed to A. B. to the care of Mrs. ****, Haymarket, which must not only contain her own age and place of birth, with real name and place of abode, but also the profession of her father, and the profession and present situation of her husband. This would be a desirable home to a genteel woman with an income, who wishes to save her board, or who wishes for society, or one whose present income

is

is inadequate to her maintenance; she must be an early riser, economic, industrious, sober and healthy, work neat and quick at her needle, good tempered, and partial to children. It is indispensible that she has a husband now living, and with that exception must be free from all incumbrances, bear constant confinement, and cheerfully devote her whole time and thoughts to serve, and obliterate from the Advertiser's family, by her care and friendly offices, the severe loss it has sustained, and in return she will be treated as a kind sister. No personal enquiries can be answered, not can any letters be received unless post paid.

Bull-Baiting.

In the House of Commons, on Monday, May 31, Mr. Dent moved the second reading of a Bill to prohibit Bull-Baiting and Bull-Running. The advocates for the abolition of this sport were, the mover, Mr. Dent, Sir Richard Hill, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Newbolt, and Mr. Sheridan. On the other side, and in favour of Bull-Baiting, were, Mr. Windham, Mr. Courtney, Colonel Grosvenor, General Gascoigne, and Mr. William Smith.

Mr. Windham, after some introductory observations, said, the Bill before the House would have passed unnoticed the last Session, if he had not been by chance in the House. He was of opinion that gentlemen should set about reforming themselves before they reformed others. If the House reformed in one respect, it should in another: while the run was made against Bull-baiting, was hunting, fishing, shooting, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, to pass unnoticed? Mr. Windham said, he despised the cant and hypocricy of some persons, who, while they were making war against the sports of the poor, were outraging charity, and seemed to forget the privilege cruelty had given to the higher orders by the Game Laws. The present he considered as the first step towards a system to abolish the rustic sports of the lower orders, introduced and supported by those reformists, who, if they had succeeded in other reform, would have left the Country now without a Constitution. This new system of reform arose out of two things, namely, Jacobinism and Religious Fanaticism. The Jacobins wished the abolition of rustic sports, because the lower orders, bereft of the means of their jollity and amusement, would become cheerless, morose, and gloomy, and therefore the more likely subjects to be worked up; and he was persuaded that, in the whole of the London Corresponding Society, not one bull-baiter, not one pugilist, not one man who delighted in the manual exercises, was to be found to give countenance to their dark, mischievous, and cowardly transactions. The House, he had no doubt, would agree with him, how nearly blended questions of this nature were with the very existence of our Constitution. By the voice of religious fanaticism, our masculine amusements were pronounced "Lewd Sports, and Anti-Christian Pastimes." From the earliest times the sports of the field were followed by all nations.—From the Philosophic Zenophon, throughout every link in the human creation, to the lowest individual, has not hunting been admired?—It was a theme worthy the praise

of Milton, and the most eminent Poets, though Dr. Johnson lamented the paucity of human amusements. Often he joined in the chase, because hunting made one theme. For his own part, he would not compare boxing or bull-baiting to so low an amusement as horse-racing. He was surprised to see an Hon. Member (Mr. Wilberforce) so decided a friend to the Bill—he indeed leaped over nine horse-races in Yorkshire—*(a loud laugh)* to attack one solitary Bull-baiting match at Stafford. Horse-racing, it was true, might be good, inasmuch as it tended to improve the breed of that noble animal; but what sort of an assemblage attended these polite sports?—noblemen and gentry—elegant gentlemen without character—black legs—sharpers of every denomination—keepers of E. O. tables—apprentices who rob their masters' tills, and become forgers—groom porters—shufflers of cards—setters at dice—lacquies—pick-pockets and thieves—in short, of every description. If, therefore, Bull-baiting was put down, Gentlemen certainly must, in justice, cast their eyes towards other sports. Finally, he deprecated the idea of this war declared against the amusements of the lower orders. In high life, a fine Lady's Ball is a most delicious thing; but if it descends to the appellation of a vulgar hop, how gross and abominable! This reminded him of a circumstance that happened a few years ago near Berkeley-square; he said he was walking with Sir Harvey Aston, a most sincere friend to those sports which he now advocated. A very great tumult took place, which had more the appearance of an insurrection than the shocking outrage of a vulgar dance. They approached the place of attack, where the Civil Officers were breaking open the door, to put the merry inhabitants of the house to the rout.

On enquiring the cause of the disturbance, he was informed that it was a *hop;*—but what aggravated the offence was, that the harmless people were dancing to the music of a *black fidler!*—The effect of the Poors' Rates, he believed, had a great influence in producing this hostility to amusement. With regard to the cruelty of Bull-baiting, were gentlemen certain that the bull did not experience pleasure from it? Probably, far from feeling pain, he feels satisfaction in the contest. Bulls that have once been baited are more eager to attack the dogs than others, and are therefore called *Game Bulls*. Gentlemen certainly would not deny, but that the dog had pleasure in the contest. In his opinion, it was the least cruel of all field sports, and cherished those feelings, which were the best support of loyalty, and the greatest protection both of the Church and State. In the French Revolution, and during the troubles in our own country, who were the men who committed the greatest cruelties? not the country sportsmen. No; but the very men who were active in crying out against such sports, who talked smoothly against all such horrid transactions, but who, like razors set with oil, cut the keener. If the present Bill should pass, he would move for leave to bring in one to do away hunting, shooting, and all the cruel amusements of the higher order.

Colonel Grosvenor thought the lower order of the people entitled to their amusements as well as the higher. The higher orders had their *Billington*, and why not allow the

the lower orders their *Bull?*"—(*A laugh.*)

Mr. Courtenay, in his usual manner, entered into an ironical defence of Bull-baiting. He conjured the House not to deprive the people of an amusement which contributed so essentially to the welfare of the State. His Right Hon. Friend had proved, that the Bull, though smarting under it at first, in time also came to be extremely delighted with the practice. This might be proved from the analogy of bears, who were to be trained to dance. At first they, no doubt, felt rather uncomfortable on the hot iron, but by degrees they came to relish the sound of the fiddle, and to find dancing a very agreeable amusement. If by passing this act a treaty was signed between the bull-dogs and the bulls, "the death warrant of the country would be signed" a second time. There were now no wars, and how would ex-ministers amuse themselves, if these sports, that afforded the image of war, were taken away? He hoped, if the Bill did pass, that certain districts would be exempted from its operation—Norfolk, for instance. He should vote, not only for the preservation of Bull-baiting, but he would also beg leave to propose an amendment. As the Corsican bulls were reckoned particularly adapted for this sport, he would propose that some of them should be got over; and of these, the most ferocious might be called Bonaparte, and appropriated to the district he before alluded to, where the ex-ministers might have an opportunity of baiting him with dogs of the true English breed. He trusted, therefore, that as Bull-baiting had been proved so conducive to the happiness of both the human and brute creation, and so essential to the preservation of our constitution, our national character and morality, the House would never consent to abolish so invaluable a practice.

Colonel Grosvenor and General Gascoigne spoke against the Bill.

Mr. Wilberforce replied to Mr. Windham. He entered into a description of the cruelties practised on bulls to rouse them to a sufficient degree of fury, to gratify the barbarous wishes of their tormentors; and said, it was a disgrace to the English nation, to suppose that such an amusement could be regarded as indispensible to them.

Mr. W. Smith followed on the same side. He thought Mr. Windham so affected by the nature of the sport that he defended, that he had run wild, and was goaded into the range that he had run. He could not otherwise account for the connection of anti-jacobinism and bull-baiting.

Mr. Frankland went into a comparative statement of the degrees of cruelty in all the sports of the field. He defended the practice of Bull-baiting, which he said was exempt from cruelty. He had attended many Bull-baits, and had never seen more than one dog at a time let loose at a bull.

Mr. Sheridan defended the Bill. He asked, what sort of moral lesson would it be to the wife and children of the farmer, who sold his Bull for the purpose of being baited, to see the poor, simple, harmless animal, which, for years, they had cherished as a favourite, and learned to look on with affection, tied to a stake, worried by dogs, and his bleeding tongue torn out of his mouth by the roots? But cruelty to the Bull was not the only cruelty exercised on these occasions. What sort of moral lesson,

son, for instance, was it to the children of the farmer, who bring his aged bull-bitch, many years the faithful sentinel of his house and farm-yard, surrounded by her pups, to prove, at the bull-ring, the staunchness of her breed? He brings her forward, sets her at the infuriated animal, she seizes him by the nose, and pins him to the ground. But what is the reward from his owner, amidst the applauses of the mob to his favourite animal? He calls for a hedging-bill, and, to prove her breed, news her to pieces without quitting her grip, while he sells her puppies at five guineas a piece! These, said Mr. Sheridan, are some of the hopeful lessons of morality which are to be taught by Bull-baiting!!!

Mr. Dent, in a short speech, replied to the observations that had been made against the Bill. The question was then put for the second reading, on which the House divided.—Ayes . 51.—Noes 64. The Bill was consequently lost.—Adjourned.

History of Ancient and Modern Coursing.

From Rural Sports.

By W. B. DANIEL.

(Continued from page 155.)

HAVING recorded various incidents respecting greyhounds, the question may naturally be asked, which is allowed, at the present day, to be the best breed of them? The blood of the late Lord Orford's dogs, engrafted into those of Wiltshire and Yorkshire, have turned out the best greyhounds; of course there are some exceptions, but it is generally imagined, that greyhounds crossed from the aforementioned blood, have proved themselves superior to others.

Of this sort, Czarina, a blue bitch, ran forty-seven matches in Norfolk and Yorkshire, with uninterrupted success; she never (which is singular) was at heat until thirteen years old, when she produced eight whelps, all of which turned out such excellent runners, as never to have been beaten. Czarina is the dam of Claret and young Czarina, both of which challenged all Yorkshire; the challenge was accepted, and they won their matches easy.

Snowball, the property of Major Topham, was supposed to be (taken for every thing) the best greyhound that ever was. He won four cups, couples, and upwards of thirty matches, at Malton and upon the Wolds, and so beat a dog of Mr. Plumer's, that he died after the course; but when tried against his brother Major, has always shewn himself inferior, and still more so when ran against his aunt, Yellow Czarina.

Snowball was got by Claret, out of a bitch of Major Topham's, a brace of the whelps (of which Major was one) was sent to Colonel Thornton. Major was never beat but by Czarina, nor from the very great superiority he shewed over Snowball, and over Major Topham's bitch, Dent, who was sold for Thirty Guineas, is it likely that he ever will.

Claret was got by Young Jupiter, out of Old Czarina. He challenged all Yorkshire; was accepted in two instances. One paid forfeit, the other he won; he is the sire of Major and Snowball.

Venus was a very excellent runner of the same blood.

The

The Flixton hares are so stout, that the course is extended sometimes to the length of five and six miles, they are generally found on the side of a hill to the north, which they invariably ascend; at the top they have flat down for three or four miles, and then a steep descent, after which they ascend a hill almost perpendicular; at the top is a large whin cover, into which these hares beat many capital greyhounds, and perhaps it is the only place in England, where a hare was ever seen to beat, for four miles over turf, a brace of the best greyhounds that could be produced.

But notwithstanding the length of the Flixton Courses, and the enormous price set upon a Yorkshire greyhound, yet the Cumberland gentlemen have exceeded them in the former, and sold a greyhound for more money than, it is believed, was ever given for one in England.

In February 1798. a brace of greyhounds, the property of James Courtall, Esq. of Carlisle, coursed a hare from the Swift, near that city, and killed her at Clemmell, seven miles distant: both greyhounds were so exhausted, that unless the aid of some medical men, who were upon the spot, had been immediately given, they would have died, and it was with difficulty they were recovered. Upwards of two hundred gentlemen were present, and more money was supposed to be laid, than on any similar occasion; at starting, it was even betting, the hare against the dogs. The hare, who had very often been coursed, but always beat her pursuers easy, was allowed two hundred yards law; and when killed (contrary to a general opinion that large hares are not the best runners), weighed eight pounds, eleven ounces. With respect to the other point, in August 1800, a greyhound was sold at Carlisle for One Hundred and Fifty-two Pounds.

Although last mentioned, yet, perhaps, the Miller, a greyhound belonging to the Reverend B. Dudley, has the first pretensions as a capital runner. The sire of Miller was an Essex dog, named Tulip (whose sire was Mr. Walter's blue dog, Shandy), and his dam, a daughter of Duke, a famous Lancashire dog, the property of the late B. Gascoyne, Esq. The Miller is a lofty, remarkably deep-chested dog, of a fawn colour; whilst a puppy, he was so large and aukward, that he was not meant to be kept. A friend of Mr. Dudley's borrowed, and carried him to St. Osyth Marshes; where, at a year old, he won four or five matches in one day, against the best dogs in the field. From this extraordinary circumstance, he literally ran himself into notice, and became a favourite; and his powerful symmetry, which now began to get into form, was generally acknowledged; its excellence laid in no single point, but in a proper and rare combination of the requisite powers. In speed, wind, lasting strength, quickness in turning, and flying leaping, he was equally eminent. Even over ground to which he was most accustomed, he went true for his hare to the last, without discovering the least propensity to swerve or run cunning. For seven years he has continued unrivalled, having never been beaten in the arduous struggles of seventy-four matches. He is deservedly in the highest repute as a stallion; all his stock are excellent runners; a daughter, Miss, won the Bradwell Cup last year, as the best of six brace of greyhounds,

hounds, who having gained their matches, were run down to a brace.

To shew the peculiar manner in which greyhounds are trained to pursue their game in some countries, the following description of their use, in the island of Cyprus, may not be uninteresting.

"In this place (says the author) I had the pleasure of seeing a Cyprian hunting or coursing match, and that at which I was present, was none of the least brilliant, as it was the Governor's. Having arrived at a spacious plain, interspersed with clumps of mulberry trees, some ruins, and thick bushes, the sportsman began to form a ring, in order to inclose the game. The barrier consisted of guards on horseback, with dogs placed in the intervals. The ladies of the greatest distinction in Nicosia, with a multitude of other people, stood upon a little hill, which I ascended also. The Governor and his suite were posted in different parts of the plain, and as soon as the appointed moment arrived, the hunt was opened with the sound of musical instruments; part of the dogs were then let loose, which, ranging through the bushes and underwood, sprung a great number of rails, partridges, and woodcocks. The Governor began the sport by bringing down one of these birds, his suite followed his example, and the winged tribe, into whatever quarter they flew, were sure of meeting with instant death. I was struck with the tranquillity of the stationary dogs, for, notwithstanding the instinct by which they were spurred on, not one of them quitted his post; but the rest ran about in pursuit of the game. The scene was now changed, a hare started up from a bush, the dogs pursued, and while the former made a thousand turnings in order to escape, she every where found an opponent; she, however, often defeated the greyhounds, and I admired, in such cases, the sagacity of these animals, which, disdaining the assistance of those that were young and inexperienced, consequently liable to be deceived, waited until some of the cunning old ones opened the way for them, and then the whole plain was in motion. When the poor animal was just ready to become a prey to its enemies, the Governor rushed forwards, and throwing a stick which he held in his hand, before the greyhounds, they all stopped, and not one of them ventured to pass this signal. One of the swift greyhounds being then let loose, pursued the hare, and having come up with it, carried it back, and jumping upon the neck of the governor's horse, placed it before him. The governor took it in his arms, and delivering it to one of his officers, gave him orders, if it continued alive, to shut it up in his park, where he maintains a great many prisoners of the same kind. I admired, above all, the discipline of the greyhounds, and the humanity of the governor, who thought it his duty to preserve an animal, which had afforded him so much pleasure."

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN HAPPILY CONTRADICTED.

NASRUDDIN, one of the principal inhabitants of the town of Jenisherin, in Asia Minor, celebrated for his wisdom at the time when the conquests of Tamerlane threatened his countrymen with destruction, advised them to offer no resistance, and proposed

proposed, as their ambassador, to conciliate the conqueror by an early submission. They adopted his proposition. Before setting out, he reflected a long time upon the choice of presents, which would be proper to inspire the conqueror with clemency, and at last determined upon fruits. "But," said he, "it is always well to take advice: I will consult my wife." He went to her, and said, "What fruits will be most likely to please Tamerlane, figs, or quinces?"—"Quinces," replied the good old woman; "they are larger, and much handsomer." He thanked her, and went away; but said to himself, "However proper it is to ask advice, it is not always proper to follow that of one's wife; mine counsels me to carry quinces, therefore I will take figs!"

He collected his figs, and, when Tamerlane knew that the famous Nasruddin had reached his camp, he ordered him a speedy introduction. The ambassador, with his head bare, profoundly saluted the conqueror, and deposited his homely present, while all the courtiers expected to see the indignation of their master burst forth. Tamerlane, however, without anger, thought it better to turn the whole into ridicule, and ordered them to throw the figs, one by one, at the head of the Ambassador. As the figs struck him, Nasruddin repeated at each stroke, "Heaven be praised!" and so persisted, till all had been thrown. Tamerlane enquired why he had used the exclamation. "It is altogether natural," said Nasruddin: "I thank Heaven, that I did not follow the advice of my wife; for she would have had me bring your Majesty quinces, instead of figs; and if I had brought them, every stroke would have broke my head." Tamerlane laughed heartily, and yielded to all the demands of Nasruddin.

A Curious Account of a Wild Man.

The following relation, concerning a wild man, though but little known, is well authenticated. The account is translated from a work published at Paris, by M. Le Roy.

"In the year 1774, a savage, or wild man, was discovered by the shepherds who fed their flocks in the neighbourhood of the forest of Yuary. This man, who inhabited the rocks that lay near the forest, was very tall, covered with hair, like a bear, nimble as the Hisars, of a gay humour, and, in all appearance, of a mild character, as he neither did, nor seemed to intend, harm to any body. He often visited the cottages, without ever attempting to carry off any thing. He had no knowledge of bread, milk, or cheese. His greatest amusement was to see the sheep running, and to scatter them, and he testified his pleasure at this sight by loud fits of laughter, but never attempted to hurt those innocent animals.

When the shepherds, as was frequently the case, let loose their dogs after him, he fled with the swiftness of an arrow shot from a bow, and never allowed the dogs to come too near him. One morning he came to the cottage of some workmen, and one of them endeavoured to get near enough to catch him by the leg; he laughed heartily, and then made his escape.—He seemed to be about thirty years of age. As the forest in question is very extensive, and has a communication with vast woods that belong to the Spanish territory, it is natural to suppose that this solitary, but cheerful creature, had been lost in his infancy, and had subsisted on herbs.

An Eccentric Character;

Supposed to have been the Original of

STERNE's UNCLE TOBY;

From Father Angeloni's Letters on the English Nation in 1754.

The real Author Dr. Shebbeare.

"GIVE me leave," says the Doctor, "to describe the character of a man who happened to die whilst I was at a town in Devonshire. His name was Stukeley, a gentleman of ancient family, and of an estate of one thousand a year. His daily residence was, for a while, in the Temple; and during this time he appeared to have more of that principle in his soul, which is called the *vis inertiæ* in matter, than is to be found in almost any man. When put in motion, he was extremely apt to continue so; and being at rest, he hated moving. When he was prevailed on by his companions to pass an evening in gaiety, he never desired to change that manner of living; and would have persisted in it for ever, if he could have prevailed on them to continue with him: in like manner, when he had once become sedentary, by two or three days tarrying at his chambers, he hated the thoughts of being put into action again.

"When he left London, he retired into the country, filled with the project of perfecting the perpetual motion. During the course of more than thirty years he never came abroad but once, which was when he was obliged to take the oath of allegiance to King George the First. This was the only time he changed his shirt and other garments, or shaved himself, for the whole period of his retirement. He was a very little man, and at once the most nasty and the cleanliest person alive, washing his hands twenty times a day, and neglecting every other part. During this employment he never had his bed made.

"After he had given over all hopes of the perpetual motion, he took pleasure in observing the works and policy of ants, and stocked the whole town so plentifully with those insects, that the fruits in the gardens were destroyed by them.

"During the reign of the immortal Queen Anne, whenever the Duke of Marlborough opened trenches against any city in Flanders, Mr. Stukeley broke ground at the extremity of a floor in his house, made with lime and sand, according to the custom of that county, and advanced in his approaches regularly with his pick-axe, gaining work after work, chalked out on the ground, according to the intelligence in the Gazette, by which he took the town, in the middle of the floor, at Bedford, the same day his Grace was master of it in Flanders.—Thus every city cost him a new floor.

"During his stay within doors, he never sat in a chair; and, when he chose to warm himself, he had a pit made before the fire, into which he leaped, and thus sat on the floor. During this whole time, he never received, nor asked for, any rents from many of his tenants; and those who brought him money, he would often keep at an inn for a whole week, pay all their expences, and dismiss them back again, without receiving a shilling. He lived well in his house, and frequently gave to the poor; always ate from large joints of meat, and never saw any thing twice at his table; and at Christmas he divided a certain sum of money amongst the necessitous of the town. He never kept his money under

under lock and key, but piled it up on the shelves before the plates in his kitchen. In his chamber, into which no servant had entered during the time of his tarrying at home, he had two thousand guineas on the top of a low chest of drawers, covered with dust, and five hundred lying on the floor, where it lay for twenty-five years. This last sum a child had thrown down, which he was fond of playing with, by oversetting a table that stood upon one foot. The table continued in the same situation also. Through this money he had made two paths, by kicking the pieces on one side; one of which led from the door to the window, the other, from the window to the bed."

COPY OF A HAND-BILL,
Distributed at the late
FETE AT CUMBERLAND HOUSE,
BY A SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

For this Night only,
For the Benefit of
SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD,
At *Folly's Theatre, Little Britain*,

Will be presented,
An entire new NATIONAL FARCE;
Called,
THE STATUE OF BRONZE;
Or, an improved Imitation of
THE GOLDEN CALF.
The principal Characters by
A Monopolist,
A Loan Jobber,
A Commissary, and
A Jailor.

Who will exhibit the various Attitudes of Devotion, and surprising Humility of Prostration, of the darkest Ages of Idolatry.

In the last Act will be the Apotheosis of
A VIRGIN IN BREECHES,
Who will be translated to the Milky Way, on a Lame Duck and a Cormorant,

To which will be added,
A Serio-Comic, Tragic Spectacle,
called
THE PIC-NICS;
OR, THE MUSES IN THE SUDS.

At the conclusion of this Entertainment will be exhibited,
THE MAGIC IDOL, IN PAPIER-MACHEE;

Which, being suddenly animated, will astonish JOHN BULL and his credulous Family, by various Feats of Activity; and, in a most surprising manner, will be seen to give
A Soporific to Britannia,
And metamorphose a Bundle of Rags into a Hundred Millions of Money.

The whole to terminate with a FANDANGO by the Characters.
And an Epilogue by Master APOLLO DAGGERWOOD.

☞ Tickets to be had at the Bank of Air, in Paper Buildings, near Rag Fair.
No Money to be returned.

TIME MATCH.

A Gentleman of property undertook, for a considerable wager, the end of last month, to ride from the Borough of Christchurch, in Hampshire, to Hyde Park Corner, a distance of one hundred and one miles in seven hours.

He was allowed seven horses to perform the task, which he did with apparent ease in five hours and forty minutes.

The last thirteen miles he rode in forty minutes on one horse.

In another part of his journey he performed fourteen miles in thirty-six minutes with two horses.

On the whole, this is considered one of the greatest equestrian feats that is remembered ever to have taken place.

FULL and INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE VARIOUS ASCENTS OF Messrs. GARNERIN, SOWDEN, LOCKER, &c. IN BALLOONS.

THE late spirit of ballooning, which has been so unprecedentedly predominant for nearly two months past, was in the first instance excited by printed proposals, on the part of the friends of M. Garnerin, for his ascent in a balloon, from the Marlborough Gardens, at Chelsea, on the first of June; a proposal which, after amusing the town for several days, was entirely set aside, as, we understand, from the representations made by the gardeners of Chelsea to the magistrates, of the damages they would probably sustain by the assemblage of such a vast concourse of people, as might naturally be expected. In fine, after the town had waited near a fortnight, their attention was transferred from the Marlborough to Ranelagh Gardens, where the Pic-Nic, or Dilletanti Society, announced, that on the night of Friday, June 25th, there would be a ball and supper, when M. Garnerin's night-balloon, M. Ruggeire's comet, &c. would be displayed, and this was in consequence exhibited on the evening above-mentioned. It ascended from the gardens about one o'clock on Saturday morning.

It consisted of a silk-balloon, filled with inflammable air or gas, with which one-fourth part of common air is mixed, for the purpose of rendering the explosion intended, more sudden and brilliant. To the balloon was attached, by cords, a fine and expensive fire-work, differing in nothing from the usual *wheels, stars,* &c. except in this, that the fire did not begin till it was elevated several hundred feet in the air, which gave it a very uncommon and fine effect. Just before the whole of the combustibles were exhausted, they set fire to the gas in the balloon, which went off with an immense explosion, and a very brilliant flame, leaving a prodigious cloud, which was rendered white and shining by the light of the still-inflamed fire-works, which began to fall as soon as the balloon exploded, and were totally extinguished in an instant before they fell to the ground. The spectators were highly delighted, and the fine effect was visible at the distance of ten or twelve miles in all directions.

After this introduction, which, in some sense, might be considered as a pioneer, or signal for bolder and more adventurous undertakings, M. Garnerin made his first attempt, agreeably to the following account.

GARNERIN'S FIRST ASCENT.

On Monday, the 28th of June, after an elegant afternoon breakfast was given at Ranelagh by the Directors of the Pic-Nic Society, of which about two thousand persons of the first distinction partook, M. Garnerin, the celebrated aëronaut, about five o'clock, accompanied by Lieut. Sowden, of the Navy, ascended in his balloon, which, for neatness of construction, as well as for the admirable philosophic principles by which it is distinguished, far surpasses any thing of the kind ever before witnessed in this country. Its ascent was, in the first instance, very

very gradual, in order that all possible gratification might be afforded to the crowd of fashionable and admiring spectators, who attended on the occasion; and the interest which the scene excited in every mind, seemed great beyond all power of description. Having evinced his unrivalled skill in the management of his stupendous vehicle, by manœuvring for a few minutes immediately over the gardens, M. Garnerin took his leave of the company, and saluting them with a flag which he held in his hand, proceeded upon his aërial voyage, in a north eastern direction over the town, at so moderate a height, as to be distinctly observed in every part of the metropolis. The atmosphere being exceedingly clouded and heavy, he was under the necessity of parting with the greater part of his ballast, to enable him to ascend to the desired height. This, however, in a very short time, he effected, but the numerous clouds, which from the unfavourable state of the weather he had to encounter, in the course of fifteen minutes, entirely obscured him from our view, nor did he from that time present himself again to the view of the multitude, who, with the utmost interest, continued for a considerable time to gaze for him amidst the ponderous clouds.

The balloon was about thirty feet in diameter, and about forty-five in height; the car, about six feet by four, and about two feet and a half in depth, with a seat at each end, and a space between for ballast, hung from the extremity of the netting with which the balloon was covered, at a distance of nearly eight feet, suspended by no more than four cords, so that when the number of accidents that every day are heard of, by falling overboard ships, encompassed as they are with rigging, and familiarised as men are with them, were considered, the most lively anxiety prevailed for the safety of the daring adventurers who were to ascend. The figure and proportions of the balloon were grand and beautiful; its colours alternate sections of dark green and yellow, diversified by the netting. The vessels in which were contained the materials from which the gas was generated, the tubes by which it was conveyed to the balloon, the most minute part of the instruments, and the process, were examined with the most particular attention that wonder and curiosity could excite.

Garnerin is of the middle size, with an expressive countenance, and a quick eye, extremely active and alert, and particularly so in the moment of ascending. Captain Sowden is of a tall manly figure; he seemed rather to feel a solemn and decided resolution, than a thoughtless gaiety, insensible of the value of what it exposes. The interest of the scene was increased by the great anxiety shewn for him by a lady, who, on her knees, and with tears, implored him not to venture, but in vain. At their first ascent, Captain Sowden was seated, but M. Garnerin, for what reason we know not, desired him to rise, or the consequences might be fatal to him.

Among the rumours on the scene, it was mentioned that Colonel Greville wished very much to be *du voyage*; and that when he was informed that the car could not admit three, he had endeavoured to persuade Captain Sowden to resign his place to him. A lively conversation was said to have taken place on the subject, in which each of these gentlemen displayed

played much anxiety for the safety of the other, and for his own glory. It was said that Captain Pollen offered fifty guineas to be permitted to terminate the dispute, by being himself the companion of Garnerin, and that Captain Sowden actually paid one hundred guineas for being allowed to retain his seat.

Near the gardens, every window, every house-top, every tree, was filled; Chelsea gardens were crowded; the river was covered with boats; while the banks on both sides, and every avenue from towards Ranelagh were so thronged, it was difficult to find a passage through them. The great road from Buckingham-gate was absolutely impassable, or at least the carriages, which formed an unbroken chain from the turnpike to Ranelagh door, could only advance so slowly, that many persons preferred getting out on the way, and struggling through the crowd at any risque. It is in fact impossible to form an idea of the numbers who went out to view this sublime and novel sight. Those who were unable, or unwilling, to go to the spot, were extremely fortunate in seeing it pass over the town, so slow, as to be perfectly seen; M. Garnerin and Captain Sowden saluting as they passed along, and seeming to contrive, by the management of their ballast, &c. to remain purposely at that elevation, from which the whole city would be likely to have the best view. From Ranelagh, the balloon took its direction towards Westminster, passing over Duke-street, whence it kept its line, between the river, and the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, and St. Paul's Churchyard, &c. Garnerin's intention, if the weather answered his wishes, was to have run a course of three hours, in which time he expected to go a length of fifty miles; but the state of the day did not, probably, permit him to go much beyond that length.

In addition to the above particulars, we are enabled to add, from another correspondent, that Garnerin said in the gardens, previous to his departure, he would, probably, be obliged to make a long voyage, in consequence of the freshness of the breeze, which would carry him; and this turned out to be absolutely the fact, as he went too far to return that night; which circumstance tended to increase the concern of the public at large

No balloon that ever before went up, took a course so directly over London (from West to East) as Garnerin's, on Monday, June the 28th. He passed over Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and could be distinctly seen above every street. Every house and shop was totally deserted; every soul flocked into the street, as if there had been an earthquake. He could be distinctly seen waving the flags, and at one time he came very low, upon which he threw out ballast, re-ascended, and was lost behind a cloud. Soon after this a smart shower fell, and we suppose he had not the most comfortable voyage.

The weather was very hazy: had it been clear, the sight, passing so directly over London, and so slow, would have been one of the most beautiful ever seen.

The sight produced a great sensation in town, great astonishment and anxiety. Every inhabitant saw it; and never had any spectacle so many spectators.

The whole city was now full of anxious enquiries, which, however, were not the least gratified that night, nor till Tuesday in the forenoon,

noon, when Colonel Greville received an express from Colchester, with the two following letters; the first from Captain Sowden to the Colonel himself; the second from M. Garnerin to his confidential friend in London.

" Dear Greville,

" After a delightful voyage of three quarters of an hour, we landed safe at Colchester. Our landing was extremely difficult, on account of the high wind. You may suppose *at what a devil of a rate we came at.* Your's, &.

" R. C. SOWDEN."

" Colchester, June 29."

Extract of a Letter from Mons. Garnerin, to one of his friends in London; dated Colchester, June 29, one o'clock in the morning.

" I take the earliest opportunity of informing you, that, after a very pleasant journey, but the most dangerous descent I ever made, on account of the boisterous weather, and the vicinity of the sea, we alighted, at a distance of four miles from this place, and sixty from Ranelagh. We were only three quarters of an hour on the way. To night I intend to be in London with the balloon, which is all to pieces, as well as the netting. We ourselves are all over bruises."

The appearance of the balloon, we understand, excited the utmost astonishment among the country people, and in Colchester. The town was in an uproar all that night and the forenoon of the following day; and the two travellers were much delighted with their reception, especially from the officers of the garrison.

M. Garnerin, before he entered the car at Ranelagh, exacted from Captain Sowden his word of honour, that he would not require to be landed till he (Garnerin) pleased. Garnerin designed to go as far as he could; and he was only stopped by his approach to the sea.

The terms on which Captain Sowden is said to have purchased his seat are curious. Colonel Greville contracted that M. Garnerin should go up, and said he would go up with him. Garnerin consented, but the Colonel was persuaded to decline. Colonel Pollen offered Garnerin fifty guineas for the seat, but Garnerin said he could not let it without Colonel Greville's consent. In the mean time, Captain Sowden applied to Colonel Greville, paid him two hundred pounds for the seat, engaged to go halves in the profit or loss of the Ranelagh Fête, (the loss is more than one thousand pounds) and one of the conditions was, that he should make his will in favour of the Colonel, which he actually did.

M. Garnerin was well aware of the danger he incurred by ascending with the balloon when the weather was in such a boisterous state. The proximity of the sea, the first time, in almost every direction, was a sufficient reason to have induced him to give up the experiment at that time; but it being his first attempt in this country, as he had promised to make the experiment, he was resolved to keep his word with the public at the hazard of his life. Captain Sowden, though not so deeply interested, was not less anxious to be the companion of M. Garnerin's danger, having subscribed the sum of two hundred pounds towards the expences of the day, for the privilege of being his companion.

The

The diameter of M. Garnerin's balloon is about twenty feet: in round numbers, the surface is about twelve hundred feet, and the solid contents rather more than eight thousand cubic feet. The inflammable air, or hydrogen gas, with which it is distended, is from ten to thirteen times lighter than atmospheric air; a cubic foot of inflammable air weighs forty-one grains and a half, while the same bulk of atmospheric air weighs five hundred and thirty-eight grains; the whole volume of inflammable air in the balloon would weigh forty-four pounds, while the same bulk of atmospheric air would be equal to five hundred and sixty-two pounds.

The eagle can fly in a minute six thousand and thirteen English feet. M. Garnerin's balloon went at the rate of six thousand four hundred and ninety-two. A hawk, belonging to Henry the Second, King of France, flew away from Fontainbleau, and was caught twenty-four hours after at the island of Malta. In that time, therefore, this animal had travelled one thousand English miles, which make about forty-two miles per hour, or three thousand six hundred and ninety-six feet per minute. At the rate at which M. Garnerin's balloon proceeded, it would go round the globe in thirteen days and a half, allowing the circumference of it to be twenty-four thousand miles.

Colchester, near which M. Garnerin alighted, it is worthy of observation, is fifty-one miles distant from London, in an east-north-east direction; so that, as Ranelagh is quite on the opposite side of this Metropolis, and the balloon did not go in a horizontal line, the velocity cannot be estimated at less than seventy miles in the hour; which is double the velocity with which Diamond and Hambletonian run against each other, and with about half the swiftness of a carrying-pigeon, one of which went, in the year 1779, from London to Tipton Church, in Staffordshire, which is one hundred and ten miles, in fifty-three minutes.

The following illustration of the probable swiftness of the course of the balloon, is taken from the Oracle. These relative velocities of moving bodies, is not given as positively accurate, as that is impossible, but nearly so—the rate of a man walking quick being taken as one, the others would be as follows:—

Rate of a man walking—one.
A horse at a quick trot—three.
A race-horse—eight and a half.
A strong wind—twelve.
A hurricane—eighteen and one-third.
A carrying pigeon—eighteen and one-third.
Sound—not ascertainable.
A point blank shot—two hundred and sixteen and two-thirds.

But to return from these ingenious speculations, the following is M Garnerin's own account of his aërial voyage.

"M. Garnerin, owes to the anxiety and interest with which the Public has kindly honoured him, by the numberless inquiries made at the Pantheon, some particulars of his atmospheric journey.

"The morning of the 28th, although rainy, seemed nevertheless to presage favourable. M. Garnerin made, in that hope, his chemical apparatus work for the extraction of the inflammable gas. The balloon was filled in regular time,

time, though much tossed about by a very high wind.

At one o'clock it was full, and ready to carry passengers and provisions. From one o'clock till half after four, the wind blew a hurricane. Had M. Garnerin been then happy enough to avail himself of former successes in this country, most likely he would, with pleasure, have acquiesced in the general and unanimous solicitations of the brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion, who intreated him not to attempt his ascension in such boisterous weather, whose fury was less to be apprehended at the moment of leaving the earth than at the time of landing.

Induced by such powerful considerations, M. G. urged Captain Sowden, his travelling companion, to desist from his intended journey, as he conceived it was his duty to run alone the dangers of the day, since nothing but mere curiosity could have induced him to undertake this perilous excursion.—Captain Sowden, notwithstanding M. G.'s representations and entreaties, listened to his courage only, which triumphed over the obvious difficulties he had to encounter. From half after four till five, a few showers of rain fell, and calmed for a few moments only the violence of the wind, which afterwards raged with increased fury. At five precisely, the travellers mounted the aërial car: each of them unfurled, and waved the colours of their respective nations, which they re-united, as a symbol of alliance and amity. No one can doubt, at such a juncture, the sincerity thus expressed by two brave defenders of their country, whose love for peace was visibly felt.

The balloon having been carried round the ring, the travellers, placed in the car, took their leave, amidst the plaudits and anxious good wishes of the surrounding company, and sprung majestically towards the celestial regions, where the raging winds seemed then to be the rulers.

The inhabitants of London had then an opportunity of seeing the standards of all nations with which the balloon was dressed, rising proudly from the borders of the Thames, and losing themselves in the immensity of space, and in the same manner as they were seen on the 18th Brumaire, (9th of November), springing from the very bosom of the Seine, at Paris.

At the moment of departure, the balloon directed its course across St. James's Park, and went over the river between Westminster and Blackfriar's Bridge. Perceiving then that the aërostatic vehicle was descending, M. G. threw out some ballast; he then rose much above St. Paul's, and the travellers had an opportunity of viewing, at one sight, the beautiful city of London and its suburbs. The temperature was already fifteen degrees colder. M. G. and Mr. S. felt quite chilly. London soon disappeared by crossing a cloud, which, being surmounted, made them likewise lose sight of the earth. The temperature was milder. The inflammable air began then to dilate: and the aëronauts provided the means of safety by procuring every necessary emission of air. Dinner was then introduced, and eaten with pleasure and appetite; at the desert, M. G. informed Capt. S. that their journey was drawing to a conclusion, and it was necessary to prepare for a descent extremely hazardous, on account of the excessive violence of the wind, which

was likely to precipitate the travellers and the machine on the trees, on the hedges, on the houses, and, in fact, on every thing that would obstruct their passage.

The travellers had been exploring the atmosphere upwards of half an hour only, and having no idea of being at such a distance, thought it nevertheless expedient to come down. M. G. opened the *soupape*, or aperture of his balloon, to cross again the same cold and dark clouds already mentioned. The earth became visible as well as the sea, which they saw very close, an arm of which they even crossed in various parts. The anchor and cordage were ready for landing; the fury of the wind made the balloon bounce from place to place as it grounded, and dragged the travellers through fields, trees, and bushes, by which their hands were torn to pieces. The anchor now and then caught ground, and fastened at last to a hedge near a house, whose inhabitants, frightened at the sight of the aërial machine, not only declined to give assistance, but actually offered to fire on the venturesome travellers. At this juncture, the rope that fastens to the anchor broke, and the machine was carried with additional violence against a tree, by which Mr. S. received a severe blow on the head. The balloon, however, having been torn in the lower part, both the cords and netting of the railing of the car broke, and the wind again forced away these gentlemen from the tree they were strongly clasping, but with the assistance of a new, though last exertion, the aërials had an opportunity of leaving the car and balloon, which fell upwards of two hundred yards further.

M. G. and Mr. S. were then four miles beyond Colchester; they went over Epping Forest, &c. and performed this long and arduous journey, in the short space of three quarters of an hour.

M. G. mentions in the handsomest terms the courage Capt. S. evinced in this new instance, and with peculiar expressions of gratitude and acknowledgments of the perseverance with which he voluntarily shared the dangers attending their landing, as he could several times have extricated himself from the car, which he never thought of leaving without his pilot.

He has unfortunately received some contusions; but we are happy to hear, that they are of no consequence.

With the following letter of Captain Sowden's, we shall conclude this account of M. Garnerin's first ascension.

CAPTAIN SOWDEN's ACCOUNT OF THE LATE ÆRIAL EXCURSION.

"As numberless questions have been put to me, respecting the sensations I experienced while in the upper regions, I think it a duty incumbent on me to inform the Public, and to set them right as to the erroneous ideas they have of an aërostatic voyage. On our first ascending, we felt a few drops of rain. After we had gained the height of about three thousand feet, I desired M. Garnerin not to ascend any higher till he had passed the metropolis, that the inhabitants might be gratified with a fair view of us. When we had got at a small distance from London, we ascended through some very thick clouds, of which I could perceive three distinct rows, at the lower

one

one of which we found the quicksilver of the thermometer at fifteen deg. and I was obliged to put on my great coat; but on ascending still higher, we found the air more temperate, and the quicksilver rose gradually to five deg. above summer heat.

"We then seemed to be stationary, and felt no more motion than one would feel in sitting in a chair in a room. I then proposed to M. Garnerin to overhaul our lockers, where we found a ham, a cold fowl, a cake, and two bottles of orgeat; wines or spirits being dangerous to take, owing to the rarefication of the air. The chill of the clouds having given us an appetite, we made a table, on our knees, with the seats of the car, and eat a very hearty meal. The clouds then dispersed from under us, and we had a delightful view of the country.—Whether it is owing to the rarefication of the air, or to the strong light thrown on the earth, I cannot determine, but I found that my sight, which at all times is rather weak, became so strong, that I could easily distinguish the minutest objects on the earth: it appeared like a vast panorama, or map, of about fifty miles in circumference, where we could not only follow with our eyes the different cross roads and intersections on it, but even distinguish the ruts on them, and the very furrows in the field. The sense of hearing was stronger here than on earth; for, at the height of fifteen thousand feet, we could distinctly hear the rattling of the carriages on the roads, the lowing of cattle, and the acclamations of the people who saw us; though, at the same time, we could hardly hear ourselves speak; and I am persuaded, that a person on the earth, with a strong voice and a speaking trumpet, might make himself perfectly understood by any person at that height in the air. I have observed, that almost every sensation I experienced while in the upper regions, was exactly the contrary to what is the general opinion of the public. I was assured by a number of the most celebrated *literati*, who pretended to be very learned on that subject, that I should find the cold increase the higher I ascended; instead of which, I found the heat increase to that degree, that I was obliged to take both my great coat and jacket off. It is also the general opinion, that looking down from so stupendous a height, renders a person so giddy as not to be able to keep his seat: on the contrary, I found that I could look down with a vast deal of pleasure, and without experiencing that inconvenience; whereas, looking round on the vast expanse that surrounded us, rendered my eyes so dim, that I was sometimes a few minutes before I could perfectly recover my sight. I experienced no difficulty of breathing, nor inconvenience from the motion of the balloon; for, though we moved with immense velocity, we felt not the least wind or pressure of air, it being so perfectly calm, that the flags in our hands, and those with which the balloon was decorated, hung supine, nor did they stir. I observed, that between every row of clouds, not only the atmosphere, but the wind, varied several degrees; for, on our passing through the first cloud, after leaving London, the wind, which had before been nearly South-West, changed to South-South-East, by which means we found ourselves over St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire. On ascending still higher, the wind became nearly West, which drove us over Ep-

ping Forest, which I distinguished very plainly; it appeared like a gooseberry bush. I then pointed out our course to M. Garnerin, on the map, and observed to him, that we should soon perceive the sea, which, in a short time, we saw very plainly.—M. Garnerin then told me, we had not a moment to lose, and must descend with all possible speed: at the same time, pointing out a very heavy cloud to me, nearly under us, and said—"*Il faut que nous passions à travers de ce drole la; accrochez-vous ferme car nous allons nous casser le col.*"—I answered—"*De tout mon cœur.*" We then opened the *valve*, and we descended with rapidity. On rushing into the cloud, I found, as he had conjectured, it contained as violent a squall of wind and rain as ever I experienced. The attraction of the water, the force of the wind, and the constant emission of gas from the valve, hurried us with such velocity towards the earth, that I expected to see his prediction verified, though I can assure you my ideas at that time did not coincide with the answer I made him. M. Garnerin still retained all his coolness and presence of mind; and, while we were descending with that extreme swiftness, desired me, the moment I should find the car about to touch the earth, to catch hold of the hoop which was fastened to the bottom of the net, to which the car was suspended, and lift myself up into the net, by which means we saved ourselves from being dashed to pieces. The balloon did not re-ascend immediately, but dragged us along the ground, with astonishing swiftness, for the length of nearly three fields, before the grappling iron took good hold, and then we thought ourselves safe, being close to a farm-house, from which several persons came out to see us; but though we threw out ropes to them, and called for help, they were so consternated, that neither threats nor entreaties could prevail on them to come to our assistance; for, as I afterwards heard, they took us to be two sorcerers, it being rather an unusual thing to see two men coming down post haste from the clouds. We were for about three minutes in that situation, till another gust of wind broke our cable, and we ascended again nearly six hundred feet. In the bustle of preparing the ropes for the farmers, M. Garnerin had let the rope belonging to the valve slip out of his hand, by which means the bottom of the balloon was pressed upwards by the wind. M. Garnerin desired me to try to regain it, which I at last effected by climbing up into the net, though the force of the wind struck the tin tubes fastened at the bottom of the balloon, and through which the rope led, with such violence against my face, that it had nearly stunned me. Having recovered it, we redescended, but were borne with such violence across the country, sometimes along the ground, sometimes in the air, that I several times proposed to M. Garnerin to abandon the balloon, and to save ourselves; but he continually objected to it, and reminded me of my promise not to quit him. In the mean time, we were dashed against several trees, one of which had nearly destroyed us. Being with my back towards it, I received a blow on the head, which threw me at full length at the bottom of the car. M. Garnerin, in attempting to assist me, was nearly thrown overboard; two of the cords that held the car broke, and, at the same time, some of the

the branches tore the balloon: upon which, M. Garnerin cried out—"The balloon is torn, and we are saved."—Another gust of wind disengaged us from the tree, and we touched the ground once more, with a less violent shock than before. We then both got out, but so exhausted with our numerous exertions, that we had hardly strength to follow the balloon, which fell again about two hundred paces further, when we completely mastered it, by throwing ourselves upon it, and by that means pressing out the remainder of the gas. It rained so very hard, that I proposed to M. Garnerin to leave the balloon in the field, and go in search of some house for shelter and refreshment. We accordingly made the best of our way to a house, which we espied about half a mile off, belonging to a Mr. Kingsbury; and here a very curious mistake took place. When we enquired for the master of the house, Mr. Kingsbury appeared, but seeing two persons of so strange an appearance (M. Garnerin having a French hat on, with the national cockade, bearing the tri-coloured flag, and myself being in a sailor's dress, with the union jack in my hand), he imagined we came on account of the election; and before we could address him, said, "Gentlemen, though I am a Freeholder, I have made a determination not to vote for one side or the other." So much was he impressed with this idea, that it was some time before we could make him sensible that we had nothing to do with the election, but that we came in a balloon, in three-quarters of an hour, from London: that we were very much bruised and tired, and that we required his assistance and shelter. He then received us in the most hospitable manner, not only providing us with refreshments and dry clothes, but even offered us beds, the use of his house and horses, and sent immediately some farmers, with a cart, to carry the balloon from the field, and convey it to a place of safety; and as we expressed a wish to get to Colchester that night, he sent for a post-chaise to convey us thither, where we were received with loud acclamations by the inhabitants. The next day we returned to Fingering Hoe, where we had left the balloon, and after drying it on the grass, packed it up, and made the best of our way to town, where we arrived about four o'clock the next morning.

"I cannot help admiring the coolness and presence of mind M. Garnerin preserved, even in the most imminent danger; and I am so confident of his great talents and skill in conducting a balloon, that I would venture to go to the end of the world with him.

"This is as near a statement as I can recollect; and I should take it is a favour if you would insert it in your paper, as you will thereby save me a great deal of trouble, having hardly breath enough to answer the numerous enquiries concerning our aërial excursion. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

"R. C. SOWDEN."

From this letter, it appears, that though Captain Sowden was but a private in the late aërostatic expedition, he has certainly surpassed the Commander in Chief in the minuteness and extraordinary circumstances of his details. Indeed, the experience of all other aëronants furnish nothing equal to the novelty of *his* observations. If he has used the license of a traveller, it must, however, be admitted, that he has used it with ingenuity

ingenuity. Some of his remarks are opposite to all past experiments of the same nature; but this is the age of wonders, and why may not the air have its revolutions as well as the earth?

Captain Sowden, it seems, could, at the height of fifteen thousand feet, nearly three miles, distinguish, though "his sight is at all times rather weak," not only the intersections of the country, and the cross roads, but even the ruts and furrows. A plain man would be inclined to ask, how did it happen that Epping Forest appeared to him, as he asserts, no larger than a *gooseberry-bush*?

Unsuccessful Attempt at Lord's Cricket Ground, Mary-le-bone, and consequent Disturbance, on Saturday, July 3, 1802.

The general expectation of seeing M. Garnerin descend from his balloon in a parachute, had such a surprising effect, that by eleven in the forenoon, people were flocking to Mary-le-bone from all quarters, and though bills were posted at the Pantheon, so early as twelve o'clock, to signify that the high wind rendered it necessary to defer the ascent till Monday, yet so few had seen them, or had received any information of the postponement, that Baker-street, and the other avenues leading from Oxford-street to the New Road, were quite thronged with carriages and foot passengers about three o'clock, when a torrent of rain poured on the unfortunate multitude, in which few had had the prudence to provide against it, though they had sufficient notice of its approach by the gloominess of the sky, and the fall of several lighter showers in the earlier part of the day. A scene of inconceivable confusion immediately ensued. Five or six persons crowded under every umbrella, and in their struggles to shelter themselves under it, without regarding who was the right owner, derived no other advantage from it, than receiving the rain in copious streams, instead of separate drops. Carts, which had been hired out to some who wished for an elevated situation, became now so many reservoirs, and those who were in them wished in vain that they were inverted, while others crouched beneath them, without waiting to bargain with the owners for this unlooked-for species of accommodation; many sought refuge beneath the bodies of coaches and coach-horses, trusting more to the impossibility of moving in the crowd, than to the humanity of the coachmen. The female pedestrians afforded a most affecting appearance of distress.

It should have been observed, that the balloon, with the parachute, had been removed from the Pantheon early in the morning to Lord's Cricket Ground, New Road, Mary-le-bone. Every preparation was made for filling the balloon; between eleven and twelve o'clock, M. Garnerin arrived on the ground; it was then blowing a very strong gale at north-west, and M. Garnerin expressing some alarm at the appearance of the weather, having suffered so much on his late ascent in consequence of the boisterous weather, his friends pressed him to make up his mind before the doors were opened, as they assured him it was very material to the preservation of order, to determine before any money was taken; upon which he begged for a short time to consider of it, and the doors were delayed being opened: at length he determined not to go. Between twelve and one o'clock he left the ground, accompanied by Captain Sowden,

Sowden, and the populace learning who they were, a great crowd followed them to view their persons.

As soon as possible, after M. Garnerin had made up his mind not to ascend, he sent a very polite letter to Sir Richard Ford, informing him of his determination, in consequence of which Sir Richard sent a letter of dismissal from duty to the Captain of the Guards, who were stationed there, but sent instructions to the police officers to remain there till after three o'clock.

M. Garnerin took every possible means to prevent the public from being disappointed, by giving orders for a number of hand and posting bills, informing the public of his having put off his ascent, to be printed and circulated with all possible speed, and with such dispatch were they printed, that they were actually delivering and posted before three o'clock.

About three o'clock, the balloon, in a wooden case, the parachute, and all the apparatus, were removed in a cart from the Cricket Ground, with an intention of safely lodging them in the Pantheon. An immense concourse of people followed the cart, hissing and groaning all the way. This disapprobation was supposed to arise from M. Garnerin having said in his advertisements, which appeared before he ascended from Ranelagh, that he would ascend with the balloon although the weather was not favourable, but not descend in the parachute, the condition of the weather being only as to his descent in the parachute. When the cart arrived at the Pantheon, the mob had increased to such a number as to render Oxford-street impassable, and the shopkeepers near it were obliged to put up their shutters, and the people became so outrageous, that they actually prevented the balloon from being taken into the Pantheon, threatening to tear it in pieces. Information being sent to the Public Office, Marlborough-street, of this daring attack, the magistrates dispatched a party of officers, and on their arrival, they found several of the mob with knives, &c. about to break open the case which contained the balloon, with an intention of carrying their threats into execution, when Hamilton, the officer, in the most firm and manly manner, fought his way through the mob, and got into the cart, and dared any of them to touch the balloon, when, with the assistance of the other officers, the cart was driven to the Public Office, Marlborough-street, where the balloon, parachute, and all the apparatus, were safely lodged in the strong room of the office. A very tall Frenchman, with an amazing large cocked hat, stood on the cart, to take care of the balloon, and made a most grotesque appearance.

The crowd continued coming till five o'clock, during which time several very heavy showers fell, and such was the rage of public curiosity, that they weathered the storms, and many of the fair sex, in particular, were completely wet to the skin. The morning having been very fine, induced numbers to go out even without umbrellas. The New Road was completely filled with carriages. In addition to the Police Officers and a party of the Guards, a party of the Horse Guards attended, in consequence of an application from Mr. Lord, the proprietor of the ground, to Lord Cathcart.

In the crowd, at the Pantheon, a female pickpocket was detected, and we are extremely sorry to say, Connolly's daring gang was as active in committing their depredations

dations upon this, as on all other public occasions.

Some person or persons were base enough to cut and damage M. Garnerin's balloon, in several places, on Thursday evening, at the time it was exhibiting in the Pantheon, and it was only by the great exertions of a number of persons sitting up all Friday night, that it was repaired, and in a state fit to ascend on Saturday. Some suspicions, it is said, attach to some of M. Garnerin's countrymen.

M. GARNERIN'S SECOND ASCENSION, ON MONDAY, JULY 5.

At the general disappointment on Saturday, M. Garnerin expressed considerable mortification, not only on account of his inability to afford the promised gratification to the assembly, but still more in the sufferings even of those, who were but gratuitous spectators of the entertainment, which he had prepared at so great an expence. In order that no second disappointment might be experienced in any thing that depended on him, he declared his positive determination to ascend at any rate on Monday, July 5, and accordingly several papers of that day contained the following advertisement—

"BALLOONS.—It is with the utmost concern that M. Garnerin found himself compelled to disappoint the Public in the ascension he had announced and prepared for Saturday last, 3d instant. The high winds having rendered his experiments utterly impracticable with the parachute, and being quite unprepared for a simple ascension with his balloon, on account of the hardships he experienced in his last excursion (in grounding), M. Garnerin anxiously and confidently trusts his apology will be acceptable to a liberal aad discerning Public, at the shrine of which he pledges himself, that nothing will prevent his ascension taking place (if the weather permits in the parachute, and in the alternative with his balloon), at Lord's Cricket Ground, this afternoon, at four o'clock precisely. First seats, ten shillings and sixpence, second, five shillings.

N.B. If, by contrary weather, M. Garnerin is obliged to give up the idea of ascending in a parachute, Mr. Sowden will most certainly make his second ascension with M. Garnerin and his balloon."

To have formed any idea of the numbers which occupied the Jews Harp Fields, the Nursery Grounds adjoining, the Cricket Ground, and the tops of the houses for some distance round the neighbourhood, upon this occasion, would be utterly impossible. Carriages, hackney-coaches, and market carts, filled every avenue, and for more than a mile and half on the New Road, vehicles of every description were standing in rows three deep. The foot-paths were also completely blocked up by crowds of pedestrians.

At an early hour, M. Garnerin had caused the balloon and parachute to be removed to the ground, in order that no interruption might take place from the great numbers of people which were expected to attend. The casks containing the materials from which the gas was to be extracted, were also conveyed thither, and before three o'clock the balloon was filled with its proper quantity for ascension. At this time it began to rain, the wind was extremely boisterous, and the weather was considered much worse than the day on which

hich the balloon ascended from anelagh, but M. Garnerin having pledged himself in bills stuck p in various places, that the weaher, however bad, should not prent his ascending with his friend, aptain Sowden, no choice remained.

How it happened that Mr. Sowen's name was introduced as M. arnerin's companion, we cannot ay (unless to excite curiosity), as appears Mr. Sowden did not anction its being brought forward n this occasion, nor had he any ntention of visiting the upper reions again. M. Garnerin, however, was at no loss for a fellow traeller when the time drew near or his ascension, as several gentlemen, notwithstanding the bad eather, were eager in contending or a place in the car.

M. Garnerin's decision, however, wavered between Mr. Charles Broderip, and Mr. Locker, whom e wished to oblige, and being in oubt for some time, they themelves agreed to toss up who should e the fortunate man, and the hance was won by Mr. Locker, who immediately secured his good ortune by getting into the car.

The spot of ground on which he balloon was fastened was at the vest end of the Cricket Ground, ear the Long Room, which was ccupied by several persons of fahion, and Members of the Pic-Nic Society, on account of the ad weather. A tent was also ixed on the ground, which afforded pleasant retreat from the rain. The balloon, as before, was held in perpendicular situation by ropes astened to the railing placed round t to keep the company from pressing too near; notwithstanding which, curiosity tempted so many to enter the circle to take a near view of the car in which this young gentleman was placed, that the several constables found full employment to keep the company at a proper distance.

M. Garnerin was in the interim making all ready for his departure, taking great care in examining the various articles belonging to the balloon. Several guns were at intervals fired, to announce its rising being at hand.

The Prince of Wales, at this juncture, came into the ring where the balloon was fixed, having on one arm the Duchess of Devonshire, and on the other, Lady Besborough. His Royal Highness enquired for M. Garnerin, who came forward, when the Prince expressed his sorrow at the unfavourable state of the weather, and asked him some questions.

Garnerin then went to the car of the balloon, where his comrade was still sitting, anxiously waiting for the time of his departure, and brought to the Prince a pen, ink, and paper, requesting the Prince would sign his name to a paper, which stated, that his Highness saw him depart from the Cricket Ground at the hour it then was, as he was on the point of setting off. To this his Highness cheerfully assented, and told him he could, no doubt, procure him other well-known signatures; the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Besborough then both signed the paper, as did also Sir Richard Ford, who was all the time on the ground.

M. Garnerin then cut all the cords, except one, and got into the car, which was held down by a number of men. Another gun was fired, and the whole assemblage of company on the ground, to the number of about fifteen hundred, were so eager to see the aëronauts take their departure, that they

pressed round the balloon, which rolled very much; from the violence of the wind, and it was much feared would receive injury from the sticks of the umbrellas held up by the crowd that surrounded it, the balloon having fallen several times on the umbrellas, but fortunately it withstood the pressure.

It was now within a few minutes of five o'clock, and the weather as boisterous as ever, when M. Garnerin, having received two silk flags for himself and his companion, lightened the car to enable it to ascend, and was upon the point of giving the signal for quitting the only cord that retained the balloon, when it was suddenly vociferated from different quarters, that the basket work of the car had given way, which for a moment stopped their progress, but Garnerin finding, that notwithstanding what had happened it was perfectly safe, as several additional cords had been suspended from the balloon to the car, and others run across them to prevent the chance of being thrown over, he gave the final signal to let go, and the balloon instantly ascended, the two aëronauts at the same time waving their flags, in answer to the loud plaudits below. —Finding, however, that although they were going through the air with great velocity, they did not increase in height, they emptied out two bags of sand, when they again ascended, and were, in a short time, lost in a cloud.

The time of their departure from the Cricket Ground, to that of their being out of sight, did not exceed three minutes, which is about seven minutes sooner than M. Garnerin apparently rose the same distance on his former ascension; but this may be accounted for from the thickness of the atmosphere; for the moment before the balloon disappeared, it did not seem much reduced in size.

The balloon was not borne round the circles as on the former occasion, owing to the inconvenience of the wind, which would not suffer it to remain stationary a moment.

The wind was more southerly than when M. Garnerin made his ascent from Ranelagh, and gave the balloon a direction apparently more to the northward, seeming to pass over Highgate.

It was precisely five minutes before five o'clock when the aëronauts ascended, and, we have the pleasure to say, that notwithstanding the violence of the wind, they landed in safety, with the exception of a bruise M. Garnerin received on his back, at ten minutes after five, in a field of Mr. Owen's, at Chingford, in Essex, having traversed a space of seventeen miles in fifteen minutes. The gentlemen came to town in a post-chaise about ten o'clock the same evening.

After the example of Captain Sowden, Mr. Locker, on his return, published the following account of his tour:—

ASCENSION OF THE BALLOON, AS RELATED BY MR. LOCKER.

"MR. EDITOR.

"Although the world has been already presented with an account of a late aërial excursion, I flatter myself so much interest is still entertained by the public for the safety of M. Garnerin, that the following particulars of his second ascent will prove acceptable to them:—The very unfavourable weather, attended with a heavy gale at South and South-West, induced M. Garnerin to give up his intention

intention of ascending, to display the promised experiment of the parachute. In this event it had been arranged, that Mr. Sowden should once more accompany him; but some misunderstanding having taken place between those gentlemen, and having had some previous conversation on the preceding day with M. Garnerin on the subject, I ascended with him yesterday afternoon, at ten minutes before five o'clock, according to my watch, from Lord's Cricket Ground. The strong assurances of my companion, added to what I had read on the science of aërostation, and the experience of former aëronauts, had so fully persuaded me of my perfect security, that I enjoyed the wonderful and enchanting prospect which now presented itself, with unmixed pleasure. Although the dense state of the atmosphere obstructed distant objects in so great a degree, that our horizon was somewhat limited, the unusual concourse of spectators, which gradually diminished to an undistinguished mass, and the view of great part of the metropolis, together with the surrounding country, studded with houses, and enlivened by the inhabitants moving in every direction, afforded me an entertainment well worth the purchase of any supposed danger.—After throwing out some part of our ballast, we ascended very rapidly, and, by the intervention of some thick clouds (which had much the appearance of a sea of cotton beneath us, as described by Mr. Baldwyn, of Chester), we entirely lost sight of the earth. We moved with much rapidity, although our motion was to me perfectly imperceptible; at length, the clouds dispersing, we again saw the country below us. I attempted, in vain, to ascertain our situation, by calling to my recollection the appearance of the country, which appeared to be more like a prospect seen in a camera, when placed in a very elevated situation, than any thing to which I could compare it: I think a map is an incorrect comparison, as the various objects are not, as in nature, delineated with sufficient minuteness to bear such a resemblance. About this time M. Garnerin looked at his watch, and observing we had been five minutes on our voyage, proposed to descend in about the same time.

"The perusal of Mr. Sowden's narrative led me to observe, with much attention, the power of hearing noises below; neither M. Garnerin nor myself could distinguish sounds above the elevation of three or four thousand feet, though M. Garnerin imagines a very confused sound, but totally undistinguishable, may be heard considerably higher. We never attained a greater height, this day, by M. Garnerin's computation, than about twelve hundred French toises, or seven thousand eight hundred feet, as M. Garnerin, being desirous to return the same evening to town, did not choose to lose a favourable opportunity of descending.

At length we saw, at a distance, what proved afterwards to be Epping Forest, with a range of distant hills beyond, and observing an open champagne country, M. Garnerin opened the valve, and we began to descend. He directed me to call to some persons employed in a field, as we approached the ground, to take hold of the ropes, which we had thrown out for the purpose, and recommended me to hold fast by the cords, to avoid the shock on the balloon's first touching the earth. This precaution proved very necessary, as the force

with which we descended was very considerable, occasioned by the force of the wind rather than by our specific gravity, and the rebound bore us up again, with velocity, to the height of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet.

"In re-descending, we struck against a tree, the shock of which gave M. Garnerin a severe blow on the back, and he observed, that this was the only occasion, during a period of twelve years in which he had been in the habit of aëronavigation, and the twenty-seventh time he had ascended, that he ever suffered such an inconvenience. Several of the peasantry being now at hand, we were secured from any further ascent, and alighted from the car with perfect safety. We immediately enquired our situation, and found we had fallen in a field of Mr. Owen's, at Chingford, in Essex, and, referring to our watches, observed we had made our voyage exactly in one quarter of an hour. We dispatched a messenger to Woodford for a post-chaise, and, having expressed the inflammable air, packed the balloon in the car, and had it conveyed to a small inn at Chingford-Green, adjoining which we had descended, from whence, after a slight repast on some provisions we had brought with us, we set off for London, and arrived at M. Garnerin's, in Poland-street, a quarter after nine in the evening.

"Although the mob, which surrounded us on our descent, were, as usual, both troublesome and officiously impertinent, we received great attention and assistance from Mr. Hughes, of the Stamp-Office, London, and several other gentlemen, who beheld our arrival. Attention would have been, however, insured to us, if necessary, by the paper put into the hands of M. Garnerin, signed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Devonshire, Ladies, Besborough and Cathcart, and other persons of distinction, who witnessed our ascension at Lord's Cricket Ground. I am, &c.

"EDW. HAWKE LOCKER."

Greenwich, July 6.

(COPY.)

"JULY 5, 1802.

"We, the undersigned, having been present at the ascension of M. Garnerin with his balloon, this afternoon, and witnessed the entire satisfaction of the Public, beg leave to recommend him to the attention of any gentleman in whose neighbourhood he may happen to descend.

GEORGE, P. W.
G. DEVONSHIRE,
BESBOROUGH,
CATHCART,
R. FORD.

M. Garnerin's balloon ascended at Lord's Cricket Ground, London, at ten minutes before five, and descended at Chingford Green, in Essex, in a field of Mr. Owen's, at five minutes past five, passing a distance of nine miles in one quarter of an hour: this circumstance attested at the King's Head, Chingford Green, in the presence of

G. CLINTON DAVIES,
THOMAS WILLIAMS,
JOHN HUGHES, Stamp-Office, London,
GEORGE SOAMES,
JOHN ODTRINS,
RICH. PAMPHILION.

GARNERIN, E. H. LOCKER, } The aërial travellers upon this occasion.

Before

Before and after the ascension of the balloon, the most flagrant and atrocious acts of plunder and robbery, were committed by gangs of thieves and pick-pockets. Their numbers enabled them to carry on their depredations in security, and several instances occurred, where, finding it impossible to steal with success, they did not scruple to seize and carry off the property openly and by force.

The breaking down of a scaffold or platform, upon which a great number of persons had taken their stand, produced a most melancholy and affecting catastrophe.

By this unfortunate accident, seven persons were most dreadfully crushed, a child was killed on the spot, a woman had both her legs broken, a man had a leg broken, and two others their arms. Another had his head and face crushed in so dreadful a manner as to leave little hopes of his recovery.

This shocking event happened about half after three o'clock. A little boy was trampled to death by the crowd before he could be raised from the ground; and we are fearful that many more accidents of a similar kind have taken place.

With respect to the extent of the damage done by the falling of the scaffolds, &c. the Morning Post for Wednesday, July 7, contains the following article:—

"It is with extreme concern we have to relate, that the number of accidents which happened on Monday, June 5, in the neighbourhood of Lord's Cricket Ground, greatly exceeds common report.

"Eleven persons were carried to the Middlesex Hospital, others to the Mary-le-bone Infirmary, and the neighbouring public houses.

"Soon after the scaffolding erected at the back of Lisson Green gave way, a similar accident happened to one near the Buffalo's Head public house, opposite the Infirmary; a gentleman of the name of Meadows, brother of Major Meadows, of Liverpool, had his right leg broken by a fall from the latter, and several persons were much bruised, but not dangerously.

"A young woman, with an infant in her arms, ascended (with several other persons) a ladder, reared against an unfinished house at the end of Baker-street; unfortunately, a few minutes before the ascension of the balloon, a part of the brick work against which the ladder rested, gave way; the fright had such an effect upon the woman, that she dropped the infant, and, in her frenzy to recover it, jumped off the ladder (the height of about thirty feet), and fell upon the crowd underneath, providentially without sustaining any material injury. What is still more singular, the infant escaped unhurt.

"The circumstances attending the over-drove ox, shews how extremely atrocious was the conduct of the mob which pursued it. When the animal got up to the Mary-le-bone turnpike, the keeper attempted to shut the gate, but was prevented by a lawless rabble, principally composed of butchers' boys. A dreadful scene ensued, when he got among the crowd; several persons were much gored, and, from the frightful cry of, a mad bull, many persons were thrown down in the confusion, and trampled under foot.—A genteel dressed female, the daughter of a tradesman in Oxford-street, was taken up apparently lifeless, but we have the pleasure to add, that she was, by means of surgical assistance, soon restored to her senses, and is now out of danger.

The

The police officers apprehended several of the most active miscreants concerned, but they were compelled to release them by the banditti of pick-pockets that infested the public road. The indignation of the crowd was at length roused, and the poor frantic animal was driven out of the public road, into the fields adjoining Williams's farm, where a similar scene of confusion happened, but not attended by the same lamentable effects. Several notorious thieves were apprehended; on one pick-pocket was found six watches; he was secured in attempting a seventh.

"We have, however, the satisfaction to add, that only one person is known to have been killed on the melancholy occasion; and that was a boy of about sixteen years of age, the son of a labouring man, in Tottenham-court-road. Four of the unfortunate people, who were carried to the Middlesex Hospital, left it on Tuesday, July 6, in the afternoon, no bones being broken, and their wounds not dangerous. The recovery of the seven, who remain in the hospital, is doubtful; viz. — A journeyman coachmaker, with a face dreadfully lacerated, a fracture of the orbit of the eye and the bridge of the nose; a decent man, of about fifty years of age, a fracture of the vertebræ; a young woman, with a dislocated shoulder; a boy, about fourteen years of age, a compound fracture of the thigh; another boy, a broken leg; a young woman, with a broken leg. It is supposed the pick-pockets, sent in the mad ox, and cut the ropes of one of the scaffolds, for the purpose of plundering in the confusion."

The persons, it is said, who erected the scaffolds, considerably injured M. Garnerin, by depriving him of his profits.

Sketch of an Unfortunate Sportsman.

TO be regularly *irregular*, or consistently *inconsistent*, are qualifications not fortunately possessed by numbers of those who well know, what must be the advantages resulting from such a wonderful versatility of genius, indescribable by the pen and inexplicable to the comprehension. Difficult as the ambiguity of this preamble may appear, to those of your readers who have not been much accustomed to analyze the various sensations, passions, dispositions, and expectant gratifications of human nature, yet it was the concisely precise character of my friend B—, who, after having made a few fluttering appearances upon the turf (though in the back ground of the picture) for the last three years of his life, took rather an abrupt leave of his friends, and made both an unexpected and expeditious departure for "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," in the night of Thursday preceding the races at Ascot, where his presence was anxiously expected. As there were a few extraordinary traits in his life, so there was something equally singular in his death. Though not exceeding four or five-and-twenty, with one of the handsomest forms and most accomplished persons we are accustomed to see in the middle course of life, he was more than once unfortunate in his amours; for, after supporting two years as his *cher amie*, a Miss G. of some former theatrical celebrity, she eloped with one of his most intimate friends, leaving him to ruminate upon the frailty of human nature. After the dedication of a certain time to the sorrow naturally supposed to have taken place upon

upon so serious an occasion, "reason took her turn to reign," and, in her first effusions, powerfully recommended "a hair of the same dog" to heal the wound. To drop, however, the sublimity of metaphorical allusion upon so plain and so simple an occasion, it must suffice to say, that it was thought most prudent to let a feminine repair the mental injury a female had occasioned. A consolatory comfort of this description was soon provided; lodgings procured; a profusion of furniture and liberality displayed, but to the most mortifying purpose; for, in a few days, calling unexpectedly, and suddenly entering the apartment, (appropriated occasionally to repose) he there found the fascinating dulcinea, sweet object of all his present and his future hopes, fast locked in the arms of a most polite and obliging Frenchman.—Of the same complexion were his disappointments upon the turf, where he sometimes faintly courted the smiles of the fickle goddess, running his horses in the name of his friends; here also his stars were unpropitious, as well as in his occasional nocturnal visits to those sinks of iniquity, those well-known hells, many of which are (by the indefatigable exertions of the Magistrates) at length happily buried in oblivion. On the Thursday preceding Ascot Races, he called upon a sporting man of eminence, told him "he had made a match for fifty with a gentleman to whom he was but little known, and begged him to draw an article (in the course of a day or two) ready for the parties to sign;" but to the surprise of both relations and friends, at four o'clock the following morning, he breathed his last. By the former, his death is reported to have been occasioned by "drinking a bottle of madeira that afternoon, having upon him some degree of fever;" but from a retrospective survey of every circumstance, it is not very unnatural or inapplicable, to conceive, there may possibly have been some saturnine or soporific ingredient interposed, as an antifebrifuge.—"Argat. He that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life;" so says the jocular old grave-digger in Shakespeare's HAMLET.

CRACKED PIPKIN.

IN our Magazine for March, (page 338) we inserted a case from the Court of King's Bench, "Cherrill *v.* Cherrill, where the jury, most charitably, awarded damages of Forty Pounds against the Defendant, for having reported that a *pipkin* had sustained a *crack*, in which (upon the most minute investigation) there did not appear the least reason to suppose a *single flaw*. The same desire of doing justice to injured innocence, now prompts us to lay before our readers the issue of a cause somewhat similar, heard before Mr. Justice Rooke, in the Court of Common Pleas, on Thursday, the 24th of June, in an action brought by Anne Hobley, house-maid in the service of a Mr. Baker, against —— Grainger, bricklayer, for having sustained especial damage, in the loss of her intended husband, one Slocomb, (a bricklayer also) in consequence of an insinuation from Grainger to the said Slocomb, "that it had been hinted to him, by two or three different people, that Anne Hobley had, at some previous period, been delivered of a child in the country;" upon which calumnious mis-representation her admirer had withdrawn his attention,

attention, and had left her to mourn the loss of her lover, as well as the temporary loss of reputation at the same time. No plea of justification on the part of Grainger being made, or the least proof brought forward that such *hint* or information had been communicated to the Defendant, by any person whatever, the Jury, (after every exertion that could possibly be made by Mr. Serjeant Cockell in behalf of his client) gave a verdict for the Plaintiff, with Twenty five Pounds damages, thereby restoring the *pipkin* to its original purity, and, most probably, the long-lost swain to the lady.

DRUNKEN GROOM—GIG DETAINED.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH,
FRIDAY, JUNE 11.

LISCOCK *versus* GREENWOOD.

MR. Gibbs, as counsel for the plaintiff, stated, that this was an action of trover, to recover a chaise and harness from the defendant, who was a coachmaker, under the following circumstances: Mr. Liscock, the plaintiff, was a gentleman, living in Newman-street, Oxford-road, having also a house a short distance from town. He had the misfortune to have a groom, a very drunken fellow. From repeated acts of inebriety, he was forced at last to give him warning, but previous to his going away, he sent him home with the gig one day, cautioning him to keep himself sober. The worthy servant, however, forgot this caution, and in consequence overset the gig, by which it was very much fractured. Without saying any thing to his master, he took the gig to the defendant's to be repaired. It happened in the mean time, that Mr. Liscock's new servant came, and he took him into the stable to shew him the horses; afterwards they proceeded to the coach-house, but, to his surprise, he found no chaise there. He thought immediately, that his servant had disposed of it somehow or other, and instantly sent for him, to enquire after it. He then said to his master, in answer to his question, Where was the gig; "It is gone to *my* coach-maker's;" naming a coach-maker's at the corner of Hanway-yard. Mr. L. asked him, why he sent it to any body but his own coach-maker, Mr. Oldham; to which he replied, "He did because he did." Mr. L. then proceeded to where he was directed, but found no chaise there. At last he accidentally saw it at the defendant's, in Newman-street, and of course enquired how it came there. He was told, that a servant had brought it to be repaired. Mr. L. said, they had done wrong to take it without better orders, and that he should insist that they gave it up to his own coach-maker, Mr. Oldham. The defendant, Greenwood, admitted that he had acted incautiously, and promised that it should be delivered to Mr. Oldham whenever he sent for it. Upon its being sent for, he however refused to deliver it, until a bill of fifteen shillings was paid for work done towards repairing it.

This case being proved, it was resisted by the defendant, on the ground that the servant had general orders to take it to what coach-maker he thought proper. To prove this, Banks, the servant, was called, but he conducted himself so impertinently in Court, and was also materially contradicted, that he did not seem entitled to much credit.

Lord

Lord Ellenborough told the Jury, that a servant could not fix a master with his contracts, unless he was in the habit of being accredited by his master, or had special authority to do the thing done. His Lordship observed, that this fact rested solely on the testimony of Banks, who, from his deportment, and from being materially contradicted, did not deserve the smallest credit.—Verdict for the plaintiff.

A MARE KILLED.

FRIDAY, JULY 16.

WHATES *versus* TAYLOR.

THE plaintiff, in this case, brought his action to recover Eighteen Pounds Eighteen Shillings, the value of a mare which had been injured by a dray, under the conduct of the defendant's servant, so much, that it was obliged to be destroyed.

The circumstances of the case were as follow:—the plaintiff left his mare, while he alighted, in the care of a boy. The defendant's servant driving a dray, stopped close by the mare, and left it while he went into a public-house. During the time of his absence, the dray-horse backed, and entangled the plaintiff's mare between the tail of the dray and some paling. The mare being so entangled, kicked and plunged, and at length fell upon the iron pin at the back of the dray, which entered its body, so that when it was disentangled, the bowels came out at the wound. The poor animal was, of course, obliged to be destroyed.

These facts were clearly proved in evidence. On the part of the defendant one witness was called, to prove that the dray had never moved, but that being positively contradicted by the witnesses for the plaintiff, the Jury found a verdict for him.—Damages, Eighteen Pounds Eighteen Shillings.

HIRE OF A CURRICLE.

SATURDAY, JULY 17.

BENNET *versus* HAYNE.

THIS was an action by a coach-maker against the defendant, a merchant, for the hire of a curricle. The question turned upon what was the contract between the parties. The learned counsel for the plaintiff stated, that perhaps he should not be able to prove a specific contract, for the sum of seven guineas a month, for the hire of the article in question, but he should shew that that sum was a reasonable charge for it. He accordingly called a discarded servant of Mr. Hayne's, who said, that he went with Mr. Heddington, the defendant's clerk, to Bennet's, the coach-maker, to hire the curricle in question. Bennet asked eight guineas a month for it, for the months of August, September, and October, but if they kept it four months, then he was to pay but seven guineas a month. Several coach-makers were called, who said, that this rate of hire was not unreasonable, and that a fashionable curricle cost frequently upwards of Two Hundred Pounds.

Mr. Erskine, on the part of the defendant, said, he should prove a totally different contract, and for that purpose he called Heddington, the person who made it. The witness said, that when he went to Bennet's, he undertook to fit him up the curricle, and asked eight guineas a month for it. He thought it was too much, but the plaintiff said, the carriage would be useless the rest of the year, for nobody would hire an open carriage in the winter months. He then agreed to pay eight guineas during the

months of August, September, and October, and if it was kept in November, he was only to pay four guineas for that month. Mr. Hayne was taken ill in the country, and did not return the curricle until February.—The plaintiff had claimed seven guineas a month for the whole time, and the defendant had paid into Court twenty-four guineas for the first three months, and four guineas a month for the residue of the time.

Lord Ellenborough directed the Jury to find a verdict for the defendant, which they accordingly did.

The Imperial Dilly,

An improvement upon Mr. Sheridan's laughable story, see page 111, of our number, for May 1802.

BILLY P——, old established *driver* of the Imperial Dilly, hereby acquaints the *Nobility, Gentry,* and *Public* in general, that having had some complaints of his man *Simple,* who has *driven,* during his short absence, occasioned by *unavoidable* circumstances, he intends very soon to take the *reins* and *whip* again into his own hands; and he hopes to give satisfaction to his friends.

In the mean time Billy P. begs leave to assure his friends, that there is no truth in the report of his having *made over* his contract for driving the *Imperial Dilly* to *Simple,* as has been maliciously said by the Proprietors of the *Old Opposition Coach.* The truth is, that Billy P. finding himself hampered with certain *Irish Concerns,* and some French business, which he could not bring to a settlement, was obliged to keep in the back ground for some time; but he is happy to think that his affairs will speedily be adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties. During this Irish business, *Billy P.* was advised to quit the box, and accordingly he thought of putting *Simple* forward, as being a quiet, inoffensive fellow, who had rode many a year in the *basket,* blowing his *horn* to let the people know when the coach was *setting off* and *coming in, morning* and *evening. Simple,* as all the world knows, is a sober, well-conditioned creature, that does what he is bidden, and never could dream of *setting up* for himself.—*Billy P.* therefore recommends his friends to put up with *Simple* a little longer.—To be sure he goes on at a *small* pace, but he is safe, and, unless run against by the new dashing *Paris Diligence,* the *Bonaparte,* will not overturn the carriage.

Tally-ho, the French *Driver,* and *Simple* have indeed been shaking their wigs at one another for some days past, and the passengers in the *Imperial Dilly* have been splashed, notwithstanding each bound himself by *Treaty* to keep *his own side of the way. Simple,* however, is directed, for the *present,* to make no disturbance on the road, so that there is little danger of immediate accidents. As soon as *Billy,* in person, takes the whip, he may perhaps one day run himself in the way of *Tally-ho,* as he did before, having care at the same time to get *witness to swear* that he was *on his own side.* By this trick he, about nine years ago, threw the *Paris Dilly* into a ditch; though, to say the truth, the expence of the repairs of his own coach, for the damage it sustained, are not paid off to this day! No matter; the proprietors pay all with a hearty good will—no *inquiries* made!

The coach will start, as usual, from the bottom of *Parliament-street, bait* at the *Treasury,* and take *a whet* at some of the *Public Offices.* Passengers *set down* according as they

they agree, at any *place* between St. James's and the India-House.

Billy P. likewise acquaints his friends, that as he has always run very capital cattle, he intends to start with an entire new set of *hacks*, superior to any in the kingdom, some with blood, some with bone, some Irish, of *high mettle*, some of the *Scots breed*, very useful, drudging, serviceable animals; and he expects that he shall shew in his harness some old racers that have won the *King's Plate!* He has now some pure beasts in his eye, and is sure of a bargain.

N. B. The *New Opposition Coach* will soon give in, as Billy P. offers the driver and guard a *small* concern in his driving business.

Abuses among the Underlings at Race Courses.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

OBSERVING your readiness at all times to afford room for whatever may contribute to the advantage of the Turf, or the amusement of your readers, I presume to trouble you with a few remarks upon a subject, that I am induced to believe, you will coincide with me in opinion, stands much in need of general rectification upon every Race Course from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. The great stakes run for at Newmarket, and the immense bets dependent upon the different events of each meeting, render it necessary that every minutiæ should be strictly attended to, for the prevention of deception and prostitution of integrity. So well aware of the general depravity of the sporting subordinates, were the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Jockey Club, that they many years since most judiciously barred every possible avenue to villainy and deception, by the formation of such rules, and introduction of such bye-laws, as were most likely to render abortive any interested attempt at pecuniary depredation, by a combination or conspiracy amongst the training grooms, jockies, stable lads, and their long list of racing dependents. Amongst these rules, none was found more absolutely necessary than the jockey of every distinct member's being known (when mounted) by the particular dress in which he rides each race; as for instance, the following are the declared and well-known colours, in which the reader (whoever he is) must appear when riding, either Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, for any of the following Noblemen and Gentlemen, at Newmarket.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—purple waistcoat, with scarlet sleeves, trimmed with gold, and black cap.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York—broad green, and white stripe.

Duke of Grafton—sky blue, and black cap.

Duke of Queensberry—deep red, with black cap.

Lord Grosvenor—orange, and black cap.

Lord Clermont—scarlet.

Lord Derby—black, with white cap.

Lord Egremont—dark green, and black cap.

Lord Darlington—pink, and black stripe.

Lord Sackville—white, with black cap.

Lord G. H. Cavendish—straw colour, with black cap

Marquis of Donegall—black.

Lord Milsintown—orange and green.

Sir C. Bunbury—pink, and white stripe.

Sir John Lade—straw colour, trimmed with purple.

Sir H. T. Vane—straw colour, and blue sleeves.

Sir F. Poole—black.

Sir F. Standish—mazarine blue and white cap.

Mr. Panton—white, with red cap.

Mr. Durand—pink and white broad stripe.

By which means the name of the owner of the horse, when running, is invariably ascertained by the colour of the riders, or in other words, every sportsman inclined to a bet during the race, can never be fluxed by any of those villainous and rascally deceptions so constantly practiced with success at almost every country course in the kingdom. This oblique mode of picking pockets is not very generally known, but for the detection of systematic rascality, it is naturally presumed you will render, by its insertion, your assistance to have it universally understood. The plan, with these determined depredators, is precisely this, "Jack Nokes," "Tom Stiles," or whatever is the name of the jockey engaged to ride the horse of "John Bull," is entered with the horse in the list to ride in "Blue," and the infinity of rustics, consisting of country 'squires, yeomen, farmers, parsons, and psalm-singers, who neither know John Bull or his horse, going of course by the only blue they can obtain, the "list of the horses," printed under the sanction of the stewards and the clerk of the course, consider it authentic, and that the horse said in the list to be mounted by a rider in "blue," is the horse of "Mr. John Bull;" when, on the contrary, this very horse is rode by a jockey in white, brown, or yellow, to the great mortification of numbers, whose pockets are picked by those notorious scoundrels who are in league with the principals and their various emissaries, who are plentifully dispersed through the multitude upon every course, betting with the unwary upon any particular horse, not by the name of the owners or the horse, but by the colour of the rider; which proving deceptive from the cause before described, many are constantly induced to, and robbed by, a course of betting even; when, if the villainous deception was known, as, well to one party as the other, he would discover the current odds to be five, six, or probably ten to one in his adversary's favour. Having for many years observed and regretted this palpable opening to the most unrelenting villainy, to which the various stewards and clerks of courses have inadvertently submitted, more from inattention and indifference, than official neglect; I obtrude upon your kindness and impartiality, for the introduction of a proposition, that once adopted, would bury the evil complained of in eternal oblivion.

It has long been a custom, from what mistaken notion of extreme politeness I know not, for the clerks of country courses, to insert in their advertisement a "request" that the jockies will, at the place of entrance, declare the colour they intend to ride in; which request is never paid the least respect to, but invariably held in the most ineffable contempt. This fact being incontrovertibly established, permit me to ask, through the medium of your Sporting vehicle, why these gentlemen (either Stewards, or the Clerks of Courses) should meanly stoop or condescend to "request" of these party-coloured non-descripts as a favour, what they are privileged to demand as a right; not

not only as a right upon the basis of equity, but as a right in the cause of justice; which is, to take out of the hands of the most designing and abandoned villains, one of the many means by which the simple, undesigning, harmless Sportsman, is so frequently robbed of his money to a certainty, without the chance of winning a guinea. This, I conceive, would be instantly effected, if Noblemen and Gentlemen who are now, and may in future, become the Stewards of Races, would enjoin their deputies to announce, in their advertisements, a N. B. "That any jockey (or the person attending the horse) not declaring *bona fide*, at the place of entrance, in what colour the horse will be rode, should not be entitled to receive the Plate, though in other respects he might have won.

Not at all doubting but this plan would totally eradicate the iniquity, I beg to be believed your constant friend.

July 14. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

BOXING.

In our last Number, respecting the late affair in Yorkshire between Belcher and Berks, we stated what had come to hand to us through the channel of the Newspapers; we have since been favoured with the following letter—

Ripon, June 30, 1802.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING read an incorrect account, in one of the country papers, of the proceedings at the village of Grewelthorp (six miles from this place), relative to the boxing match between Belcher and Berks, which was to have been fought there on Thursday last, as I take in your Magazine, to prevent misrepresentation, I take the liberty to send you the following account of the transaction—

"The Reverend the Dean of Ripon, and the Reverend Mr. Read, of Sand Hutton, (who are acting Justices of the Peace for the three Ridings of this County) having had information the evening before of the intended battle, desired the town-clerk to attend them. They arrived in the field where the stage was erected about ten o'clock on Thursday morning, and found a very large concourse of people assembled, whose numbers increased until twelve o'clock, when, after communicating with some of the parties concerned, they found that the combatants had resolved to fight, and had given out they would not be prevented. Upon this the two justices, with the town-clerk, and about a dozen constables, went to the stage, which the constables (as ordered) began to pull down, and in part accomplished, but were prevented by the interference of the mob, who forcibly took possession of their tools, with loud and repeated huzzas. The town-clerk then, by desire of the justices, read the riot-act thrice, the mob continuing, at times, loud huzzas, to prevent its being heard. This was a little after twelve o'clock. Immediately afterwards the town-clerk addressed the crowd, and requested them to go peaceably home, informing them, that if they continued together a certain time longer, they would all be guilty of felony. Notwithstanding this, the mob, very soon afterwards, repaired the stage; upon which the justices again interfered, and, with the few constables, began to pull down the stage a second time, but were again prevented by the mob. They then walked off the ground into the village, the mob still continuing assembled, both in the field and in the village, in very large crowds. About half past one o'clock the combatants

combatants both came from the village, and ascended the stage, Belcher taking the precedence of Berks. They were then called to, and told, that if they remained there they would be very soon taken into custody. Upon this they both quitted the stage, without fighting, and, accompanied by the mob, immediately quitted the village, so that, at two o'clock, there were not a dozen strangers in the village, nor were any bye-battles fought.

"A great number of gentlemen, who call themselves amateurs of the art, were attending on the occasion. The match was said to be for fifteen hundred pounds a side.

"Your's, &c."

Since our last, Berks also has written the following Letter—

To the EDITOR *of the* DAILY ADVERTISER *and* ORACLE,

SIR,

THE wager for which I was to have fought with Belcher, at Grewelthorp, in Yorkshire, was for one thousand four hundred and fifty guineas a side; Captain Fletcher betting upon me, and Mr. Fletcher Reid upon Belcher: the match was to be fought between twelve and two.

Captain Fletcher was on the stage half an hour before Mr. Fletcher Reid could make up the sum betted. Belcher did not come upon the stage till half past one, and then appeared in boots; consequently not very likely with an intention to fight. Immediately on his coming on the stage, Captain Fletcher came to me at the house, and desired me to put on my fighting-dress, and be ready immediately, which I directly did. I was then asked by Fletcher Reid, "Where is your Second?"—"I answered, "Let us fight without Seconds, for Harry Lee has refused to be one, on account of the magistrates."

I had wished to fight before the hour named, to prevent the interference of the magistrates; for, though no man can more respect their authority, which I would not attempt to resist, I thought it would be fair enough to get the start of them.

Mr. Bolton, of York, held the bets, to the amount of two thousand nine hundred guineas.

I had been in training seven weeks, at Middleham, and was never in better condition. I ran and leaped with many people, and always beat them. I was exceedingly well treated by the people there, and must say, that Captain Fletcher behaved amazingly well, and like a gentleman to me. I told him, it was not for the sake of money, but of my honour, that I wanted to fight.

Belcher had not been ten minutes on the stage, when two or three gentlemen came and told him to get off, for that the magistrates had issued their warrants.

Belcher, on this, was directly going off, when I said, "Belcher, stop, and fight at all risks, and we shall see who is the best man." I must say it is not true, as stated in some of the papers, that Belcher made a reply, that "he thought I knew that already," for he made no answer, but acted the part of Orator Mum.

It appears odd to me, that Joe Ward was at Grewelthorp the day before, but did not appear the day appointed for the fight at all. I do not wish to impute any thing wrong to him, but think it very strange.

The above is a true statement, which nobody will deny, and which Belcher, if he has a regard for truth, dares not contradict.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

London, July 1. JOS. BERKS.

FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

WHEN, at the conclusion of the Election for the county of Cambridge, the populace took the horses from the carriage which contained the Duchess and Duchess Dowager of Rutland, and drew them after the chaired Members, a gentleman observed, that "the mob was neither destitute of *Manners*, nor inattentive to the *Graces*."

An elector in Southwark, on giving his vote, being asked who he polled for, said, "Thornton, Tierney, and Turton." On being told he could only vote for two, he expressed his regret that he could not keep his word, as he had promised them all!

It was mentioned to Mr. Fox on the Hustings, at Covent Garden, how happy it was that he stood, as Mr. Honywood would certainly have declined, had not Mr. Fox agreed to come into Parliament.—"Aye," said Mr. Fox, with great pleasantry, "One fool makes many."

An elector who gave his vote for Admiral Gardner, was interrogated as to his profession? He said he was a placeman, and was entered accordingly.—Another being asked for whom he would vote, answered, "I give a plumper for Lord Hood."—A poor old woman offered her vote for Graham, and hoped the Poll Clerks would not tell her husband, as he would certainly vote against her—and a poor German tendered his vote also, because his brother workmen assured him, he was a Freeholder, as his landlady suffered him to have a key to the street door, to let himself in and out of the house, at whatever time he thought fit.

The celebrated Bubb Doddington, when mentioning, in his Diary, his interview with the Duke of Newcastle, on an electioneering business, says, "*when we parted he kissed me*, and promised every thing, *but that is all wind!*"

Lord North.—We cannot forbear being pleased with the following *bon mot*, at a period when his influence in the political world was no more, and when blindness and other infirmities of age might be supposed to aggravate the chagrin of a disappointed statesman. His old and violent antagonist, Colonel Barre, who had also sustained the loss of sight, chanced one day to be placed by him in the House of Commons, when he happened in the course of the debate, to make some observations on his former political controversies.—"But I trust," continued Lord North, "that, notwithstanding the violence of my opponents in public, my conduct has procured me few private enemies. There is, for example, my old and strenuous antagonist, Colonel Barre—he and I have had many tough political disputes, and yet I am confident that, at this moment, no two persons would be happier to *see* one another."

A few days since, a young sailor was tried at the Clerkenwell Session

sions for an assault on his wife. Jack did not deny the fact; but, according to his mode of telling the story, he had also cause to complain. He never could get her to keep in the same *birth* with him, and often caught her out at night, *cruising under false colours!* Notwithstanding this provocation, he confessed he was still fond of his spouse; but having found her one day in a house of bad fame, he owned that his passion overcame him, and he beat her with a *cat-o'-nine-tails.* The Jury, whose risible faculties were provoked, acquitted him.

An Irish Paper informs us, that Sir Alexander Schomberg, commandant of the yacht from Dublin to Holyhead, is a *lineal* descendant of the celebrated Marshal Schomberg, who was killed at the passage of the Boyne, in Ireland, under King William, and died *without leaving any issue!*

The following is copied verbatim from a letter, left at a public house in Gateshead, Newcastle, to be put into the post-office:—"Mr. James Laurinson cotton spinner Warrington Lancashire to be given to him & not his wife if he is not at-home he may be found at any of the public houses whear they sell good ale for he is the divil for a glass of good ale."

The Pot and the Kettle.—In the course of a late trial in the King's Bench, Mr. Garrow, in examining a corpulent witness, observed, "You, Gentlemen *Millers*, seem to thrive better than we do at the *bar.*"—"Yes," replied the witness, "because we *sleep better!*"—"Why so," continued Mr. G.—"because," said the Miller, "we have *clearer consciences I take it.*"

A gentleman some time since ascended in a balloon, accompanied by a lady; after having risen to a considerable height, he proposed to salute her; to this the lady refused, adding, "that at any other time she should not have the least objection, *upon earth!*"

An Irish footman being one dark night sent for beer, took with him the key of the street-door to let himself in; but having tipped off three or four glasses of thunder and lightning (i. e. gin and bitters) at the bar, could not, on his return home, open the door. After he tried in vain for some time, another of the servants met him, and at letting him in, asked him what the devil he had been about so long?—"You may say that," said he, "you may indeed, for I have been a quarter of an hour trying to unlock the door; but while I was gone to the public-house, some of your rascally London thieves *have stolen away the key-hole.*"

An extravagant fellow, who had got into the King's Bench Prison for debt, was called upon by his creditor to know if there were any terms he could propose, as he did not wish to keep him there.—"I'll pay you five shillings in the pound, said the debtor."—"But," replied the other, "you offered ten before,"—"True," answered the debtor, "but I have learned a great deal here, and since you sent me to College you must e'en pay for my education."

When one of the Judges was sometime since passing sentence on a notorious house-breaker, and said, "it is with pain I am now to pronounce upon you the awful sentence of the law," he was interrupted by the prisoner, who said, with a polite *sang froid*, "I beg your Lordship would not *mention it.*"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FELIXTON Wold, so well known to sporting gentlemen, is about to be enclosed, by virtue of an Act of Parliament obtained last Session.

Our sporting friends who visited Pontefract Races last year, will hear with pleasure that the foundation for a grand stand on that beautiful and truly picturesque racing ground, is already dug, and that the builder intends erecting a convenience of wood as high as the intended first floor, for the accommodation of those attending the ensuing meeting. We understand the holly trees, being an interruption to the view, are mostly taken down, by which means the sport may be seen from the hill without any obstruction.

Meynell's hunt, so long the topic of admiration amongst foreigners, is to be visited this season by several Parisian bloods. Lord Sefton will shew them true English hospitality *within doors*, though in the *field*, he will ride away from them.

Mr. Panton has entered a colt for the next meeting at Newmarket, which is very appropriately named "Buss," out of "Kiss my Lady." At the same time, Anniseed is matched against Pic-Nic.

The beautiful grey horse, Symmetry, has been recently purchased of Mr. Heathcote, by Mr. Smith, of Market-Weighton, at a high price, to take to Russia (supposed for the Emperor). He is allowed to be one of the handsomest horses in England.

Horsemanship.—In the Grand Magazine, published in the year 1758, there is a plate of one Johnson, an Irishman, riding on two, three, and four horses, in Astley's manner. He is there termed the *Tartar*, and was the wonder of the day. On being asked how he could perform such wonderful feats, he answered, that he did it *naturally*, having *practised* all positions for eleven years.—Of this Johnson, we gave some anecdotes in page 130 of our last Number.

A curious bet was made the latter end of last month, that Lord Cranley could drive a phaeton and four into a certain specified narrow passage, turn about, and return out of it, without accident to man, horse, or carriage. Whether it was Cranbourn or Sidney's-alley, or Russell-court, or the ride of a livery stable, we cannot tell; but without being able to state the particulars, we understand that the phaetonic feat was performed with dexterity and success, and that his lordship was completely triumphant.

A gentleman of property undertook, for a considerable wager, on Monday, June 28, to ride from the borough of Christchurch, in Hampshire, to Hyde Park Corner, a distance of one hundred and one miles, in seven hours. He was allowed seven hours to perform the task, which he did with apparent

ease in five hours and forty minutes. The last thirteen miles he rode in forty minutes on one horse. In another part of his journey, he performed fourteen miles in thirty-six minutes with two horses. On the whole, this is considered one of the greatest equestrian feats that is remembered ever to have taken place.

The late Earl of Lonsdale's Horses.—The sale of horses, &c. at Meaburn Hall, the end of last month, attracted a great concourse of people. It had all the appearance of a large fair.—Besides great quantities of victuals, sent thither from Lowther, there were two tents upon the ground, for the refreshment of the company, furnished by innkeepers from Crackenthorp and Shap.—Great numbers of horses and cattle were sold—the prices, it is said, were very unequal.

The following curious circumstance is a fact:—Some time since four hens strayed from Mr. Thomas Butler's, of Outerthwait Hall, in Cartmel, and were given up for lost. After some time had elapsed, however, the vagrants returned to their old quarters, to the great surprise, as well as profit of the owner, bringing with them an increase of Sixty-five fine young chickens.

A gentleman at Mansfield lately undertook, for a wager of Fifty Pounds, to hop one hundred yards at thirty hops: he exceeded the distance by three yards at twenty-four hops. He went twenty-one yards the three first hops. It is remarkable, that this gentleman is very corpulent, and weighs fifteen stone.

A beagle bitch, belonging to Mr. Edmund Dell, of Kent, having lost her puppies, is now rearing a litter of kittens, which she took from a cat, and appears as fond of them as if they had been of the canine species.

A vast number of French wolves are at this moment spreading desolation through different Cantons of La Lande. In the Commune of Sabres alone forty-seven sheep-folds were broken into, within the space of four months, by these voracious animals, who devoured upwards of five hundred sheep and lambs; they also devoured fifteen young foals. They always go four or five together when they mean to break into a park or sheep-fold.

The following instance of a lady's affection for a lap-dog may be relied on as a fact:—A Mrs. D—, of Curzon-street, May-Fair, was invited to the public breakfast lately given by an amiable and celebrated Duchess. Unfortunately, early on the breakfast morning, Mrs. D—'s favourite lap-dog died of a violent stoppage of its breath; which was considered as such a family calamity, that the mistress of poor Pompey preferred the house of mourning to that of mirth, and remained at home: nor did her pious cares end, till the carcase of the little animal was put into a superb coffin, covered with crimson velvet, and interred by a famous undertaker, in the garden of Lady Manners, in Pall-mall. The splendid coffin bore an appropriate inscription, on a silver plate; and every servant in the house re-echoed, O cruel fate, that dogs were born to die!

A Swedish sailor having been unfortunately cast on the coast of Normandy, and being unable to make himself understood, was taken at first for a savage, and afterwards for a madman. A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who forthwith ordered him to an hospital,

tal, where he was confined for two months, and purgatives continually administered to him.—At length the Swedish ambassador happened one day to visit the hospital, for the purpose of seeing the wild man, of whom he had been told that the moment a stranger entered, he began to make extraordinary bowlings and gestures. When the Consul entered, the supposed madman soon made himself understood, and was instantly taken by the Consul into his service, where he now remains.

When Garnerin ascended from Lord's Cricket Ground, an order was given by Willan, the farmer, to his men, to impound all the horsemen they found trespassing on his fields. By them his grass and inclosures sustained considerable injury. The first thing the men did was to rail up all the gates, and other avenues leading out of the fields; and they actually impounded not only the horses but the riders, to the amount of about sixty, affording great amusement to the mob collected to see this extraordinary levy carried into execution. The horsemen were released, but the horses detained.

Astley's Annual Prize-Wherry was this year intended to be decided in four heats, but the wind blowing hard to the north-east, raised so strong a ripple on the tide, as to induce the managers to reduce it to a double heat, viz.—to start below Westminster-bridge, on a signal, to go round a boat moored off the stairs by Hungerford, make the best of their way round a boat moored off Hodge's distillery, return down, and the boats which should pass the centre arch of Westminster-bridge to be entitled as they arrived. The following was the order in which they came in, and the prizes they were entitled to, and received:—

1. John Shepherd and Isaac Wing, the Prize Wherry.
2. James Howell and Charles Westwood, Three Guineas.
3. Isaac Wood and William Shepherd, Two Guineas.
4. James Still and Robert Barrow.
5. Henry Westwood and Edward Birch.
6. George Heath and Robert Law.
7. Abraham Lock and John Jones.

The four latter were not entitled to any Prizes.

The match was contended for in a very high stile, the main opposition, and that on which the bets were laid, was between John Shepherd and his partner, and James Howell and Charles Westwood. The latter are accounted, what is in the water-side term, *swells* of the river; but "*this here time*" they came in second bets. There was some very hard rowing among the juniors, and altogether it was an excellent match.

Mr. Astley, as a very appropriate conclusion, caused the prize-boat, and the successful winners, to be brought forward on the stage, under the escort of a grand band of music, led by Mr. Tamplin, of the Duke of York's band, playing "See the conquering Heroes come." "Rule Britannia" was next played; and afterwards a well-adapted song for the occasion was sung as a trio, by Johannot, Decastro, and Fox.

Vauxhall Cup and Cover.—Monday afternoon, July 5, about five o'clock, six boats started for the Silver Cup and Cover given by the Proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens. At first starting but little difference appeared, until they reached the

Nine Elms, when the Mercury got up to the Produce, and kept pace with her till they arrived opposite Smith's Tea-gardens; the Vixen then shot a-head, and having the advantage of a full breeze (on weathering the point), got up to Wandsworth, and won the prize by about six boats length of the Mercury. Had the contest been continued to Westminster, the Mercury would probably have won the Cup, by the fine tack she made on her return. The other boats were completely distanced.

Anecdote of Bonaparte. — A Chasseur on horseback had been sent from Milan, with very urgent dispatches for Bonaparte, who was then at Montebello. On his arrival, he found the General just mounting his horse to go a hunting, and having presented the dispatches, waited an answer. This Bonaparte presently gave him, at the same time adding, "Go, and, above all things, go with expedition."—"General," replied the chasseur, "I will make all the haste in my power; but I have no longer a horse, to avail myself of his swiftness; my own horse has fallen a sacrifice to the haste I made in coming with these dispatches; he is at this moment stretched dead before your gate." "Then (replied Bonaparte) it is only a horse you want; here take mine." The astonished chasseur made some difficulty of accepting this offer, till Bonaparte added, "You think this horse too fine, too richly harnessed; but take him, my comrade, nothing can be too magnificent for a French soldier." The chasseur then mounted the horse, and rode back to Milan, sounding forth the praises of his General, who thought nothing of too high a value to bestow on the defenders of their country.

A Noble Lord, *of sporting celebrity*, upon being lately challenged by an officer, of whom he spoke disrespectfully, sent for a Bow-street officer; and giving him two guineas, begged he would not interrupt him in the duel he was going to fight next day. The officer *took the hint*, and immediately put his lordship under arrest!

Reading, July 16.—Yesterday Stephen Hudson and John Franklin, were committed to our county gaol, by John Hudleston, Esq. for one year, unless, in the mean time, they severally pay the penalty of Thirty Pounds, for killing and carrying away a red deer, at Swinley, in Windsor Forest, in the month of November last, the property of his Majesty.

The following remarkable "capricious turn of sportive fortune's wheel" has lately occurred:—A shoemaker, in Sunderland, named Webster, who, together with a wife and family, had long known the extreme of poverty, has been left heir to property to the amount of nearly Twenty Thousand Pounds.

On Wednesday, June 31, as the packet was crossing from Cowes to Southampton, a large fish was seen in the water, which was at first but little noticed, on the supposition that it was a porpoise; but, on closer observation of its bulk, form, and actions, it was clearly ascertained to be a shark. It appeared about twelve or fourteen feet in length, and the fin on its back was frequently about two feet above the water. It came about a mile within Calshot Castle, a circumstance considered by the master of the packet as most extraordinary, as he had not before seen any one of these sea-monsters in Southampton water.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE NAVAL CHASE.

TALK no more, my dear friend, of your hounds and your horses,
That skim o'er the champain, and scarce brush the dew;
See the Trent* on a wind with top-gallant and courses,
A strange sail a-head, from aloft is in view.

How cheerful each sailor springs into his station,
When all hands are call'd, to make sail for a foe;
Tallyho! she flies wing'd with the glorious sensation,
While proudly she dashes the wave from her bow.

Hark! hark! from the mast-head, M'Arthur† is hailing,
The chase has borne up, and is making all sail;
Our booms, we will shew her the best of our sailing,
Cries Otway ‡, and spreads her a cloud to the gale.

How graceful she moves, with her sheets loosely flowing,
As wantonly, lovely, they rise to the wind;
The God in soft murmurs, and sighs gently blowing,
On her white-bosom'd sails, seems in rapture reclined.

Too well have I known, since I've sail'd on the Ocean,
That fickle and false, are these gods of the wind,
You Nimrods on shore cannot form any notion,
How cruel they are, when they seem the most kind.

The chaplet of conquest, triumphantly wreath'd
By the fingers of fancy, see wither'd and torn;
And those signs that so late were of constancy breath'd,
Flat aback throws our sails, while they swell to a storm.

In a tumult of waters when winds howl around them,
The sons of Britannia, their rage can controul;
In danger, like gods, when destruction surrounds them,
Is called forth the muscular force of each soul.

Ye names of renown, St. Vincent, Howe, Nelson,
The wide fields of ocean, your triumphs proclaim,
In thunder you hunted, that roar'd through the welkin,
A chase worthy Britons—for glory and fame.

BRIGHTON, JULY 8, 1802.

* A frigate of Thirty-six guns.
† The Captain of the fore-top.
‡ Captain of the Trent.

THE

THE TARS.

AN ECLOGUE.

TWO hardy Tars, who many storms had seen,
And both with Nelson at the Nile had been,
As chance would have it, happen'd both to meet,
No matter where—'twas in the open street.
Jack neat and trim was dress'd, in jacket blue,
Strip'd vest, and trowsers of the whitest hue;
A gold-bound hat hung o'er his ruddy face,
While a bla k neckcloth, tied with careless grace,
Dependent wav'd; his shoes were neatly cut,
And a large buckle cover'd half his foot.
His pliant switch too dangled in his hand;
And meeting Will, he made a sudden stand.
So dress'd was Will, save that he breeches wore,
Of blackest velvet, stuff'd with yellow ore;
Of youthful mien, and of an honest heart:
He oft on board had acted well his part.
Jack first address'd his messmate, with "what cheer?
How goes it Will?—where hast thou been this year?
I wonder'd where thou, honest friend, could'st be—
I thought thee dead, or gone up the Red Sea."

WILL.

"Why hearty, hearty; just from Portsmouth come—
Our ship's paid off—and here's a swinging sum." (Slapping his breeches.)

JACK.

"O happy Will! who hast got gold in store,
Whilst I, my friend, must put to sea for more!
Mine, mine, alas! is now run dev'lish low!
Last night it got a most confounded blow."

WILL.

"Pray tell me, how? to fret is all in vain,
A heart of oak, my boy, should ne'er complain—
No whining cant—I long to hear thy tale,
Then, with a can of flip, I'll thee regale."

JACK.

"Hear it thou shalt, but first one juicy quid,
I'll thank thee, Will, then do as I am bid."

WILL.

"With all my heart my 'bacco box I'll ope',
Here! take it all, there's more in yonder shop."

JACK.

"Last night, half seas, I steer'd to see the play,
With Poll in tow, and made but little way,
Few knots an hour I ran, yet, at the last,
In Drury's gallery I my anchor cast.
When I had got myself stow'd in a birth,
And just began t'indulge in fun and mirth,
Who should I spy, but Tom, my old shipmate,
Moor'd head and stern alongside saucy Kate:
"Yo hip? yo hip?" I cry'd, "What cheer? what cheer?
You seem like me midst dangerous gulfs to steer,
Ne'er-mind the weather, if your bottom's sound,
Some how, at last, you'll get to solid ground."
Tom took a quid, and scarce a word he spoke.
Nor seem'd to laugh, as usual, at my joke,
Much chang'd he was, from what he us'd to be,
Who once could talk and laugh with so much glee:
Of rare old gin, on this I took a cup,
And saw, with joy, the main-sheet now haul'd up;
Such a fine sight I never saw before,
Save when I heard brave Nelson's cannon roar.
I saw fine folks, all clad in silk and gold,
And stow'd in births above and in the hold;
Rare wenches too, with streamers red or blue,
But none like Poll; none had her rosy hue;
Well entertained with music and the play,
When all was done I strove to get away;
But in the crowd, while Poll began to curse,
Some lubber slily stole my silken purse.
All this, dear Will, I could with ease have borne,
Had not my time-piece from me too been torn,
With shining chain and seal, and trinkets store,
That cost, in whole, six guineas, aye and more;

Enrag'd

brag'd I was, to be so grossly us'd,
While faithless Poll my kindness now refus'd;
The saucy jade, because she saw me poor,
No longer could my company endure;
Ingrateful she for all my favours past,
And manly, a present gave her first and last!
White petticoats, a cloak, a cap, and gown—
tow'd her too to see each sport in town;
To Sadler's Wells, to Ashley's, every where,
Yet thus was I repaid for all my care."

WILL.

"Well, Jack! may I a biscuit never crack,
And may I basely fly Monseer's attack;
May I for ever from my quarters run,
And dread to see the muzzle of a gun,
If thou'rt not welcome to a share of mine;
Here's guineas, Jack, pray take them, eight or nine."

JACK.

"I thank thee kindly, but I've firmly swore,
To stay no longer dangling here on shore:
One shining piece howe'er, dear Will, I take,
And when I can a recompence I'll make."

WILL.

"Aye, take it, welcome—may it do thee good,
Thou oft with me at the same gun hast stood;
Oft hast thou shar'd the fare of the same mess,
And scorn'd to flinch in battle or distress;
Loud storms may roar, and blustering winds may blow,
But still my heart shall feel a brother's woe."

ALL AGREEABLE!

Spoken on the last Night of Performance at Lewes Theatre.

FOR them whose art can bid our sorrows flow
At fabled suff'rings and delusive woe;
Or with quaint smiles can hush the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest, indulge the comic vein;
Say, shall not candour ope her lib'ral hand?
And cheer the path of the departing band:
Yes,—for this cause our humble efforts view,
Whose only boast is—they're approv'd by you.
I'll now report, how our dramatic plan,
Was variously receiv'd by motly man:
Far from this town I first my circle draw,
And there attack a rugged limb of law:
From whom I get this philanthropic greeting:
"I want, Sir, much to know who calls this meeting?
Read the Sedition-Act, and there you'll find,
Where more than fifty persons are combin'd
To meet; no matter if to cry or laugh,
Our bounden duty 'tis to send one half
To the correction-house, whatever their profession;
There they may lie till clear'd at quarter session.
The act is *anno regni*, Sir, *sextus tricessimus*,
And *anno domini quintus nonagessimus*!
You're in my books, Sir, I have made you debtor,
Just six and eight-pence for your previous letter:
You'd better all take care of what you're doing:"
Then, Sir, you take no tickets?——*Exit Bruin.*
To Lady Buskin next I bent my way,
Whose best enjoyment is,—a private play;
She "wows she much admires the scenic art,
And had they ax'd her but to take a part,
She would have tragedized with all her heart:
For in the Neger's Wife, there that Othello,
I could display a most enchanting bellow,
And in the struggling scene of Jenny Shore,
'Twould make the audience cry, to hear me roar!
Depend I'll bring spouse, sister, children, cousin,
So here, Sir, here's two guineas for a dozen."
As in my rounds I hastened through the town,
A jolly Irish blade near run me down,
He, gen'rous like his nation, cries out "Honey
When did an Irishman want to save money?
No, no, we better know the value of't my joy,
Think ye the *Kingdom's Union*, I'd destroy?
Unshaken still like ould St. Patrick's steeple;
Our arms shall serve our King, our purse his people!
No genuine son of Ireland, let me tell ye,
But would *emancipate* each hungry belly;
Make the dear lively creatures sleek and frisky,

With

With good bull turtle, and a drop of whiskey."
A Caledonian friend, I met by chance:
He, somewhat falt'ring—"ah! I luves a dance?
But yet, I'll cume to help the lassies gay:—
When, with harmonious hum, yare bag-pipes play,
Sing they corn rigs, or birks of Endermay?—
Hond me a bill, my money never lag is,
'Twill buy bra' barley meal and highland haggiss."
Last, I address'd an Emigrant Marquis,
Who touched by warmth of reciprocity,
His ticket takes, and feels—Old England liberality!
Cheer'd up by snuff and song, he scorns to droop,
"*Sans manque, Monsieur, je viendrois voir la troupe*;
(Sings, ah que l'amour, &c.)
"*Et vive la comedie, et vive la soupe*!"
Hard is the man whose soul no music knows:
So Shakespeare says.—And he whose bosom glows,
Not at the drama's call, I would declare
Of gross materials made, and dulness' heir:
But no such censure can to you belong,
For ALL AGREEABLE, I mark the present smiling throng!

THE INCANTATION.

Scene, a Forest; Moonlight; Maronoc, an Indian Warrior, on the eve of battle, sings the praises of his Father, and receives from his spirit the omens of victory.

BY MR. CAREY, OF EDINBURGH.

Respectfully addressed to the Earl of Buchan.

FIVE Chiefs of Renown by his arrows lay dead,
'Ere the blood of my Father in battle was shed;
He fell by the side of the dark winding stream,
And the vallies resound with the song of his fame.

Like a tiger, undaunted, he rush'd to the war,
Like thunder he struck, and spread terror afar;
As the pleasures of love or the spring of the year,
His name to the race of Potomac is dear.
How sweet is his sleep, in the night of the grave,
For dear is revenge to the soul of the brave;
O'er his ashes, his foe, Matacoron, I tore,
And sprinkled the mantle of earth with his gore.

Three scalps of the conquer'd to Hodor* I burn,
At whose name, from Romania†, the spirits return;
A snake, black with venom, I cast in the flame,
And call on the shade of my father by name.

In his glory, he comes, like a star in the skies!
He smiles—and the omens of triumph arise!
He speaks—and the time of my wishes is near,
When the race of my foes shall, in blood, disappear.

In the gloom of the forest securely they sleep!
But, long 'ere the sun shall illumine the deep,
This hand, which the spirits of ruin shall guide,
In a tempest of slaughter shall scatter their pride.

SONNET,

ON SEEING A MOUSE IN THE MOUTH OF A CAT.

GRIMALKIN has thee in her tiger jaw,
Ill-fated mouse! O with what savage joy
She feels thy little panting bosom beat
Beneath her fasten'd fang, that, by and by,
When she has toss'd and tortur'd with her paw
Thy crippled carcase, in malicious play,
Shall crush thee like a common bit of meat!
And when thou'rt swallow'd in her greedy maw,
She'll scent, unsatisfied, the blood-stain'd floor,
Licking her whisker'd lips, and mewing still for more.
To tyrant might, thus weakness falls a prey,
Throughout Creation's ranks, from mice to men:
Tho' reason high o'er instinct holds her sway,
There's many a savage in the human den.

Dromore, Nov. 30. T. S.

* God of the Winds, and Ruler of Spirits.
† The Indian Paradise.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For AUGUST, 1802.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving from a Drawing by Clifton Tomson, of AN ECLIPSE MARE, SISTER TO SOLDIER and a spirited Etching of RABBITS AND TERRIER, by Mr. Howitt.]

LONDON.

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W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL Sketches of the late Lord Grosvenor; Mr. Angelo, the Fencing Master; and of Mr. John Casson, of Egremont; shall appear in our next. Likewise the Trial of Robert Davy, at the last Chelmsford Assizes, for shooting at Mrs. Chiswell's game-keeper.

FILLE DE CHAMBRE; FRANK WHIMSEY; and the Letter of Mr. J. TRAVERS, on the abuses of Mail Coach Drivers, shall also appear in our next.

The Letter, signed SPORTING LIBERTY, and other favours, are under consideration.

A Correspondent, fond of Horse-racing, when conducted properly, would be happy to see the following regulations, strictly observed at all future races. They were printed for the Canterbury Races this year.

"Certificates of the horse's age, and receipts for the duty required for such horses having been paid, to be produced to the Clerk of the Course at the time of entering.

"For the greater certainty of distinguishing the horses, and to prevent disputes, each rider is desired to declare, at the time of entering, the colour he will ride in, that they may be inserted in the printed papers. And it is hoped that the noblemen and gentlemen will give directions to the riders, to observe this regulation; and any jockey riding in any other colour than that he has so mentioned, without previously declaring it at both the stands on the race ground, shall forfeit ten shillings and six-pence, and on default of paying the said forfeit of ten shillings and six-pence to the Clerk of the Course, when demanded, such jockey shall be excluded from riding for any of the plates.

"It is particularly requested, that all persons stand without the lines during the time of running. The men who are employed as whippers, have particular directions to see this request complied with, in order to prevent any accident from happening. Persons obstructing the whippers-in doing their duty, will be prosecuted."

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Eclipse Mare, Sister to Soldier.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR AUGUST, 1802.

THE PORTRAIT OF AN ECLIPSE MARE, SISTER TO SOLDIER,

From a Painting, by CLIFTON TOMSON, *of Nottingham.*

SHE was bred by Mr. O'Kelly; foaled in 1775; her dam, Miss Spindleshanks, by Omer, Starling, Godolphin Arabian, Stayer's Arabian, Pelham Barb, Spot, White-legged Lowther Barb, Vintner Mare.

In 1783, she produced a br. f. by Mentor.

In 1786, br. f. Brown Charlotte.

In 1787, a b. f. Adeline, by Highflyer.

In 1788, br. f. by Adamant

In 1789, a b. c. St. George, by Highflyer.

In 1791, ch. f. by Sir H. Harper's Herod.

In 1792, b. f. Queen Charlotte, by Highflyer.

In 1793, ch. c. King George, by Dungannon.

In 1794, ch. c. Commodore, by Volunteer.

In 1795, b. c. by Escape.

In 1796, br. f. by Sir Peter Teazle.

In 1797, ch. f. by Dragon.

In 1798, br. c. by Dragon.

The produce of 1795 was sold to America, and died at landing.—The Portrait represents her with a filly foal at her feet, by Moorcock, 1802.—In all her produce down to 1798, she was the property of William Horrick, Esq. of Beau Manor, near Loughborough, Leicestershire. From that time she has been the property of Hart Sitwell, Esq.

THE EFFEMINATE SPORTSMAN.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE effeminate Sportsman, though apparently of the masculine gender, is rather a non-descript than of any distinguished construction; he is one of those superficial shades (in the picture of life), which seem calculated only to give force, by contrast, to such brilliant lights, as tend to constitute striking objects of magnificence, splendor, and admiration. He is in person one of those animated frivolities destined to bear no weight in the scale of society; his

his intellectual powers, and the attractor *suavitor in modo* of his exteriors, are evidently calculated to enhance the nothingness of his estimation. Parrot-like, "speaking an infinite deal of nothing," it is with much difficulty hearers are to be obtained; when so, "one to another still succeeds, and the last is as welcome as the former." Without the least knowledge of a horse, or ear for a hound, he commences sportsman, not from the least taste, or the most distant attachment to the sport, or the hospitality every hearty fellow of that description instinctively possesses, but that it is a something superior to the narrowness of his own soul. There is, he observes, about the sportsman, an indescribable ease, an openness of heart, an attracting *tout en semble*, to which all hearts are open, to which all minds are subdued, but which (surprising even to himself) he can never attain. In this eternal and fruitless pursuit, aspiring to a character it is not in the volume of prophetic prediction he should ever equal, he is in no dissimilar situation to poor *Scrub* in the *Beaux Stratagem*, when, in his description of Archer to the ladies, he tells them with both concern and regret, (not knowing how to describe him more accurately for their comprehension) that "the gentleman's gentleman is quite another *sort of a thing* to what *he is*." So is it with the effeminate sportsman; no habiliments he can procure, no ornaments he can obtain, ever give him the look, the weight, the substance of the natural and unadorned sportsman, whom it is his utmost pride, his eternal desire to imitate. *Outré* and ridiculous in one attempt, the unnatural effort is so truly infectious, that it renders him equally so in the whole; impressed beyond every other idea with the sporting miasma, he is totally lost to the bewitching charms and abortive influence of the feminine family branches by whom he is surrounded; his very moment is dedicated to the rhapsodical anticipation of external brilliancy, by individual eccentricity; the curricle, the gig, the sulky, the tandem, the tridem, or the *indefinitum* in summer; the horse and the hounds in the winter, constitute the aggregate of his knowledge, the extent of his sublimity. These are, however, not the genuine produce of the soil, they are the fancied effusions or deceptive traits of attraction, produced by the vitiated effect of fashion, and may not be inapplicably compared to the bark of the native hardy oak, engrafted upon its own polypus. Here then it appears, his attachment to sports, and the sporting world, is merely superficial, not a single ray of his heart points to a particle of the pleasure it almost universally disseminates; but that the character of sportsman he wishes to assume, is merely as a political passport to the good opinion of the ladies, by whom he feels himself considered a *lusus naturæ*, too cold in nature for the genial warmth of their embraces, so condescendingly, so chearfully, and so congenially bestowed upon the unsophisticated sportsman, who "unadorned, is then adorned the most." Considering this assumption of character necessary to the completion of his predominant idea, he talks of little else than his eternal preparation for the road or chase, where the superiority is to constitute the first step to the general gratification of happiness in this life. "He would sacrifice his whole soul to the service of the ladies, but he is engaged to take a drive with his friend Tommy Tiddle, to whom he has promised punctuality, and punctuality is what he always punctually performs."

At

At the commencement of the hunting season, he constantly bores all his hearers with the expectation of a day's sport with the hounds a week before it arrives, and sickens them with a recital for a fortnight after it is over. Lest I should grow too tedious in description, or obtrude too much upon the room you so condescendingly bestow, I shall beg to delay, till the commencement of the hunting season, his conduct in the chase. Your's, &c.

August 18, 1802. T. W.

BOXING MATCH,
Near Tyburn Turnpike, August 20, 1802.

BERKS and Belcher, according to the newspapers, had never seen each other since their proposed match in Yorkshire, till Thursday the 19th instant, when they met by mere accident at Camberwell Fair, when Berks was observed entertaining a number of hearers with the manner in which he would *serve it out* to Belcher the first time he met with him. But though this seemed to happen unexpectedly, after some words exchanged very civilly, Belcher expressed his regret that Berks should have boasted in all companies of his superior prowess, and that he could beat Belcher with ease; that Belcher was afraid to fight him, &c. &c. Berks did not deny the charge: The consequence was, they agreed to fight immediately; and, it is said, Berks attacked Belcher before he could get his shirt off. The combatants adjourned from the Tea Room to the Bowling Green belonging to the house where they met. Belcher, on his approaching Berks, knocked out one of his front teeth, and gave him so severe a blow under his ear, as brought him to the ground. Berks not being quite sober, nor Belcher altogether well, their friends agreed they should meet next day in Oxendon-street, Leicester-fields, which they accordingly did, and, after some negociation respecting the order of proceeding, they each went into separate hackney-coaches, accompanied by their friends; viz.

Belcher—Joe Ward, Second; Gibbons, Bottle-holder.

Berks—Owen (the Oilman) Second; Yokel (a Jew) Bottle-holder.

An immense crowd followed to a field, the scene of action; viz. the first open space through Tyburn turnpike, on the Uxbridge road, behind St. George's Chapel, or St. George's Row, which faces Hyde Park. The parties arrived there about one o'clock, and there being no time to erect a stage, a most extensive ring was formed: the persons in the inner circle almost laying down, the second circle sitting, the third circle on their knees, and outside of them the others standing, till those on the very outside, who could not measure five feet ten, were glad of an occasional peep, by jumping up, aided by leaning on others shoulders.

The notice was so short that the gentlemen amateurs were not very numerous, though we could distinguish about a dozen; among whom were, Mr. Fletcher Read, Mr. Crook, &c. Mr. Fletcher Read is Belcher's particular friend, and backed him deeply on the first fight that should take place between Belcher and Berks, which was to have been fought in Yorkshire. When stripped and ready, Berks came up to Mr. Fletcher Read, and asked "Whether it should be a fair stand-up fight?" "Certainly," said Mr. Read, "in any way whatever." Mr. F. Read then called up Belcher, and acquainted him with what Berks had asked. Belcher said also, "Certainly, he could do no otherwise." Berks then requested

quested that the pauses between each round, might be three-quarters of a minute. To this Belcher's friends objected, and insisted on the regularly established time of half a minute.

After walking in the ring about three minutes, the combatants stripped, and having gone through the usual ceremony of crossing and shaking hands, they set to soon after one o'clock.

First Round.—Berks ran in upon Belcher. It was evidently his hope to gain the battle by superior strength. Berks closed upon Belcher, and tried to throw him; but Belcher threw Berks. Some blows were struck, but no blood drawn.

Second Round.—Berks ran in upon Belcher, hoping to crush him by superior strength. Belcher put in a smart blow on his adversary's throat, and drew the first blood. They closed, and Belcher again threw Berks.

Third Round.—Berks again ran in upon Belcher with great spirit, and in doing so, planted a sharp blow on the right cheek bone, with his left hand: he next put in a very severe blow between the left breast and the shoulder, which, if it had been placed lower, might, from its force, have been most important. He was aiming another blow with his left hand, when Belcher rallied, struck a severe blow, closed, and brought Berks to the ground.

Fourth Round.—Berks rushed upon Belcher, missed his blow, and fell upon his knee. Some persons groaned, called out Berks was at his old tricks, and supposed him shifting, as he fell without a blow; which, if done intentionally, we believe would have been contrary to the conditions of the fight; but Berks's previous and subsequent conduct shewed, that such a charge was unfounded, as he fought really with a steady spirit, and seemed to do his best.

Fifth Round.—Berks ran in with great force, caught Belcher by the hams, doubled him up, and threw him in the stile of a cross buttock: Belcher pitched on his head with such force, it was feared his neck was broken; a cry of "*Foul! foul!*" ran round: but Belcher rose as sprightly as ever, said he was not hurt, and in answer to the cries of *foul!* said, "No, never mind."

Sixth Round.—This and the tenth round were the most severe and decisive: Berks rushed in as usual. Sharp blows were struck on both sides.—Belcher put in a severe blow on the side of Berks' head, another on the side of the neck, a third on the throat, very severe: they closed, struggled, changed legs, each displayed his utmost skill and strength in wrestling; at last they both fell together alongside of each other, neither being uppermost, or able to claim, or really possessing the advantage in the fall.

Seventh Round.—Berks was less gay, less eager. His strength manifestly began to fail him; but he did not shew less spirit when put to the test. They closed, and Belcher threw Berks.

Eighth Round.—Berks began to stand on the defensive. At that he had no chance. Belcher struck some sharp blows, and this round ended nearly the same as the former.

Ninth Round.—Bets, which were offering for the first five rounds of ten to five, and afterwards of five to one upon Belcher, were now offering of twenty to one in his favour. Belcher did not seem exhausted: he in this, and every other round, while the parties were squaring, continued nodding and talking to Berks, striking, at the same time, the most sudden, unexpected,

pected, and severe blows. This round ended like the former,

Tenth Round.—This was the most severe and decisive. Berks set to with spirit, and came up the first to close quarters; Belcher struck very sharp; cut Berks under the left eye; then under the right; next planted a blow between the throat and the chin, so severe, that it lifted Berks off his feet, and his head was the first part of him that came to the ground. Belcher seemed to fall after his blow; they both lay on the ground together; the blood gushed up Berks throat; collected fully in his mouth, he spirted it over Belcher, who was laying by him. Belcher did not *relish it*, and swore he would pay him for it the next round. Berks said he did not do it designedly.

Eleventh Round.—It was evident Berks was beaten. His face was one mass of blood. Still he shewed fight: some blows were exchanged, when they closed, and Belcher threw Berks; but Belcher fell on his hands, manifestly not wishing to hurt Berks more, as he might have fallen upon him with all his weight, and given him a severe bruise thereby, as is customary, and deemed fair in fighting.

Twelfth Round.—Berks shewed symptoms of weakness, sitting on the ground, and having more assistance from his second than before. The result was the same as in the former round.

Thirteenth Round.—Berks still came up. Belcher struck him five or six severe blows, and closed and threw him. Berks was heard to express a wish to give in; but his second, wishing him to persevere, put a handkerchief in his mouth to stifle his utterance.

Fourteenth Round.—Much the same. Berks shewed spirit; but his strength was gone, and he could only stand up to be beaten. It was evident he had no chance of success, either now or at any other time during the battle.—After some sharp blows, Belcher closed, and again threw Berks upon his chest, where he lay about three seconds, and then gave in. He was twice or thrice distinctly asked by Belcher's second if he *gave in*, and he as distinctly answered *yes*.—Indeed the poor man could scarcely see or stand, being much beaten about the body, and cut in the face so dreadfully, that it was almost impossible to distinguish a feature. He was put into a coach, and conveyed to a house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square, and heard to groan very much on the way; and indeed if he had not survived so many severe beatings, we should fear that this would be his last. Belcher, on the contrary, did not appear to have a single mark in his face, or upon his body, except a bruise on the left cheek bone, and another on the breast, towards the shoulder. Immediately upon his being declared victor, he leaped up three times near three feet from the ground, to shew that he had not suffered from the fight. After walking three times round the field, he left the ground on foot, his particular friends accompanying him until they reached the road, where they took a coach to avoid the crowd. With respect to the amount of the bets, a great deal of money was offered upon the ground; but public opinion was so decidedly in favour of Belcher, few were tempted, by any odds, to back Berks.—A great deal of money, however, was depending, as the fight is considered decisive of all the bets made in Yorkshire, at the time the parties were to have fought there.

The style of fighting was much the same, as in the first fight between the parties; Berks, conceiving

ceiving himself the strongest man, endeavoured to avail himself of his superiority, by running in upon his adversary. Belcher, on the other hand, though he shewed no inferiority, when opposed body to body in close contest with his antagonist, never closed but when he could not avoid it, and preferred that distance at which he could best avail himself of his science and peculiar powers. These consist principally in a most extraordinary quickness.

Mr. Read, and some other amateurs, subscribed thirty guineas for the winner, and five guineas for the loser of the battle.

Notwithstanding Belcher's advantage, he confessed, after the fight, he never had such an *ugly customer* as Berks in his life.

York Races,

As announced in the York Herald, Saturday, August 21, 1802.

OUR Races, which commence this day with the York Oatlands, are likely to afford much good sport. Upwards of fifty horses are now arrived. A number of families and persons of distinction, have already come to York, and many more are expected. —The racing ground is in the very best condition, and the weather has a favourable appearance.

At the theatre this evening, we are to be captivated with the admirable acting of Miss De Camp from the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane—next week with the sweet and manly voice of Incledon, and the humourous representations of Blanchard, a native of this city, now of Covent-Garden. Indeed, what with races, plays, assemblies, balls, &c. and the number of visitors, this meeting has every appearance of being the most gay, fashionable, and agreeable, that has taken place at York for a number of years.

The following is a list, as far as we have been able to collect, of the families, &c. already come, or who intend honouring the meeting with their company:

Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Duke of Hamilton.

Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Earl and Countess of Carlisle, Earl and Countess of Darlington,

Lord George Henry Cavendish, Lord Milton, Lord and Lady Mexborough, Lord Milsington, Lord and Lady Harewood, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord and Lady Dundas, Lord Strathmore, Lord Belhaven, Lord Say and Sele, Lord Sackville, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Marquis of Douglas.

The Hon. Lawrence, and the Hon. Mrs. Dundas; the Hon. Edward and Henry, and Hon. Mrs. Lascelles; the Hon. Lumley Savile, Hon. G. Germain.

Sir W. and Lady Milner, Sir T. Gascoigne, Sir C. and Lady Turner, Sir H. Williamson, Sir F. Standish, Sir W. Gerard, Sir R. Winn, Sir J. Lawson, Sir H. T. Vane, Sir M. M. and Lady Sykes, Sir G. Armitage, Sir J. Shelly.

General Staveley; Colonel Mattiott, Col. Childers; Major Elley; Capt. Taylor, Capt. Craike, Capt. Lee, Capt. Toor, Capt. Musters, Capt. Wardell.

Messrs. Wentworth, Wilson, Baker, Sitwell, Dawson, C. Norton, Fawkes, Peirse, W. N. W. Hewett, Garforth, Brandling, W. Lee, Clifton, Slaydes, M. Dodsworth, Godfrey Wentworth, Clever, Gascoigne, Lees, Starkie, Lowther, Hamilton, Fox, Clough, Paris, Feachem, Walker, Bell, &c.

Rabbits and Terrier.

An Etching by Mr. Howitt.
TO FACE THIS PAGE.

Howitt in et f.

Rabbits & Terrier.

Pub. Sept. 1.1808. by J. Walker, Warwick Square.

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ARABIAN HORSES, &c.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer, lately serving in Egypt, dated Lutmeens, near Palmyra, Dec. 20, 1801.

MILITARY operations finished as I detailed to you in my last, from which time, taking advantage of the goodness of my friend, the General, I have made a long and fatiguing excursion into these countries, betwixt this place and the Tigris, to amuse myself with the manners of the people, to see the stupendous ruins still existing, and, above all, as a son of the turf, to buy a couple of real Arabian horses, no such animal, to my certain knowledge, ever having appeared in England; therefore what follows, as a brother jockey, is meant for our friend G.'s information and amusement.

The real Arabian breed of horses exists only on that tract of country and desert that runs from this place to Moussul and Bagdat, by the way of Aleppo; all to the South of that line are a small diminutive race, fourteen hands, or thereabouts, which, in fact, is a pony, and never can get a good stock; yet even these have been sent to England, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, but their get has never appeared on the turf. Mr. G. I know, remembers the horse that was offered for sale to the Prince of Wales, and Duke of Orleans, some years ago, and afterwards was sold by way of lottery as an Arab; no more an Arab than one of my cart horses, but of the Armenian breed. The Turkish horse has fewer good qualities, if possible, than the above.—— Though my brother Officers know that I am a good judge of horses; yet, in spite of my opinion, they have sent and carried home with them a number of the Cairan, or Egyptian breed. Entreat Mr. G. to examine them; they will answer this description—jolter-headed and fat cheeks, like an overfed ox; bull-necked, hollow-backed, falling croup, thick round legs, with a tendency to the mallanders; these may beget cart-horses, but never can a running horse. How beautiful the real Arabian! his mouth so small that a glass tumbler would serve him for a water-bucket; his nostrils large, and within a fine carnation colour; his cheek-bone flat, wide, and lean, all the veins visible; a large and brilliant eye, the ears close, and in motion erect; the head well set, on a small neck, the throat large, a rising wither, and the blade-bone of the shoulder so far back that it seems under the saddle; a broad chest, the legs perfectly strait and flat as my hand, a hard blue hoof, as hard as the stones he gallops over; the back flat and wonderfully short, croup in a line to the tail, which the Arab carries with more grace than our best necked horses; the ribs large and round, the feet wide behind, and the fore-feet stand near together; his pedigree carefully preserved, and certified; his gentleness of temper and docility inimitable; and his blood, bone, wind, and bottom, not to be matched. Such is the real Arab. Has our friend G—— seen any of that sort? Such are the horses we must breed from. A Childers and Eclipse would not then be rare; and could an Arabian colt be sent to and trained in England, I am certain that Hambletonian and Diamond would appear in comparison slow horses.

No horse in England ever shewed speed, that was not of foreign

blood, and the nearer the source the better. What, then, have we reason to hope from the stock itself?—a real Arabian colt! The difficulty that attends getting a horse of the first race is not to be imagined: the Arabs love their horses; and I affirm, not from hearsay, but what I have seen, often, money will not purchase them. The King of Prussia sent an excellent judge to these parts to buy some horses; amongst others, the agent saw one during his excursions into the desert, the only country where the real Arab horse is bred; and those excursions are not only dangerous, but attended with great expence: I say, he saw one horse, which he determined to buy at any price. He increased his offer for the horse a thousand piastres (seventy-five pounds) each time. Having bid an immense price, the Arab turned round to his friends, saying, "If I stay a moment longer, this infidel will tempt me to sell my horse:" at the same time clapping spurs to him, he was out of sight in a moment, nor did the King's agent even purchase him. I do assure you that I have not seen (because of their size) five horses from which I should wish to breed; so rare, even here, is the best race of Arab horses, which are commonly from fourteen three to fifteen hands.

The nation of the Arabs, called, by the ignorant, Turkmen, have an excellent breed of horses, but too small; I have never seen one which exceeded fourteen two; and yet from these, inferior as they are to the Arab, our best horses in England have been bred; because, as that nation frequent much, in their peregrinations, the banks of the Orontes, which falls into the Sea from Antioch, they are more easily procured, and sent to Latachia, Smyrna, and other parts of the Mediterranean.

You will be surprized when I tell you a good horse (I mean always Arab) never was sent to Constantinople: the reason is evident. By us these Arabs are supposed to be the subjects of the Grand Seignior; but they are as independent of the Porte as are the people of Yorkshire; and, in fact, the Turks are poor, and cannot pay a high price. In proof of this, I know two horses; one was sold for sixteen thousand piastres (about twelve hundred pounds) and eight hundred pounds refused for the other; yet these prices were asked, paid, and refused, amongst the Arabians themselves.

It is not at all unusual with them, when they are induced to part with a fine horse, to require, besides a large sum, in camels, wheat, tents, &c. a considerable annuity, which is sometimes payable during the life of the seller, and sometimes during that of the horse; nay, there are even instances of Bashaws not being able to procure a favourite horse, but on condition of granting an annuity for ever to the family of the proprietor.

You thus see what difficulties I have to encounter to procure a couple of such horses as we want. My object is, one horse for a stallion, and a colt, not too old, for training. The horse will be of great and evident value, for his breed; the colt inappreciable, because, when trained, he must beat any horse that ever was foaled in England, being himself of the superior stock from whence our best horses have been bred."

On

On the Weather in England.

By JAMES CAPPER, Esq.

THIS attentive and ingenious observer of nature, begins his animadversions with a remark, that those who are furnished with proper instruments, and who carefully observe the information they afford, will not often be mistaken in their judgment of the changes of the weather. The barometer, the thermometer, the hygrometer, and the electrometer, will generally give us timely notice of any material changes in the state of the atmosphere. But before we consider the best, or at least the usual modes of employing these instruments, we will beg leave to mention some common remarks of the peasantry, whose professions requiring them to live much in the open air, their opinions merit very great attention, being the result of local observation, continued from father to son, and verified from the experience of many ages. Amongst the first of these is one, now established into a proverb, that a rainbow in the morning, is the shepherd's warning, but a rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

In a country with the sea, or ocean, to the west-ward, and the wind from the same quarter, this opinion is likely to be true. If, therefore, the clouds to the westward in the morning are saturated with moisture, which they must be to produce a rainbow, as these clouds proceed from the W. towards the E. they probably will produce rain; whereas, on the contrary, when the sun sets perfectly clear, and the clouds to the eastward are moist, it is a proof that the wet clouds are past, with a westerly wind, and the shepherd therefore may reasonably expect fine weather on the following day.

When it rains with an east wind, it probably will rain for twenty-four hours. This is another observation, which seems to me applicable to countries situated as above-mentioned, with land to the eastward; for, in general, the weather is dry in these countries with an east wind, but when the cohesion of the air and water is broken, the rain will not be violent, but of long duration.

The weather generally clears at noon; but when it rains at mid-day, it seldom clears up again till sun-set. The air, when dry and warm, continues to absorb and retain the moisture continually evaporated from the earth; as therefore the sun advances towards the meridian, and for an hour or two afterwards, dries and warms the air, consequently the rain is likely to cease at that time. But if there should be so much water in solution in the atmosphere, that the heat of the sun is not sufficient to produce these effects, in that case the rain will probably continue some hours longer.

Violent winds generally abate towards sun-set.

If we admit that wind is only a current of air put in motion by the rarefaction of the atmosphere in some particular place, and that this current of air is moving towards the point of rarefaction to restore the equilibrium, we must suppose, that as the sun declines the rarefaction will diminish, and consequently the velocity of the wind decrease. But this observation, in my opinion, rather applies to the temperature than to the torrid zone; for in whirlwinds and hurricanes the contrary may very often occur.

When the wind follows the course of the sun, it is generally attended with fair weather. This frequent and regular change of wind, which is never more than a moderate breeze, proves that there is no point of considerable rarefaction near, and therefore, the current of air follows immediately the sun's course: it always happens in summer, but very seldom when the sun's meridian altitude is less than forty degrees.

The changes which take place in the atmosphere are principally marked by the rising and falling of the barometer, which apparently is caused by heat and cold, the hands with which nature performs her meteorological operations: by the former the atmosphere is rarefied, and consequently becomes light; by the latter it is condensed, and consequently becomes heavy. Hence probably the old remark, that a storm generally follows a calm; for during a calm the air is rarefied and expanded, and the cold air will rush forward in a strong current to restore the equilibrium, and necessarily produce what is generally called a gale of wind, the violence of which also will, of course, be in proportion to the degree of its preceding rarefaction.

For these reasons, the barometer falls suddenly whilst the air is expanded before a gale of wind, and rises again gradually as the condensed air returns, and the gale in like manner by degrees subsides.

It must, however, be observed, that an extraordinary fall of the mercury will sometimes take place in summer, previous to heavy showers of rain, particularly if attended with thunder and lightning; but in spring, autumn, and winter, the sudden extraordinary descent of the barometer indicates principally violent wind.

Upon these principles, likewise, we may account for the rise and fall of the barometer in the different zones. In the torrid zone, particularly at St. Helena, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, it seldom varies more than three-tenths; at Madras about five-tenths; in the south of Europe not more than one-inch and two-tenths; in England it varies two inches and a half, and in Petersburgh three inches four-tenths. In the two first, the temperature of the atmosphere is not subject to much variation, and never to any great degree of condensation. In the third, reckoning from the tropics to the latitude of forty degrees, the atmosphere may sometimes be suddenly condensed by currents of cold air from the N. and still more so in England. But the greatest variation must necessarily take place on the continent to the northward, where, during the summer, the weather is as hot as within the tropics; and, in winter, the thermometer, for many weeks, continues several degrees below the freezing point.

The thermometer also, which measures the degree of heat in the air near the earth, will contribute towards denoting when changes are likely to take place in the lower regions of the atmosphere, and the electrometer will point out the quantity of electricity which prevails in it.

The words generally engraven on the plates of the barometer rather serve to mislead than to inform; for the changes of the weather depend rather on the rising and falling of the mercury, than on its standing at any particular height. When the mercury is as high as fair, or at thirty degrees, and

and the surface of it is concave, beginning to descend, it very often rains; and on the contrary, when even the mercury is at 29 degrees, opposite to rain, when the surface of it is convex, beginning to rise, fair weather may be expected. These circumstances not being known, or not duly attended to, is the principal cause that farmers and others have not a proper confidence in this instrument.

It must also be observed, that *cæteris paribus*, the mercury is higher in cold than in warm weather, and commonly early in the morning, or late in the evening, than at noon, which seems occasioned by the obvious causes of the atmosphere being condensed by the cold of the night, and rarefied by the heat of the day.

The following observations of Mr. Patrick seem confirmed by experience:

1. The rising of the mercury presages, in general, fair weather, and its falling foul weather, as rain, snow, high winds, and storms.

2. In very hot weather the fall of the mercury indicates thunder.

3. In winter the rising presages frost; and in frosty weather, if the mercury falls three or four divisions, there will certainly follow a thaw; but in a continued frost, if the mercury rises, it will certainly snow.

4. When foul weather happens soon after the falling of the mercury, expect but little of it; and, on the contrary, expect but little fair weather, when it proves fair shortly after the mercury has risen.

5. In foul weather, when the mercury rises much and high, and so continues for two or three days before the foul weather is quite over, then expect a continuance of fair weather to follow.

6. In fair weather, when the mercury falls much and low, and thus continues for two or three days before the rain comes, then expect a great deal of wet, and probably high winds.

7. The unsettled motion of the mercury denotes uncertain and changeable weather.

But to these remarks may be added, that, when the barometer suddenly falls two or three-tenths, without any material alteration in the thermometer, and the hygrometer is not much turned towards moist, a violent gale of wind may be expected. When the hygrometer inclines far towards moist, with only a trifling descent in the barometer, it denotes a passing shower and little wind; and when the barometer falls considerably, and the hygrometer turns much towards moist, the thermometer remaining stationary, and rather inclined to rise than fall, both violent wind and rain are likely to follow in the course of a few hours.

GENERAL OR COMMON PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

Amongst these we may reckon such as are derived from birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and plants, to which might be added great part of the wood work in houses, as doors, windows, window shutters, &c.

Birds, in general, retain in the quill part of their feathers a quantity of oil, which, when they feel an extraordinary degree of moisture in the atmosphere, they express, by means of their bills, and distribute it over their feathers, to secure their bodies against the effect of an approaching shower.

Swallows in pursuit of the flies and insects, on which they prey, keep near the earth in wet weather; and

and in dry weather, from the same cause, they fly much higher.

Domestic animals, as cows and sheep, but particularly the latter, on the approach of rain, feed with great avidity in the open field, and retire near the trees and hedges as soon as they are satisfied. In fine weather they graze and lounge about, eating and resting alternately with apparent indifference.

The pimpernel, commonly called peep-a-day, or shepherd's weather-glass, closes its leaves before rain; and the down of the dandelion is much affected by moisture.

All wood, even the hardest and most solid, swells in moist weather. The vapours insinuate themselves into the pores of trees, and also into the wood-work of houses.

Insects and reptiles of all kinds, seek or avoid rain according to their respective habits, by these means, giving notice of every change of weather.

It is a well-known fact, that before rain, particularly in summer, a strong smell is perceived from drains and common sewers, as well as from every other body emitting a great quantity of effluvia. During fair weather, even in the summer, the atmosphere readily absorbs all the vapours and exhalations from the earth until it is completely saturated, and consequently the effluvia from the bodies which emit them, will then be confined and ascend in a narrow compass, like the smoke of a chimney in dry weather, almost perpendicularly; but when the air is saturated with moisture, and becomes rarefied and expanded, as it always does before rain, the volume of air containing the effluvia, will be extended horizontally, and diverge from these different bodies as from a centre, and will be sensibly perceived on all sides, but will, of course, be most perceptible on that to which the current of air or wind moves.

In winter, when the thermometer is between thirty-four and forty degrees, the air being in a state of condensation, and the running water being warmer than the land, a mist or fog may be seen rising above the rivers, particularly when the air is cold and clear; but this vapour is no longer visible when the river is frozen, for though the ice be subject to evaporation, it does not yield so much vapour as water, and the water, in parting with its caloric in the moment of its freezing, warms the surrounding air.

To the philosopher, all objects in nature, both animate and inanimate, may afford both amusement and instruction, particularly in meteorology; but to observe them with due attention, we must quit the busy scenes of life; "and thus our lives, exempt from public haunts, find tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Carelessness and Cruelty of Servants.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I Was lately witness to such an act of cruelty on a poor harmless, useful animal, as would have "harrowed up your soul" as it did mine, if you had been a spectator of it.

A servant maid, whom I call my cook, had set down before the fire the remains of a joint of mutton which came out of the parlour, to keep it warm, whole she was flirting without the kitchen door with a footman

footman, who was come with a message from a neighbouring family; when a poor cat, who had been watching all night for her prey without success, felt her appetite very importunate, and made free with a considerable part of what was intended for the servants dinners. This so much enraged the tender-hearted Peggy, that she vented her fury on the wretched animal in a manner too shocking and disgusting to be described.

Now, *be it known*, to all the servants of Great Britain, male and female; cooks and house-maids; footmen and stable-boys; that cats and dogs are their *fellow-creatures*, and have an equal *right* with themselves to the *good things* of this life—which their natural instinct impels them to seize upon whenever they can find them: but reason gives man the *power* of securing to themselves what they deem to be their exclusive property; and if by their negligence or laziness they suffer a cat or dog to devour a chicken, or a bason of cream which they have left within its reach, instead of putting it in some safe repository; the *offender* only obeys the imperious demands of nature; while the servant is guilty of a breach of duty to his master or mistress—and merits the punishment which he unjustly inflicts on the hapless animal.

M. Garnerin's Third Aerial Voyage.

ON Tuesday, Aug. 3, at a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening, M. Garnerin, accompanied by Mrs. Garnerin, and a Mr. Glasfurd, ascended from Vauxhall Gardens. The balloon rose very majestically (there being but little wind) to the height of about one thousand feet.—It was seen distinctly for fifty-four minutes. From the perfect calm which prevailed, people were uncertain what direction it would take, and many thought it would remain above the Gardens. But there was an insensible current in the air, and the balloon went to the westward. It soon after wheeled about to the north. It hovered a considerable while above the river, and could not then have been less than six thousand feet high, when M. Garnerin let fall from the car a small parachute attached to the balloon, in which was placed a kitten, which at first fell with great velocity, but when the spokes of the umbrella were fully extended, the descent was easy and gradual. The balloon afterwards became very low, but some ballast being thrown out, it rose higher than ever. It seemed to pass over Westminster-Abbey, Whitehall, the Green Park, Grosvenor-square, and Paddington; and a few minutes after eight, the whole party alighted in Lord Rosslyn's grounds, Hampstead, from whence, by various conveyances, they returned by ten o'clock to Vauxhall Gardens.

For further particulars, we refer our readers to

M. Garnerin's own account,

Which he wrote the following day.

The ascension I made yesterday from Vauxhall, was unquestionably performed in the most favourable weather experienced this season.

The day was so calm and serene, that I would have been glad of that opportunity, to make the experiment of the parachute, which seems to have fixed more particularly the expectation and interest of the public. Anxious to gratify curiosity on this occasion, and to shew

shew my eagerness and acknowledgments on this first and only opportunity, I made the offer, which was rejected.

The calmness of the day assisted much in the operation of filling my balloon. At five it was ready to ascend, and remained on the platform, erected for the purpose, till the signal was given. A quarter after seven was the time Madame Garnerin and Mr. Glasfurd seated themselves in the car with me, and we gradually ascended, under the most flattering auspices, and with the plaudits of a generous multitude surrounding, whose unanimous approbation has raised a monument that will be ever dear to my pride and gratitude. After having cleared the trees, we perceived an immense number of spectators, which enlivened, beyond the possibility of description, the beautiful picture of the metropolis, which we explored at an elevation of two hundred yards. Having obtained this height, I launched a cat with a parachute, in miniature, which encompassed a column of air thirty-three inches and a half in its basis. The descent was gradual, and the cat fell, with his little vehicle, in the garden of a man, who insists on receiving three guineas for indemnification of the trespass committed by poor puss, or at least his picture, with the parachute.

Under such well-grounded pretensions, I have this very moment received a letter from a Mr C. of Hampstead, desiring, that I should "appoint a Surveyor immediately, to ascertain the damages done to his premises, in consequence of my *descent and trespass* on them yesterday evening with my balloon, which, when estimated, Mr. C. presumes I will *instantly* reimburse."

Digression aside, I return to my cat, and his parachute; the experiment of which, by proving sufficiently the elasticity of the air, must do away the uneasiness which my own descent, by means of a parachute of a greater magnitude could excite; an experiment which, I trust, will take place between this and the 10th instant. Having thrown away some ballast, the balloon went up progressively, although it appeared stationary. However, the dilatation of the inflammable air, which shews itself by the effect caused by the diminution of the weight of the atmosphere, compelled me to open the valve. According to the barometer, we were then at the heighth of 300 yards. The temperature being nine degrees lower, the inflammable gas condensed itself, and the balloon was sensibly lowering on the Thames, so as to make people believe that our balloon was coming down upon it, which was clearly perceivable by the movements of the numberless boats, which were put in motion in order to protect the descent.

I should most certainly have performed it, had I been by myself, in order to re-ascend, and prove thereby how little dangerous it is to descend on a river. Every one will readily conceive, that the regard due to the timidity of a young woman, and of a newly-initiated aëronaut, made me reject the thought of making a proper use of the ballast I had in store, the means of ascending, which were seconded by a degree of dilatation the inflammable air received from the warmer temperature we were then in, we rose sensibly above St. James's Park, and reached an elevation of eight hundred yards, when I set at liberty a pigeon carrier, which immediately took his unsettled direction, and seemed wandering

wandering wild for a time; we at last lost sight of him, and I am informed that he returned to his nest at night. I have often, in former ascensions, let loose, at the height of fifteen hundred yards, birds which were seen flying about my machine, and came at last to perch on my car, in a state of stupefaction and drowsiness the most extraordinary.

When above Westminster-Abbey, each of us was engaged with the sensations which affected most.—The curiosity of my travelling companions led them more particularly to the observation of sounds. They observed the sensible evaporation of the noise coming from the earth, although we were not at a great height. This effect, which is produced by the rarefication of the air, proves the use demonstrated by trifling experiments of philosophy in the constitution of the atmosphere, where so many changes are felt in rapid succession! It happens, sometimes, that inexperienced aërial travellers are led into error on account of the sounds produced, when the lower part of the balloon offers cavities tolerably regular, and of an extent equal not only to the reflexion of the voice of the aërial travellers, but susceptible even to reflect the sounds which come from the surface of the earth. Such is the effect which constitutes the magic attributes of the *Invisible Girl*.

Invited by the serenity of the atmosphere, I kept my travelling companions at a moderate distance from the earth. But, becoming late, I was under the necessity of landing, which I effected, at the time and place mentioned in all the papers, with the assistance of a few very polite individuals. Notwithstanding the annoyance of the mob, I folded, after inexpressible toils, my balloon, which has been since brought to the Pantheon, where Mrs. Garnerin attends in person, in order to answer the questions, and to acknowledge the kind interest, and peculiar marks of attention she was honoured with at her return to Vauxhall. GARNERIN.

DUELLING IN THE EAST INDIES.

Bombay, July 18, 1801.

THE Quarterly Sessions commenced here on the 14th instant, before Sir William Syer, Recorder, and his associate Judges.

The Recorder having addressed the Grand Jury in a very eloquent and impressive speech, elucidating the law, as applied to the various bills that were to be brought before them, and particularly upon the subject of Duelling, the Grand Jury retired, and the Court adjourned until the following day, at ten o'clock, when the Grand Jury returned a true bill against Lieutenant G. B. Bellasis and Captain C. W. Byne, for the murder of Mr. A. A. Forbes Mitchell, and no bill against Lieutenant Mitchie, whose name stood in the same indictment.

Mr. Dowdeswell, as advocate for the Crown, then moved that Mr. Mitchie might be put to the bar, and tried upon the inquest of the coroner, with the view, as he declared, of bringing Mr. Mitchie forward as an evidence upon the trial of Lieutenant Bellasis and Captain Byne; which being opposed by Mr. Morley, as counsel for those gentlemen, and the Court having heard the arguments adduced for and against the motion, they were pleased to reject it; upon which Lieutenant Bellasis and Captain Byne were put to the bar.

Mr. Dowdeswell having addressed the jury on the part of the prosecution, evidence on both sides was heard, and the prisoners, both of whom addressed the Court, having finished their defence, at one o'clock the Recorder summed up the whole of the proceedings, with his usual perspicuity and accuracy, and delivered his charge to the Jury in a manner that reflected the highest credit on his abilities and impartiality.

The Jury retired at midnight, and at half past one o'clock on the morning of the 16th, returned their verdict, Guilty, but recommended them to mercy.

The Court having this day (July 20) met at eleven o'clock, pursuant to adjournment, Lieutenant Bellasis and Captain Byne were put to the bar, and being asked, in the usual form, what they had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, they severally addressed the Court, in a few words, throwing themselves on its mercy.

The Recorder then addressed the prisoners in a long and very affecting speech, wherein he recapitulated the leading circumstances of this melancholy case, and took occasion to admonish the audience, to take warning from the unfortunate example before them, of the danger of flying in the face of the laws, and actuated by false notions of honour, seeking the lives of their fellow-creatures, or risking their own, by that most barbarous practice of duelling.

The Recorder then informed the prisoners, that in consideration of the Jury having recommended them to mercy, the Court had determined to avail themselves of the late gracious act of his Majesty, which enables the Courts in India to award sentence of transportation instead of execution against offenders in certain cases, as they shall see fit: and, further, that from some favourable circumstances which had appeared on the trial, affecting the case of Captain Byne, as well as a representation which had just been put into his hands from the officers of the eighty-sixth regiment, stating, that upon a former occasion of this nature, Captain Byne had interfered and happily prevented a duel in the regiment, the Court would be induced to recommend him to his Majesty for pardon; but that the case of Lieutenant Bellasis appeared in a very different point of view, and he must not expect the smallest remission of his punishment.

The Recorder concluded by saying—"It therefore only remains for me to pronounce the sentence of the law, as the Court have determined to apply it—which is, that you George Bridges Bellasis shall be transported to the eastern coast of New South Wales, for the term of fourteen years;—and that you, Charles William Byne shall be transported to the same place, for the term of seven years."

Manners of the Town.

[As all merit arises from contrast and comparison, so every representation of past Amusements, Customs, &c. must naturally tend to illustrate the present, some pleasant instances of which we think may be found in a Journey through England, published during the Reign of George I. in 1714. Supposed to have been written by a Stranger.]

"I AM lodged," says he, "in the street called Pall-Mall, the ordinary residence of strangers. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus: we rise by nine, and those that frequent great mens' levees, find great entertainment at them till eleven; or, as in Holland,

go

go to tea-tables; about twelve, the *beau-monde* assemble in several coffee or chocolate houses, the best of which are the Cocoa-Tree and White's Chocolate Houses; St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British Coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that, in less than an hour, you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondaliers do at Venice.

"If it is fine weather, we take a turn in the Park till two, when we go to dinner; and, if it be dirty, you are entertained at *piquet* or *basset* at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna and St. James's. I must not forget to tell you, that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree or Orsinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee-House of St. James's.

"The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little coffee-houses much frequented in this neighbourhood. Young Man's for officers, Old Man's for stock-jobbers, paymasters, and courtiers, and Little Man's for sharpers. I never was so confounded in my life, as when I enquired into this last: I saw two or three tables full at *faro*, heard the box and dice rattling in the room above stairs, and was surrounded by a set of sharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half-crowns at *faro*, to get off with a clear skin, and was overjoyed I so got rid of them.

"At two we generally go to dinner: ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three pretty good ones, for the conveniency of foreigners, in Suffolk-street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here, is to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, then we go to the play.

"After the play, the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's Coffee-houses near adjoining, where there is playing at *piquet*, and the best of conversation, till midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons and stars, sitting familiarly, and talking with the same freedom, as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home; and a stranger tastes with pleasure the universal liberty of speech of the English nation. Or, if you like rather the company of ladies, there are assemblies at most people of quality's houses.

"The Royal Exchange is the resort of all the trading part of this city, foreign and domestic, from half an hour after one till near three in the afternoon; but the better sort generally meet in Exchange-alley a little before, at three celebrated coffee-houses, called Garraway's, Robin's, and Jonathan's. In the first, the people of quality who have business in the city, and the most considerable and wealthy citizens, frequent. In the second, the foreign bankers, and often even foreign ministers. And in the third, the buyers and sellers of stock.

"When I entered into this last, I was afraid I had got into Little Man's Coffee-house again, for busy faces run about here as there, with the same sharp intent looks, with this difference only, that here it is

settling of Bank-stock, East-India, South-Sea, and Lottery Tickets, and there it is all cards and dice.

"You will see a fellow, in shabby clothes, selling ten or twelve thousand pounds in stock, though perhaps he may'nt be worth at the same time ten shillings, and with as much zeal as if he were a Director, which they call selling a *bear's skin*; and these men find bubbles enough to get bread by it, as the others do by gaming; and some few of them manage it, so as to get pretty large estates."

Another writer, about the same period of time, but of a much more satirical cast, displays considerable pleasantry in his descriptions and remarks upon the manners of the lower orders of people in this metropolis: of this our readers will judge from the following extract:

"In London the execution of malefactors happens almost every six weeks; they pass through the town in carts, dressed in their best clothes, with white gloves and nosegays, if it be the season. Those that die merrily, or that don't at least shew any great fear of death, are greatly admired by the vulgar, and are said to die like *hearty cocks*, which is the highest encomium they desire should be bestowed on their memories. One of these wretches being come to the place of execution, which (for what reason I could not learn), is called Tyburn, desired to speak to one of his neighbours that he happened to cast his eye upon in the throng. The man came to him, and then he told him that he was unwilling to die without asking him forgiveness for a great injury he had done him. The man answered, that he forgave him heartily, but that he could not tell what it could be. The rogue seemed to be in much haste to tell it, and at last owned that *he had only made him a cuckold.* Another made the cart stop within a stone's cast or two of the gallows, and pointing to a large field, declared that he had buried about Five Hundred Pounds in gold and silver in divers parts of it, which he had acquired by thefts. The mob fell to digging and tearing the field to pieces, and the criminal passed almost unattended on to the place of execution, where a number of hired rogues, being conveniently posted, rescued him from the officers of justice, and carried him cleverly off. Another bold villain condemned to die for many robberies, found means to make his escape from the prison; diligent search was made after him, and great rewards promised to such as should discover and apprehend him, but all without effect; however, the day for execution of his fellow-criminals being come, and they all carried to the tree, while they were at their devotions, and the halters about their necks, the fellow came and leaped up into the cart, asking ten thousand pardons of the Sheriff, for making his honour wait so long, but that he had been taking leave of some particular friends; and so cheerfully submitted to his death, and the law, to the great astonishment of infinite crowds of spectators.

"With respect to common swearing, a stranger cannot walk their streets, without being almost deafened with the most execrable oaths and curses, incessantly issuing from the throats of coachmen and carters, that a person stone blind, who hath a good ear, may, without any other guide, conduct himself through the principal streets of the city, by carefully keeping within the sound of them. It generally happens, that the first English a foreigner learns is their oaths; and this rudiment proved very useful

ful to a servant in the retinue of the Turkish Ambassador, who, having rambled out of his knowledge, as far as the Tower, at the farther end of London, he did, by the help of this part of the English tongue, convey himself from Aldgate to Temple Bar, from thence to Charing Cross, and so safe to his Excellency's residence in Suffolk-street, without asking so much as a single question.

"A superstitious belief of demons and goblins is among these people, one of the most pleasant descriptions imaginable. He that is the stanchest believer in this point, is often the most wretched infidel in articles of a more useful nature; he swallows glibly the grossest falshoods and forgeries, but cannot bear the appearance of truth and conviction. If you tell them that a spirit carried away the side of a house, or played at football with half a dozen chairs, and as many pewter dishes, you win their hearts and assent: but if you go about to persuade them, that a bodily communication between the invisible spirits of the other world, and the mortal inhabitants of this, is not very likely, at least not very common, they hold up their hands, and wonder how you can be such an atheist. We had the testimony both of men, women, and children, for the appearance of all kind of ghosts, in the city and suburbs of London, at proper times and seasons; some in coaches, and servants behind them, all without their heads; and of spirits as tall as country may-poles, dancing at the doors of women in child-bed, forewarning them of their deaths. Many of the most ancient and finest seats in the kingdom are gone to ruin, having been totally neglected and uninhabited for some ages, on account of their being *haunted*. And I have heard of travellers, who have been to terrified at the shadows of their own horses, that they have often rode back twenty or thirty miles, when they have been going a journey.

"The English," says the same author, "are too apt to reproach foreigners, particularly the Germans and Dutch, with the vice of drunkenness; yet none more guilty of it than themselves, as is demonstrable from the astonishing number of drinking-houses in all their cities, corporate towns, and villages. I have seen a Lord, whom they call the *moving tun of Claret*, that hath not been sober six hours together these twenty years; nor is he able to set a foot upon the earth, being constantly borne upon mens shoulders, from tavern to tavern, and who hath had the pleasure and satisfaction to drink two or three dozen of his companions into their graves, in a most friendly and obliging manner.

The prying curious spirit of the English he also remarks as the most surprising of any people he ever had met with, being not only strictly inquisitive after the affairs of other nations, but of every minute circumstance attending the lives and actions of their own people. He says, "They have, I believe, almost as many intelligences or newspapers amongst them as there are stars in the firmament, wherein every little incident of human life is carefully registered. I remember his Excellency the Turkish Envoy, having had some cathartic medicines administered to him for a slight illness, the next day a particular account of their operations and success was printed and dispersed all over the kingdom; and for the first six months after our arrival in London there was not a morsel of meat we could put into our mouths, nor a garment on our backs, nor even a turn we could take

take in our chambers, but a relation of it was set forth in all their common newspapers. In one of their Weekly Occurrences they once gave us an account ' of a large bird that came one day and fixed on the cross of St. Paul's, the great cathedral of London, the wings whereof were of such magnitude, that it eclips'd the light of the whole city at noon-day, so that the traders were obliged to light candles in their shops to vend their wares by.'

" Another paper affirmed, that ' a coach, going from London for the north of England, with about six persons in it, was, by a sudden whirlwind, taken up into the air at Highgate, a village little more than a league from London, and was safely set down again at the journey's end, about one hundred and fifty miles farther, without the least hurt happening to either the passengers, coachman, or horses.' We were informed, it was from this accident that these travelling vehicles have ever since been called *flying coaches*. They are, almost to a man, mightily delighted with such like extraordinary occurrences, and marvellous events; in the relation of which they cannot help discovering a sensible pleasure, though, at the same time, they are positively sure, or at least have all the reason in the world to believe, that they are entirely groundless, false, and fictitious.

" The title of Captain the English give to every idle, insignificant fellow that wears a sword, though he never bore a commission, or served in the army: there are several orders and degrees of them, as *Darby* Captains, *Tash* Captains, and *Cock-and-bottle* Captains; the first are such as attend at gaming-houses, and bully those who grow troublesome at the loss of their money; the second are ready on all occasions to protect the prostitutes of the town from constables and informers; the third are always to be found at an alehouse, ready to beat bailiffs, bully cowards, and do any mischievous exploits, for ready money.

" The British wives," he also observes, " have greater privileges than those of the eastern countries; they even sit at table with their husbands, and oftentimes assume an authority over them. Those of quality sleep asunder from their husbands, when the humour takes them in the head; and a man would be esteemed a most unfashionable and unpolished creature, should he attempt to approach his wife's apartment without having first obtained her permission, though three or four of the male kind be with her at the same time. The *husband* and *wife* are accounted but *one flesh*; which once gave occasion to an Irish gentleman to take his helpmate along with him a journey of two hundred miles in a stage-coach, and then insisted on paying only as a *single passenger*." But the same kind of logic being once offered to a waterman, he denied the consequences, insisting that a man and his wife were always *two* in a boat, but only *one* in a bed.

Royal Kentish Bowmen.

ON Saturday, July 31, the above Society met at their elegant Lodge, on Dartford Heath, to shoot at a target, placed at the distance of an hundred yards, for an elegant inlaid Indian bow, quiver, and twelve arrows, valued at fifty guineas. The shooting commenced at two o'clock; much skill was displayed by all who entered the lists. Several of the first bowmen in England were present,

sent. The prize was won by Mr. John Mattock, who pierced the bull's eye. A gentleman of the name of Wright gave the prize. The shooting lasted two hours. At five o'clock, the company, consisting all of gentlemen, sat down to an excellent dinner: Lord Eardley was in the chair. The dinner consisted of turtle, venison, &c. When the cloth was removed, *Non nobis Domine*, was sung in very fine style, by Messrs. Nield, Vincent, Leete, and Master Smith. The first toast drank was, "The Royal Kentish Bowmen, and success to the meeting. "The King" was next given, "The Prince and Princess of Wales," &c.—Captain Sutton, of the Navy, sang "Here's a health to all good lasses."—Captain Sowden was proposed as a Member, by Mr. Maddocks, and seconded by Mr. Charles Calvert. He was then ballotted for; and, it appearing there was no black ball, he was elected.

About nine o'clock, a party of distinguished fashionables arrived, among whom were Lady Say and Sele, Lady Melbourne, Mr. Mitford, Mrs. Culling-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, General Pattison, Mr. Latham, Mr. and Miss Maddocks, &c.

The ball commenced, at half past nine o'clock, with *Mrs. Gardner a troop.* The company danced in two sets, of thirty couple each. The supper took place at one o'clock, of which about two hundred persons partook. It was one of the most elegant entertainments ever seen. The desert consisted of the finest fruits the season has produced, such as pines, peaches, nectarines, &c.; the whole was a present from Lord Eardley.

Catches and glees were sung, after supper, in a very fine style, by the professional gentlemen from London, particularly "When Winds breathe soft," a favourite glee of Webbe: it was given in a beautiful manner; the treble by Master Smith, and the bass by Mr. J. Maddocks. It was four o'clock before the company separated, the greater part of whom resided in the vicinity of the lodge.

The tickets to the ball and supper, were one guinea each.

CRICKET.

ON Wednesday, the 30th of June, was played, a Grand Match of Cricket, at Bexley, Kent, between Eleven Gentlemen of North Cray and Eleven Gentlemen of Bexley, for Five Hundred Guineas.

NORTH CRAY.

First Innings.

Hampton	5	b. Elles.
Ray	13	b. ditto.
T.W.Coventry	9	b. ditto.
Tyhurst	10	not out.
Inelling	2	b. Elles.
Holland	0	c. Preston.
Hunber	2	b. Elles.
Diggens	1	run out.
Banks	0	b. Elles.
Derling	0	b. Moon.
Toa	0	b. ditto.
Byes	2	
	44	

Second Innings.

Hampton	13	st. Crockford.
Ray	6	c. Moon.
T. W. Coventry	5	b. Ellis.
Tyhurst	5	run out.
Inelling	0	b. Moon.
Holland	1	c. Dann.
Hunber	0	b. Elles.
Diggens	0	b. Moon.
Banks	2	b. ditto.

Derling

Derling	0	not out.
Toa	1	b. Moon.
Byes	1	
	34	

BEXLEY.

First Innings.

Leigh	5	b. Hampton.
Bybourn	10	b. Ray.
Tomlins	26	c. Coventry.
Forster	0	b. Ray.
Preston	7	c. Hampton.
Latham	0	c. ditto.
Fenn	4	run out.
Dann	1	b. Hampton.
Elles	1	run out.
Crockford	10	b. Hampton.
Moon	1	not out.
Bye	1	
	66	

Second Innings.

Leigh	3	b. Hampton.
Bybourn	1	b. Ray.
Tomlins	0	b. ditto.
Forster	4	not out.
Preston	2	run out.
Latham	0	b. Ray
Fenn	0	c. Banks.
Dann	—	
Elles	—	
Crockford	1	not out.
Moon	—	
Byes	2	
	13	

Bexley won by three wickets.—Even betting at starting.

On Tuesday, the 6th of July, a Grand Match of Cricket, in Aram's New Ground, at Montpellier Gardens, at Walworth, between Eleven Gentlemen of the Hommerton Club, against Eleven Gentlemen of the Saturday's Montpellier Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

MONTPELLIER CLUB.

First Innings.

Elyard	0	c. Walpole.
Peppercorn	6	b. Hollan.
Pickerring	4	b. Fulljames.
Nyran	66	b. ditto.
Knight	13	b. ditto.
Clelan	21	b. White.
Barton	9	b. ditto.
C. Mortimer	0	b. Fulljames.
Walter	1	leg before wick.
Eaton	0	not out.
Oasleland	0	b. White.
Byes	3	
	123	

Second Innings.

Elyard	4	b. White.
Peppercorn	8	b. ditto.
Pickerring	2	st. ditto.
Nyran	4	st. Vigne.
Knight	7	c. Walker.
Clelan	2	b. White.
Barton	6	b. J. Weller.
C. Mortimer	0	not out.
Walter	0	c. J. Weller.
Eaton	0	b. ditto.
Oasleland	0	b. ditto.
Byes	0	
	33	

HOMMERTON CLUB.

First Innings.

Sudlam	0	c. Elyard.
Fulljames	7	c. Mortimer.
J. Weller	12	b. Cleland.
Ladbroke	3	b. ditto.
Vigne	12	b. Elyard.
Walpole	12	b. ditto.
Hollan	1	b. Pickerring.
Aislabie	3	b. ditto.
White	14	b. Nyran.
Eades	2	not out.
Walker	0	c. Pickerring.
Byes	2	
	68	

Second

Second Innings.

Fulljames	0	and in.
J. Weller	14	Elyard.
White	25	C. Mortimer.
Byes	5	
	44	

This match is postponed. Hommerton Club has forty-five runs to get, and eight wickets to go down.

On Wednesday, the 7th of July, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, at Swanley, Kent, between Eleven Gentlemen of Bexley, and Eleven Gentlemen of Swanley, for Five Hundred Guineas.

BEXLEY.

First Innings.

Tomlins	11	b. Reeves.
Wybourn	3	b. Kibble.
Henn	3	b. ditto.
Preston	5	c. Williams.
Leigh	0	b. Kibble.
Ellis	0	run out.
Lathan	0	b. Reeves.
Crockford	9	b. ditto.
Moon	5	b. Kibble.
Ward	3	not out.
Rapley	0	Kibble.
Byes	7	
	46	

Second Innings.

Tomlins	15	not out.
Wybourn	3	b. Reeves.
Henn	0	c. Kibble.
Preston	4	b. Reeves.
Leigh	3	b. ditto.
Ellis	0	b. Kibble.
Lathan	0	b. ditto.
Crockford	3	c. ditto.
Moon	1	c. Stapells.
Ward	1	b. Kibble.
Rapley	7	b. Addams.
Byes	6	
	43	

SWANLEY.

First Innings.

Tye	9	c. Ellis.
Pointer	0	c. ditto.
Williams	0	b. ditto.
Addams	4	b. ditto.
Reeves	0	c. Leigh.
Kibble	4	c. Crockford.
Selby	1	b. Ellis.
G. Allen	1	b. ditto.
Stapells	0	b. ditto.
T. Allen	1	c. Crockford.
Sparks	0	not out.
Byes	2	
	22	

Second Innings.

Tye	0	c. Lathan
Pointer	3	c. Leigh.
Williams	4	b. Moon.
Addams	6	b. Ellis.
Reeves	0	b. ditto.
Kibble	22	b. ditto.
Selby	6	run out.
G. Allen	3	b. Ellis.
Stapells	0	not out.
T. Allen	0	run out.
Sparks	11	b. Ellis.
Byes	1	
	56	

Bexley won by eleven runs, even betting.

Monday, the 12th of July, was played, a Grand Match of Cricket, at Chigwell, Essex, between Eleven Gentlemen of Chigwell, against Eleven Gentlemen of the Mile-End Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

MILE-END.

First Innings.

Eaton	2	c. Wright.
Carter	3	b. Cole.
Qasleand	22	b. Wackland.
Elyard	8	b. ditto.
Nyran	0	b. Cole.
Knight	17	b. ditto.

Mason	10	c. ditto.
Laetheler	3	b. ditto.
Colett	2	b. ditto.
Charrington	0	not out.
Huffam	0	b. Cole.
Byes	3	
	77	

Second Innings.

Eaton	0	b. Cole.
Carter	7	run out.
Oasleand	6	b. Cole.
Elyard	32	b. ditto.
Nyran	5	b. Wackland.
Knight	0	b. ditto.
Mason	0	b. ditto.
Laetheler	5	c. Legrove.
Colett	3	b. Cole.
Charrington	0	c. T. Clark.
Huffam	1	not out.
Byes	1	
	60	

CHIGWELL.

First Innings.

Ramsey	0	b. Elyard.
Wright	1	b. Knight.
Cole	28	b. Elyard.
Hedgley	8	c. Charrington.
Hanson	1	c. Elyard.
Wackland	0	c. ditto.
J. Clark	1	leg bef. wick.
Legrove	5	b. Elyard.
Shepperd	0	c. Carter.
T. Clark	0	not out.
Miller	9	b. Knight.
Byes	6	
	54	

Second Innings.

Ramsey	22	b. Knight.
Wright	0	b. ditto.
Cole	0	c. Elyard.
Hedgley	23	b. Knight.
Hanson	2	b. Elyard.
Wackland	2	run out.
J. Clark	1	b. Knight.
Legrove	2	b. Elyard.
Shepperd	2	not out.
T. Clark	5	b. Elyard.
Miller	0	b. Knight.
Byes	1	
	60	

Mile-End won by twenty-three runs. Even betting at starting.

On Tuesday, the 13th of July, was played, a Grand Match of Cricket, at Aram's New Ground, at Montpellier Gardens, Walworth, between Eleven Gentlemen of Woolwich Club, against a select Eleven Gentlemen of Montpellier Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

MONTPELLIER CLUB.

First Innings.

Lambourn	0	b. Ward.
Hart	2	b. Basset.
Roffey	12	run out.
Jonson	29	not out.
Tanner	13	c. Basset.
Elyard	11	run out.
Peppercorn	7	b. Fensham.
Walter	4	c. Crowhurst.
Piper	9	b. Ward.
Earnshaw	0	run out.
Vane	1	b. Ward.
Byes	4	
	92	

Second Innings.

Lambourn	1	b. Ward.
Hart	6	b. ditto.
Roffey	14	b. ditto.
Jonson	3	c. Basset.
Tanner	6	b. Ward.
Elyard	6	c. Constable.
Peppercorn	4	b. Basset.
Walter	7	b. ditto.
Piper	3	b. Ward.
Earnshaw	1	not out.
Vane	9	b. Ward.
Byes	5	
	65	

WOOLWICH

WOOLWICH CLUB.

First Innings.

Basset	44	c. Vane.
Crowhurst	8	c. Roffey.
Harwood	12	b. Jonson.
Ward	25	c. Lambourn.
Fensham	6	c. Elyard.
Eden	1	b. Peppercorn.
Hind	0	b. ditto.
Constable	5	c. Elyard.
Hounsham	15	b. Roffey.
Cook	1	b. Tanner.
Tidball	2	not out.
Byes	4	
	123	

Second Innings.

Basset	9	c. Tanner.
Ward	9	c. Elyard.
Fensham	12	not out.
Constable	5	b. Tanner.
Hounsham	1	not out.
Byes	0	
	36	

Woolwich won by seven wickets.—Six to four on Woolwich at starting.

On Tuesday, the 13th of July, a Grand Match of Cricket was played at Camberwell, between Eleven Gentlemen of Camberwell and Peckham, against Eleven Gentlemen of Clapham, for Five Hundred Guineas.

CLAPHAM.

First Innings.

Pearce	4	b. Lambert.
Towning	8	b. Cowper.
Meor	28	c. Billetter.
Comley	1	not out.
Clemons	1	b. Cowper.
Ford	4	b. ditto.
Davey	8	b. Lambert.
Kemp	4	c. Glover.
Hatfield	18	b. Cowper.
Blackpool	4	b. ditto.
Gent	22	b. Lambert.
Byes	3	
	105	

Second Innings.

Pearce	5	b. Lambert.
Towning	1	b. Cowper.
Meor	2	c. Dowarty.
Comley	5	b. Cowper.
Clemons	3	run out.
Ford	1	not out.
Davey	1	c. Dowarty.
Kemp	2	b. Lambert.
Hatfield	0	c. Lickfold.
Blackpool	0	c. ditto.
Gent	5	c. ditto.
Byes	1	
	26	

CAMBERWELL.

First Innings.

Billetter	9	c. Clemons.
Lambert	1	c. Kemp.
Hearsey	4	b. Pearce.
Lickpold	3	b. ditto.
Rentall	4	b. Blackpool.
Prior	3	Pearce.
Cowper	6	b. Towning.
Dowarty	6	stumped Hatfield.
Ives	0	c. ditto.
Connell	0	c. Blackpool.
Glover	2	not out.
Byes	8	
	46	

Second Innings.

Billetter	26	b. Clemons.
Lambert	1	b. Ford.
Hearsey	33	b. Blackpool.
Lickpold	8	not out.
Prior	9	hit wicket.
Cowper	0	b. Pearce.
Dowarty	2	b. Blackpool.
Ives	4	not out.
Glover	0	run out.
Byes	3	
	86	

Camberwell won by three wickets.—Six to four in favour of Camberwell at starting.

On Wednesday, the 14th of July, a Grand Match of Cricket was played in Aram's New Ground, at Montpellier Gardens, Walworth, between Eleven Gentlemen of Camberwell and Peckham, against Eleven Gentlemen of Clapham, for Five Hundred Guineas.

CAMBERWELL.

First Innings.

Lambert	30	not out.
Prior	70	b. Pearce.
Hearsey	0	c. Bradpole.
Ives	20	b. Pearce.
Tag	13	b. Clemons.
Glover	6	run out.
Dowarty	1	b. Clemons.
Rentall	1	b. ditto.
Cooper	4	c. ditto.
Lickfold	1	b. Bradpole.
Upsdell	22	b. ditto,
Byes	22	
	200	

Second Innings.

Lambert	15	hit wicket.
Prior	16	run out.
Hearsey	2	not out.
Ives	11	b. Ford.
Tag	9	b. Gent.
Glover	6	b. Clemons.
Dowarty	0	b. ditto.
Rentall	0	b. ditto.
Cooper	0	b. Ford.
Lickfold	2	run out.
Upsdell	6	c. Hatfield.
Byes	3	
	70	

CLAPHAM.

First Innings.

Pearce	0	b. Cooper.
Clemons	4	b. Lambert.
Bradpole	4	b. Cooper.
Moor	0	b. Lambert.
Gent	1	b. Cooper.
Hatfeild	0	b. ditto.
Comley	2	c. Hearsey.
Bailey	11	b. Cooper.
Davey	8	not out.
Ford	7	b. Cooper.
Kemp	1	b. ditto.
Byes	0	
	38	

Second Innings.

Pearce	10	c. Upsdell.
Clemons	1	c. Hearsey.
Bradpole	3	b. Prior.
Moor	0	c. Dowarty.
Gent	8	b. Cooper.
Hatfeild	1	not out.
Comley	14	b. Cooper.
Bailey	8	c. Prior.
Davey	16	b. Cooper.
Ford	19	run out.
Kemp	0	c. Prior.
Byes	5	
	80	

Camberwell won by one hundred and forty-two runs.—Five to four on Camberwell at starting.

A Match was played on the last Tuesday and Thursday in July, on the Prince's Ground, at Brighton, between General Lennox, with the Hon. Arthur Upton given, and nine men picked from the Western side of the county of Sussex, and Colonel Porter and Thomas Smith, Esq. and Thomas Walker given, with nine picked Eastern men.

WESTERN.

First Innings.

Paine	3	c. Cooper.
Dyer	17	b. ditto.
Soane	3	b. ditto.
Hammond	12	c. Sayers.
Hon. A. Upton	0	c. Smith, Esq.
Haines	0	c. Marchant.
Lamport	4	b. Cooper.
Stedman	4	run out.
Gen. Lennox	1	b. Cooper.
Musters, Esq.	0	c. Smith, Esq.
Shepherd	0	not out.
	44	

Second

Second Innings.

Musters, Esq.	1	c. Budd.
Shepherd	13	b. Walker.
Dyer	8	b. Cooper.
Hammond	10	b. Walker.
Hon. A. Upton	0	b. ditto.
Soane	5	b. Cooper.
Paine	0	c. Walker.
Haines	5	b. ditto.
Gen. Lennox	6	run out.
Stedman	3	stumped out.
Lamport	2	not out.
Byes	5	
	53	

EASTERN.

First Innings.

Budd	2	c. Soane.
Sayers	1	b. Dyer.
T. Walker	5	b. ditto.
T. Smith, Esq.	24	b. Lamport.
Marchant	3	c. Gen. Lennox.
Baldwin	0	c. Haines.
Smith	0	b. Dyer.
Flint	9	leg before wick.
Ld Milsington	0	b. Lamport.
Frances	0	b. Hammond
Cooper	0	not out.
	44	

Second Innings.

T. Smith, Esq.	7	c. Paine.
Cooper	8	b. Dyer.
Budd	7	c. Shepherd.
Sayers	0	run out.
Ld Milsington	2	not out.
T. Walker	30	ditto.
	54	

Won by Eastern, with five wickets to go down. The return match was immediately begun and finished, as under, on the 3d of August.

EASTERN.

First Innings.

T. Walker	23	b. Hammond.
Cooper	7	b. Lamport.
T. Smith, Esq.	6	b. ditto.
Budd	16	run out.
Baldwin	17	c. Hammond.
Ld Milsington	0	c. Payne.
Marchant	5	c. Soane.
Flint	4	c. Gen. Lennox
Frances	5	b. Dyer.
Smith	2	not out.
Sayen	0	b. Dyer.
Byes	1	
	86	

Second Innings.

T. Walker	7	stumped out.
Cooper	0	b. Hammond.
T. Smith, Esq.	9	run out.
Marchant	0	b. Hammond.
Baldwin	14	not out.
Flint	6	b. Hammond.
Frances	1	c. Dyer.
Ld Milsington	0	c. Soane.
Budd	1	stumped out.
Smith	1	b. Lamport.
Sayen	16	run out.
Byes	1	
	56	

WESTERN.

First Innings.

Soane	2	b. Cooper.
Haynes	0	b. ditto.
Pain	2	stumped out.
Steadman	0	c. Marchant.
Hammond	25	c. Budd.
Hon. A. Upton	1	b. Cooper.
Dyer	0	b. ditto.
Shepherd	12	c. Budd.
Lamport	5	c. T. Smith, Esq.
J. Musters, Esq.	0	b. Walker.
Gen. Lennox	0	not out.
Bye	0	
	47	

Second Innings.

Gen. Lennox	3	b. Cooper.
Shepherd	8	c. Marchant.
Soane	8	b. Walker.
Hammond	0	c. Budd.
Pain	6	b. Cooper.
Hon. A. Upton	0	c. Walker.

Haynes

Haynes	0	c. Marchant.
Dyer	2	b. Cooper.
Lamport	1	run out.
Stedman	0	not out.
J. Musters, Esq.	2	b. Cooper.
	33	

Won by the Eastern Side by sixty-one runs.

On Saturday, the 31st of July, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, at Hampstead, between Eleven Gentlemen of Hampstead, against Eleven Gentlemen of Highgate, for Five Hundred Guineas.

HAMPSTEAD.

First Innings.

Collings	0	c. Hill.
Todd	2	c. ditto.
Boyce	2	run out.
Wheeler	12	c. Eager.
Jones	2	run out.
Havercar	12	b. Anderson.
Hitchman	6	c. Hill.
Nichol	0	c. Anderson.
Joyce	3	b. Slade.
Pearce	2	run out.
Butcher	0	not out.
Byes	2	
	43	

Second Innings.

Collings	0	b. Slade.
Todd	1	b. Anderson.
Boyce	1	b. Slade.
Wheeler	2	c. Hawkings.
Jones	0	c. Stringer.
Hevercar	3	c. Slade.
Hitchman	4	b. ditto.
Nichol	4	run out.
Joyce	8	not out.
Pearce	0	b. Anderson.
Butcher	0	b. ditto.
Byes	4	
	27	

HIGHGATE.

First Innings.

Slade	13	run out.
Anderson	22	b. Boyce.
Jennings	3	b. Wheeler.
I. Hill	1	c. Hitchman.
Melton	4	c. Pearce.
Curtis	3	b. Wheeler.
Steavenson	5	b. ditto.
B. Hill	0	not out.
Stringer	0	run out.
Byes	1	
	52	

Second Innings.

Slade	4	b. Wheeler.
Anderson	11	b. Boyce.
Jennings	3	b. Wheeler.
I. Hill	0	b. Boyce.
Melton	4	c. ditto.
Curtis	14	c. Pearce.
Steavenson	0	c. ditto.
B. Hill	1	not out.
Stringer	0	c. Wheeler.
Eager	0	c. Pearce.
Hawkings	0	c. Collings.
Byes	1	
	38	

Highgate won by twenty runs.

N. B. Eager and Hawkings did not go in the first innings, being absent; five to four on Hampstead at starting.

On Tuesday, the 3d of August, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, on Ripley Green, between eleven Gentlemen of Ripley, against eleven Gentlemen of St. Mary-le-bonne, for Five Hundred Guineas.

RIPLEY.

First Innings.

Bliss	8	b. Lord.
T. Howard	4	b. ditto.
R. Howard	7	b. ditto.
Dawes	2	st. Leycester.
Vincent	18	c. Talmash.
J. Simmonds	8	c. Barton.

Bamlet

Bamlet	0	c. ditto.
Turner	32	not out.
Onslow	4	run out.
R. Simmons	23	b. Lord.
Worsfold	1	c. ditto.
Byes	7	
	114	

Second Innings.

Bliss	12	c. Bentley.
T. Howard	18	b. ditto.
R. Howard	40	leg before wick.
Dawes	5	b. Ld F. B.
Vincent	2	b. ditto.
J. Simmons	3	c. Lord.
Bamlet	8	c. Bentley.
Turner	1	b. Stanhope.
Onslow	6	run out.
R. Simmons	0	c. Leycester.
Worsfold	0	not out.
Byes	2	
	97	

ST. MARY-LE-BONNE CLUB.

First Innings.

Bentley	19	b. Bliss.
Stanhope	4	c. Onslow.
Leycester	3	b. hit wicket.
Lord F. B.	34	b. R. Howard.
Barton	2	run out.
Lord	5	b. R. Howard.
Eavers	4	run out.
Talmash	4	b. R. Howard.
Nevell	0	not out.
Foster	0	c. Vincent.
Davey	5	b. Worsfold.
Byes	1	
	81	

Second Innings.

Bentley	0	c. Bamlet.
Stanhope	1	run out.
Leycester	58	st. Turner.
Lord Fred. B.	44	leg before wick.
Barton	12	b. Bliss.
Lord	12	not out.
Eavers	2	c. Dawes.
Talmash	1	c. Bliss.
Nevell	0	c. Bamlet.
Foster	2	not out.
Davey	0	leg before wick.
Byes	4	
	131	

St. Mary-le-bone won by one wicket.—Four to one on St. Mary-le-bone at starting.

N. B. This is the best match that ever was played on Ripley Green.

On Thursday, the 5th of August, a Grand Single Match of Cricket was played at Ashtead Bottom, near Epsom, Surry, between Lord F. Beauclerk and Mr. Barton, against Mr. Davey and Mr. Linkfeild, for Two Hundred Guineas.

SURRY.

First Innings.

Linkfeild	1	b. Lord Fred. B.
Davey	1	b. ditto,
	2	

Second Innings.

Linkfeild	5	b. Lord Fred. B.
Davey	4	b. ditto.
	9	

LORD FRED. B.

First Innings.

Ld Fred. B.	16	c. Davey.
Mr. Barton	20	c. Linkfeild.
	36	

Lord Frederick Beauclerk and Mr. Barton won by one innings and twenty-five runs. Six to four on Lord Fred. B. at starting.

On Tuesday, August 10, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, at Highbury Barn, near Islington, between Eleven Gentlemen of Stoke Newington, and Eleven Gentlemen of Clapton, for Five Hundred Guineas.

CLAPTON.

CLAPTON.

First Innings.

Glaisier	3	b Pontifax.
Crisford	0	c. Outtrim.
Ellis	27	b. Ripley.
Harwood	1	run out.
Robbins	3	b. Hoar.
Trig	12	b. Pontifax.
Curtis	0	c. Marks.
Messenger	0	c. Aldridge.
Morgan	0	b. Pontifax.
James	8	not out.
Jacob	3	b. Pontifax.
Byes	13	
	70	

Second Innings.

Glaizier	1	c. Ripley.
Crisford	0	b. Pontifax.
Ellis	2	b. Ripley.
Harwood	4	c. Aislabie.
Robbins	5	run out.
Trig	7	b. Pontifax.
Curtis	16	run out.
Messenger	1	b. Pontifax.
Morgan	1	run out.
James	3	c. Pontifax.
Jacob	0	not out.
Byes	1	
	41	

STOKE NEWINGTON.

First Innings.

Eldridge	9	c. Robbins.
Aldridge	0	c. Jacob.
Pontifax	5	b. ditto.
Holland	17	b. ditto.
Cole	1	b. ditto.
Ripley	4	run out.
Aislabie	1	c. Robbins.
Marks	3	c. Messenger.
Low	0	b. ditto.
Hoar	3	stumpt. Harwood
Outtrim	0	not out.
Byes	15	
	58	

Second Innings.

Aldridge	17	not out.
Pontifax	7	c. Trig.
Holland	27	not out.
Aislabie	0	c. Glaizier.
Byes	3	
	54	

Newington won by eight wickets; five to four on Newington at starting.

On Wednesday, August 11, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, at Highbury Farm, near Islington, between Eleven Gentlemen of Clapton, against Eleven Gentlemen of Stoke Newington, for Five Hundred Guineas.

CLAPTON.

First Innings.

Glaizier	6	c. Law.
Crisford	24	b. Hoar.
Harwood	11	c. Rigby.
Messenger	7	b. Ripley.
Ellis	22	st. Low.
Steward	14	b. Hoar.
Trig	21	b. Ripley.
Robbins	8	not out.
James	0	b. Ripley.
Eades	1	b. ditto.
Morgan	5	b. ditto.
Byes	1	
	120	

Second Innings.

Glaizier	5	c. Randel.
Crisford	23	c. Aislabie.
Harwood	13	not out.
Messenger	66	b. Hoar.
Ellis	8	c. Ripley.
Steward	0	b. Aislabie.
Trig	24	b. bitto.
Robbins	24	b. Hoar.
James	0	b. Aislabie.
Eades	4	c. Lloyd.
Morgan	1	b. Ripley.
Byes	6	
	174	

NEWINGTON.

NEWINGTON.

First Innings.

Ripley	4	c. Messenger.
Lloyd	1	st. Harwood.
Aislabie	0	b. Ellis.
Law	2	c. ditto.
Outrim	0	c. Crisford.
Foster	1	b. Messenger.
Hoar	5	hit wicket.
Workman	5	c. Cade.
Rigby	0	b. Ellis.
Honeymore	0	not out.
Randel	1	c. Messenger.
Byes	1	
	18	

Second Innings.

Ripley	5	run out.
Lloyd	0	b. Ellis.
Aislabie	13	c. ditto.
Law	9	b. Messenger
Outrim	0	b. ditto.
Foster	2	b. Ellis.
Hoar	2	run out.
Workman	0	c. Cade.
Rigby	1	c. Messenger.
Honeymore	0	c. Trig.
Randel	0	not out.
Byes	3	
	35	

Clapton won by two hundred and forty-one runs—five to four on Newington at starting.

On Saturday, August 17, was played, on Hampstead Heath, a Grand Match of Cricket, between Eleven Gentlemen of Hampstead, and Eleven Gentlemen of Highgate, for Five Hundred Guineas.

HIGHGATE.

First Innings.

Batchelor	12	b. Boyce,
Graves	15	c. ditto.
Anderson	17	b. Wheeler.
Slades	4	b. ditto.
J. Jinnings	0	c. Salsberry.
Davis	3	b. Butcher.
Melton	3	c. Brandon.
Nash	2	c. Havacare.
Hill	3	b. Butcher.
French	0	c. Collings.
Pipkin	4	not out.
Byes	11	
	74	

Second Innings.

Batchelor	2	b. Butcher.
Graves	0	c. ditto.
Anderson	25	leg before wicket.
Slades	17	b. Wheeler.
J. Jinnings	0	c. Todd.
Davis	0	b. Butcher.
Melton	1	run out.
Nash	0	c. Butcher.
Hill	8	not out.
French	1	c. Butcher.
Pipkin	2	run out.
Byes	8	
	64	

HAMPSTEAD.

First Innings.

Salsberry	7	run out.
Havacare	6	b. Anderson.
Boyce	0	b. ditto.
Todd	17	run out.
Pratt	4	leg before wicket.
Collings	1	c. Anderson.
Wheeler	7	c. Hill.
Brandon	4	b. Anderson.
Butcher	2	b. Hill.
Hitchman	5	b. Slade.
Peirce	6	not out.
Byes	2	
	61	

Second Innings.

Salsberry	0	b. Anderson.
Havacare	1	b. Slade.
Boyce	7	b. Anderson.
Todd	1	b. Slade.
Pratt	1	not out.
Collings	4	c. Anderson.
Wheeler	0	c. Slade.
Brandon	2	b. Anderson.
Butcher	7	b. Slade.
Hitchman	6	b. Anderson.
Peirce	1	b. Slade.
Byes	3	
	33	

Smithfield Divorces.

ON Monday afternoon, the 9th of August, Smithfield Market exhibited one of those *cheap divorces*, for which that quarter of the City of London has, from time immemorial been famous. It seems the fair one put up to auction on the present occasion had no objection to a change of masters, and was particularly desirous of knowing how much money her attractions would bring. She had previously absented herself from her husband, a strong, muscular, well-made man, of twenty-two, and lived at Tottenham with a publican named Thornish. The husband entreated that she would return to his longing arms, but she refused. The publican then offered ten pounds for her, but the lady declared she would have no *clandestine doings*, and that the business must be done in the good old *regular way*. Accordingly she bought a halter for herself, and proceeded in the morning with her husband, and the publican to Smithfield. The halter was there put round her neck, and the sale commenced in the usual form. After several biddings, she was at last knocked down to the publican for five guineas. The husband, whose name is Benjamin Chalkely, was sorry to part with his rib, after all that had passed, and his regret increased at every new bidding. He never knew what she was worth before. The wench is about twenty-five, has bright dark eyes, and is upon the whole rather a handsome figure. She appeared perfectly satisfied with the purchaser, who is about forty years of age.

After the sale, the parties retired to the Clerk at the Market-House, where the money was paid, a receipt given, and the whole business settled in the most amicable manner.

Two other females were likewise exhibited for sale by their husbands; one fetched eighteen shillings; and the other ten pounds.

A Taylor's Duel.

AT the Public Office, Whitechapel, on Wednesday, the 11th of August, a young man of the name of Hill, foreman to Mr. Goodley, taylor, near the London Hospital, exhibited a complaint against Jeremiah O'Leary, another taylor, who went to Hill's house late on Tuesday night, the 10th, armed with pistols, and a challenge to fight him as a *man of honour*, accompanied by three other persons. A scuffle ensued, and by extraordinary exertions Hill secured O'Leary, and had him conveyed to the watch-house, but not until he had received several blows and kicks from the worthy seconds. The challenge was produced, of which the following is an exact copy:—

"Mr. Hill, your character of me in Mr. Goodley's shop seems very hodious, therefore I take a proper opportunity of seeing you to-morrow morning at six o'clock in the Fields, it upposit th Jean-street, Spice Island, fail not at your apparil, or I shall be under the desegreble necessity of affronting yow at the next place I shall meet you at. I remain,

O'Leary."

Three of his brethren of the thimble that were concerned with him, came to the Officer to hear the result of the fate of their comrade; when they were taken into custody as being accessaries, and committed to prison, for want of sureties, to appear at the next Sessions.

THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET,

SATURDAY, JULY 24.

AFTER the *Battle of Hexham*, a new musical piece, said to have been written by Prince Hoare, was brought forth under the title of *The Sixty-third Letter*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Wilful Positive	Mr. Waddy.
Sidney	Mr. De Camp.
Dulcet	Mr. Fawcett.
Patrick Casey	Mr. Johnstone.
Sharp	Mr. Chippendale.
Miss Metaphor	Mrs. Davenport.
Lydia	Mrs. Mountain.
Patty	Mrs. Harlowe.

FABLE.

Sir Wilful Positive, the guardian of *Lydia*, has exacted a promise from her, that she will not receive a lover, or a letter from one, without his concurrence. He intends to bestow her hand on a Mr. *Beverley*, who never appears, but the lady herself has made choice of Mr. *Sidney*. *Sir Wilful* has never seen *Beverley*, and therefore *Sidney*, whose person is equally unknown to him, assumes the name of *Beverley*, to get into *Sir Wilful's* house, for the purpose of seeing his *Lydia*.

Miss *Metaphor*, the sister of *Sir Wilful*, is possessed with a literary *mania*, and has written a novel, which she wants to read to her brother, but he has no taste for literature, and on leaving him in disgust, she drops one of her manuscripts on the stage. Her novel, it seems, was written in a series of letters, and the manuscript she loses, is the *Sixty-third*. *Sir Wilful* picks up this precious letter, which is supposed to constitute the most interesting part of the novel, on which the critical point of the plot depends. The letter is addressed to *Sir Somebody Fitzpatrick*. *Sir Wilful* throws the letter out of the window, after having torn off part of the address; and it falls upon the head of *Patrick*, an Irish servant, who thinks himself very handsome, and declares that he has acquired the name of the *Tipperary Adonis*. *Patrick* is on the look-out for a maiden lady of fortune, and he is vain enough to suppose the letter which fell on his head by chance, is a signal from some enamoured beauty, particularly as the name of *Patrick* was not torn from the address. The letter desires the person to whom it is addressed, to convey himself into the house, by means of a hamper. *Patrick* employs his friend, *Sharp*, a cutler, to assist him in this enterprise, and gets into the house of his old master, *Sir Wilful*.

But previous to this situation of things, Miss *Metaphor*, who wishes to cross the views of *Sir Wilful*, respecting *Beverley*, sends an anonymous letter to her brother, importing that *Beverley* is somewhat insane, and is only to be softened by music. Hence, when *Sidney*, as the pretended *Beverley*, procures admission to the house, *Sir Wilful* takes all his amorous raptures as proofs of mental derangement, and as *Lydia* appears to have power over him by her musical skill. *Sir Wilful* suffers her to take a short excursion with *Sidney*, for the purpose of soothing him into a more tranquil state of mind. *Sidney* very naturally makes use of this opportunity, to get married to his mistress. After the ceremony has been performed, he returns with her to *Sir Wilful's*, to be a witness of the ludicrous confusion which arises from the appearance of *Patrick* in the hamper, instead of the

wine, that was expected. *Sir Wilful* finds he is out-witted, but forgives the lovers, and Miss *Metaphor* promises to recompence *Patrick* for his disappointment, by giving him a portion with her maid, *Patty*, to whom he had been attached before his ambition had been deluded, by the golden prospects he had conceived from *The Sixty-third Letter.*

From these materials, with the assistance of some very pleasing music, and the general merit of the acting, a whimsical farce has been produced, which will add to the stock pieces of the Summer Theatre. It abounds with improbabilities, but extravagance is the very essence of farce, and it would be absurd to expect the regular merits of legitimate comedy.

Something, indeed, of resemblance to life may be required in the wildest of those productions, which profess to have life for their model. However, we shall not rigidly ask how it is possible that *Sir Wilful*, with all his caution, all his suspicion, and all his care, should think of giving his ward to *Beverley*, a man whom he never saw, because such conduct, however remote from life, is common to *its mirror*, the stage; or why *Patrick*, who knew all the family of his old master, should think a scheme could be devised by any part of it for improving his fortune in matrimony. But he is an *Irishman*, and that consideration is, of course, to account for a *blunder.*

The character of *Dulcet* is somewhat unhacknied; he is represented as a servant, who cannot contain himself at the sound of a street organ, and who is perpetually singing ballads. While he is handing a glass of wine, an organ strikes up, when he drops the bottle and glasses, and begins dancing. Every question put by his master, he answers by repeating the title of some ballad—for instance, when *Sir Wilful* asks who brought a letter, he looks over his ballads, and replies 'The Waggoner.'—'When?'—'In the Dead of the Night,' &c. He has a very good song, in which he enumerates the names of a variety of ballads. When he mentioned 'God save the King,' 'Britons strike home,' and 'Rule Britannia,' the public sentiment of loyalty manifested itself in repeated bursts of applause.

Waddy shewed comic force in *Sir Wilful*, a part very different from his usual line. Johnstone was, as usual, quite at home, in the *Irishman.* The character of *Sharp*, the cutler, was by no means so productive as the author of the piece probably expected.—Mrs. Mountain had hardly enough to do in *Lydia*, and Mrs. Harlowe, rather too much, in *Patty.*

The Music is in the stile of the Italian Comic Opera. A quartetto was particularly well contrived, and spirited in effect.

The piece was throughout very well received, and contains, upon the whole, so much farcical bustle, and is altogether so well supported by the actors, that it will probably retain its station on the summer boards.

The music is not unworthy the respectable name of Dr. Arnold.

The piece was announced for repetition to a numerous audience, without one dissenting voice.

For a specimen of the songs, which are truly comic, see our Poetical department.

HAYMARKET, SATURDAY, JULY 31.

A New Play, in three Acts, intitled, *The Voice of Nature*, was produced at this Theatre. The principal characters were

Alphonso,

Alphonso, King of Sicily,	Mr. Barrymore.
Rinaldo, -	Mr. C. Kemble.
A Lord of the Court,	Mr. Davenport.
Infant, son of Lilla,	Master Byrne.
Lilla, -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Alzira, -	Mrs. St. Leger.
Bendetta, -	Mrs. Davenport.
Clorinda, -	Miss Norton.

Rinaldo, brother to *King Alphonso*, becomes enamoured of *Lilla*, the orphan and destitute descendant of a noble family, who is indebted to her nurse, *Bendetta*, for support. He triumphs over her virtue, and a child is the consequence of their illicit love. Shortly after its birth, it is stolen away, and a dying changeling is left in its place. *Lilla* laments her loss for several years, and the scene opens with her arrival at the Court of *Alphonso*, to take a farewell view of *Rinaldo*, who had proved a faithless lover, on the eve of his marriage with *Alzira*, a widow of rank and fortune. Here she is struck with the appearance of a boy, the alledged son of the intended bride. She examines his features, and they awake her remembrance of her lost child. A comparison of circumstances raises suspicions in her mind. She feels all a mother's fondness, and after much anxious doubt and conjecture, is convinced by some marks upon his person that he is her long lost son. An interview takes place between *Rinaldo* and *Lilla*, in which she asserts her claim to the alledged child of *Alzira*. Struck with such baseness on the part of his new mistress, and feeling a reviving passion for the old, *Rinaldo* discloses the circumstances to the King, *Alphonso*, who undertakes to decide the claim *Alzira* and *Lilla* are summoned before him, and after hearing their mutual statements, he orders the child to be put to immediate death, in compliance with the wish of *Alzira*, who declares she would rather see him dead, than in the possession of another. The agony into which *Lilla* is thrown by this sentence, and the indifference with which it is heard by the cold, proud, and selfish *Alzira*, at once determine the real mother. *Alzira* is banished from court, and *Rinaldo* bestows his hand upon *Lilla*.

In this brief account of the plot we easily recognise the judgment of Solomon between the two harlots, in the first book of Kings.

The piece is of an uniformly grave and sentimental character. The King is a model of a just and virtuous Prince. Maternal affection could not be enforced with more energy from the pulpit, than in the example and language of *Lilla*. The sentiment is chaste, moral, and impressive, and the solemnity of the scene is not interrupted by a single passage of levity from beginning to end. The writing is elegant, and adorned with much pleasing imagery; and several of the situations are affecting. These advantages, set off with all the embellishments of handsome scenery, magnificent costume, and splendid decorations, constitute in themselves such a mass of merit as enables us to speak freely, without endangering the success of the Piece for the rest of the season.

In this Drama there is a remarkable deviation from the scriptural history. Perhaps it was found impossible to adapt the story to the stage without this deviation; and if so, the defect is in the subject, and ought not to be imputed to the author. Another deficiency, arising out of the nature of the

the piece, is the sameness of the scene.

Still the first act is beautiful, and received unbounded applause, but a small party in the House, whose violence threw suspicion upon their justice, took offence at the only two weak points in the two last. The first is the passage where *Lilla*, perhaps too obedient to the voice of nature, considers the common place mark of a mole conclusive evidence of the identity of her son. The second is the concluding scene, where the horrible is carried too far, by an injudicious movement to carry that sentence into effect, which was only meant as a stratagem to elicit the expression of maternal feeling. The former of these defects may be inherent in the piece; the latter is easily removable.

The Play is the production of Mr. Boaden; but has its origin in the French school. It was announced for repetition amidst some degree of contention; notwithstanding which, we think it very likely, with some alterations, to become a favourite with the Public.

[For the Epilogue to the above, see our Poetical Department.]

HAYMARKET,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

The Fairies' Revels; or, Love in the Highlands, was performed this evening for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MORTALS.

Donald	-	Master Menage.
Highland Boy		Master Byrne.
Old Man (father to the three Girls)	}	Master Cranfield.
Father Austin		Master Tokeley.
Malcolm	-	Master Geroux.
Jane	-	Miss Geroux.
Peggy	-	Miss C. Geroux.
Isabel	-	Miss Cranfield.

FAIRIES.

The Queen	-	Miss Tyrer.
Film	-	Miss Howells.
Apparition	-	Miss S. Norton.

Witches, Goblins, Elves, &c.

As the following is the official account of the fable, we shall present it in that shape to our readers.

FABLE.

An open Country.—*Enter Donald* deploring the loss of *Isabel*, who (having left her father's house) comes upon him unobserved. He proposes to her to fly with him from her father's power, which she refuses, playfully keeping him at a distance. At length he catches her in his arms, and her father, who has pursued her, detects them—takes his daughter forcibly away, leaving *Donald* in the utmost despair. He is met by *Film* disguised as a witch. The *Old Man* conveys *Isabel* home, and calling her sisters, *Jane* and *Peggy*, (who welcome him) tells them of *Isabel's* conduct. They affect to be shocked. The *Old Man* takes *Isabel* into the house, *Jane* and *Peggy* being left in the garden, a signal is heard; *Malcolm* appears on the top of the wall, and *Peggy* is sent to watch the *Old Man*—*Malcolm* comes over the wall, and he and *Jane* dance a *Pas Deux*.

Peggy returns and informs them of the father's approach. The *Old Man* enters listening, and enquires who has been in the garden; they protest their ignorance of any intruder; he appears satisfied, but moving, stumbles over *Malcolm's* bonnet. The *Old Man* shews it to them, and they are confused. (Here another signal is heard from the wall.) The *Old Man* prevents his daughter from moving, and repeats it. *Donald* comes over, and they

they are all detected. The *Old Man* asks the lovers what they can do to deserve their mistresses—*Malcolm* dances; the *Old Man* seems pleased, and enquires of *Donald* if he can rival that. He, with modesty, confesses his inability. *Isabel* proposes to dance for him, which is accepted. She dances a *Pas Seul*, "The Blue Bell of Scotland, with Variations."

The *Old Man* then asks *Donald*, as he cannot dance, what he can do to win his daughter. *Donald* replies, that he understands the sword, and will try a few passes with *Malcolm*, which is accepted. —*Donald* recollects the fairy ring, and, fearing he may lose it in the encounter, places it on the finger of a statue which is in the garden. They fight, and *Donald* disarms *Malcolm*. The *Old Man* is delighted—consents to their union; and they all go in, except *Donald*, who, recollecting the ring, attempts to regain it, and is struck with horror at the mysterious manner in which he is repelled.

Donald enters, musing upon the circumstances of the ring; *Isabel* comes to upbraid him for his absence; he explains to her the cause of it, which she holds lightly, and endeavours to ridicule his fears. He rouses his fortitude, and seems to shake off his terror, when the mysterious appearance presents itself to him, pointing to the ring. *Donald* is almost petrified with horror; *Isabel* tenderly demands the cause of it; he points to the vision, which being invisible to her, she protests it is fancy. The figure moves forward, and *Donald's* terrors increase. The *Vision* sings,

"Husband, husband, I've the ring,
"Thou gav'st to-day to me;
"And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
"As I am wed to thee."
(Here the Figure disappears.)

Isabel, who is not supposed to have heard it, is shocked at *Donald's* apparent terror; imagines his brain is affected, approaches him; he sinks into her arms; she is endeavouring to convey him off; they are stopped by the Hermit *Austin*, who speaks as follows:

Donald, attend! repair at dead of night
To the four cross-roads; and with keenest sight,
Observe a train of Demons glide along,
With one of mien terrific in the throng;
Give her this scroll, perforce 'twill work your good;
I'th' late eclipse I wrote it with my blood.

Donald having obtained the talisman to break the charm, affectionately embraces *Isabel*, and goes in quest of the Fairies. He enters the Goblins' Cell, displays the tablet, the charm is broken; the scene flies in pieces, and discovers a magnificent Fairy Palace, with *Isabel* and her family, and the ballet concludes with dances by the various characters.

Our readers will hardly require from us a formal critique on a Piece like the present. It is very well calculated to please the eye and the ear, and altogether is, indeed, as beautiful, and full as interesting a thing as we ever saw of a similar kind. The hint was avowedly taken from a Poem called "The Ring," in the works of the late Mr. Little.

The scenery is admirably painted, and affords a very gratifying spectacle. The Fairy Palace, by moon-light, is very picturesque. It may be thought that the grotesque figures at the entrance of the Goblins' Cell, are too large to suit the taste of such a tiny tribe of beings as the Fairies, but the contrast is thereby rendered more striking. The concluding scene of the Fairy Palace is very splendid and beautiful.—Upon the whole, the Piece itself is very well adapted

ed to the prevailing rage for show and brilliancy of effect.

The merit of compiling this amusing ballet is attributed to Fawcett, who certainly deserves commendation for his ingenuity on this occasion, as well as on several others of the same kind.—The public have had very little occasion to be gratified by the sterling merits of dramatic composition in the novelties produced at our theatres for some time past, and a Piece like *The Fairy Revels*, which combines the charms of music and scenery, is much better entitled to encouragement than a constant repetition of the wild, unnatural characters, improbable plots, and forced conceits of the modern stage, or dull translations from the poisonous Morality of the German School.

The performers, in general, acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction of the audience, who testified their approbation with great applause, and a repetition of the Piece, was announced by young Menage, with unanimous and hearty consent.

We select the following as a specimen of the Poetry.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS AND FAIRIES.

In the West Old Phœbus sinks,
All the night with Neptune drinks—
Staggering then he lifts his head
In the East a bloated red.
Qualmish, crop-sick—He, all day,
Pale and burning, makes his way
To the night's capacious bowl,
Again to cool his thirsty soul,
Till with tipsy draughts he has drown'd
The world of cares which he goes round.

HEN-PECKED HUSBANDS.

FROM time immemorial there has prevailed, at Niort, in France, a pleasant custom of leading about, mounted upon an ass, those husbands who have suffered their wives to beat them. This ceremony, which has been revived at Souch some months, occurred lately at St. Eanne. The inhabitants of St. Eanne and the neighbouring villages, to the number of twelve hundred, with little kettles, nippers, triangles, cornets, and other musical instruments of the same kind, seized hold of the person guilty of this fatal crime, and compelled him to make the usual promenade. Notwithstanding the turbulent gaiety inseparable from so great a multitude, the ceremony of the ass passed off without the least disorder.

The whole body was under the authority of a commandant general, whose decrees were irrevocable. The provisions, wine, and order of march, were all regulated; the ratio of wine was only half a bottle, and they broke, without mercy, the bottle of him who violated the public law. In short, every thing has passed at the expence of the husbands; but it is not known in what way women, who have been thrashed by their husbands, will avenge themselves.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

SUMMER ASSIZES.

HORSE SOLD.—*Happy go lucky.*

Tried at the late Lincoln Assizes.

BONNING *v.* HUBBARDS.

THE plaintiff, who lives at Empingham, purchased of the defendants, in Stamford May Fair last, a horse for twenty-two pounds. Shortly after the horse's eyes became very bad, and farriery being found ineffectual, he was returned.

This action was to recover the value of the horse, which demand Messrs. Hubbards resisted, on the plea of having sold him "happy go lucky," (meaning the purchaser

was

was to take him with all faults, for better for worse)

It being considered probable that Mr. Bunning was not acquainted with the meaning of this *happy* phrase, (which certainly required the knowledge of persons well versed in the slang of jockeyism to construe into any thing bordering on the intended meaning) and, in consideration of a former offer of half acceptance by the defendants in a letter, promising to exchange the horse for another, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

ACTION FOR SHOOTING A DOG.

Tried at the Sussex Summer Assizes.

SPRINGATE *v.* BEAZER.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd stated, that this was an action against the defendant, for wilfully and maliciously shooting the plaintiff's dog, which he valued at ten pounds. To this accusation of the plaintiff the defendant had put in several special pleas—first, that the dog was a *large* dog—next, that he was a *ferocious* dog—next, that he was mischievously inclined to bite, and that he had attempted to bite the defendant, and he had *gently* shot him in his own defence. These pleas, the learned Serjeant said, were, as he should most clearly prove, unfounded in truth; so far from its being the fact that the defendant shot the dog in his own defence, the animal was lying at his master's door, when the defendant went home and got his gun, being determined, as he said, to destroy him. With respect to the value of the animal, he most certainly was worth all he was stated to be.

The plaintiff lived at Rye, and the defendant also lived in the same place, near him. The plaintiff got his living by carrying fish from Rye to London, upon which occasions the dog accompanied the fish-cart, and was its faithful guardian when his master was necessarily absent. The dog, therefore, was to its owner a most important servant, whose loss was much felt by his master. As a further proof that the act was wantonly done, he should prove to the jury, that before the defendant shot at the dog, there were some children near, whom he told to get out of the way, in order that he might take a fair aim; they did so, and he took his aim, by which the animal fell. This was a wanton and unjustifiable act, for which he was sure the jury would give adequate damages.

Two witnesses, of the names of Thomas Blake and Joseph Russel, proved the fact of shooting the dog, in nearly the same manner as the learned Serjeant had described it. On cross-examination by Mr. Garrow, they said the dog was going towards the defendant, and admitted that he was shot in the tongue, from which the learned Counsel inferred that his mouth must be open.

The plaintiff then called a third witness, of the name of Stephen Jarrat, who quite turned the scale against the plaintiff; he said, after proving that the dog was shot by the defendant, that he was very glad of it: it was a surly, ferocious animal.

After this witness was heard, the learned Judge advised each side to withdraw a juror, which was acceded to, and by which each party paid his own costs.

Action for selling an unsound Horse.

Tried at Guildford, August 11.

A Gentleman, named Stone, brought his action against Mr. Percival, a stable-keeper, to recover the sum of Twenty-five Pounds Ten Shillings, which he had given for a horse, under a warranty of soundness. The plaintiff declared the horse was not sound, inasmuch as he stood, while in the stable, with his off leg out; a certain symptom, according to the jockey knowledge, of lameness, at least it was attempted to be so set up.

Mr. Garrow, in defending the action, was extremely witty on this symptom, and said, in future, should the plaintiff get a verdict, any horse that put one leg before the other, must be considered as a lame horse, and consequently unsaleable. He then observed upon the ridiculous custom practised among jockies and horse-dealers, of whipping the legs of the animal till they get him into the habit of standing with both his fore feet in line, astrut, like a rocking-horse, as that, among the coxcombs of the day, was considered as a most elegant accomplishment among horses, and increased the worth of the animal ten-fold; so that the farmers he was addressing, had nothing to do, when they returned home, but to set to work, and to teaze one of their team horses into that elegant attitude; or, in other words, to pervert the order of nature, and they might obtain at least sixty guineas from the fashionable sparks of the day, for a horse not worth fifteen pounds.

Baron Macdonald observed, that it was rather unfortunate for the defendant, that in the first place, he was no jockey, and, in the second, that he had of late been most shamefully cheated in buying of a horse, and he would tell the Jury how:—He had the misfortune to be troubled with the rheumatism in his hands, which at times swelled his fingers so much, that he could not hold the reins. He therefore applied a short time back to the person, who for seven years had provided him with four horses, all the year round, and for which he paid him sixty pounds each, to recommend him a safe horse, and he would pay him his price. He was provided with a horse suitable in every respect, as he was told, and he gave his horse-dealer forty guineas for him. He came to ride him, and found he had not a leg to stand upon, and was obliged to sell him again for fifteen pounds. So much for his own expence. The question, however, in the present case, was extremely simple, and he should leave it to them, whether the putting forward the off leg, as described by the witnesses, was to be considered as a symptom of unsoundness or not: for his own part, he had no opinion to exercise. The Jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

Gentleman and his Gamekeeper,

Tried at Guildford, Aug. 12.

JUDWINE *v.* CUNNINGHAM.

THIS was an action for monies paid to defendant's use. The plaintiff is a man of large property in the county of Surrey; the defendant an half-pay officer.

Mr. Serjeant Best, after a short address to the Jury, called the following witnesses to prove his case—

Mr. Stacey, an attorney, proved that the plaintiff had paid fifteen pounds for the defendant, a mitigated penalty he had incurred for shooting

shooting without a license. Witness added, that he had a bill against Mr. Cunningham of fourteen pounds for law expences, which he had charged to the account of Mr. Judwine.

On cross-examination, Mr. Stacey admitted that the plaintiff and defendant had become acquainted with each other in consequence of an advertisement which the former had inserted in the newspapers, requiring a person to look after the game on his estate, and to prevent poaching; for which he was to have a house to live in free of all expence. Witness also admitted, that the plaintiff had brought his actain against a farmer for trespassing on his premises, for which he had recovered a farthing damages; also another action for an assault, in which Mr. Cunningham (as stated by Mr. Garrow) had refused to become a witness. Mr. Stacey confessed he had prepared an affidavit of debt, from the instructions he received from Mr. Judwine, wherein Mr. Judwine swore to defendant's owing him fifty pounds and upwards; and in the items, of which was charged eight pounds for a butcher's bill the defendant had incurred; but which the witness confessed he could produce no proof of Mr. Judwine's having paid.

Another witness proved that he had sent a quantity of wood and potatoes to Mr. Cunningham, while he resided in Mr. Judwine's cottage, which the plaintiff had charged thirteen pounds for. On cross-examination, he confessed, that at the time he sent them in he did not know his master, Mr. Judwine, meant to charge for them, and had taken no account of them, till his master one day observed to him, that he did not mean to give Mr. Cunningham the potatoes and wood for nothing; therefore insisted on his putting a price on them. Mr. Judwine did not deal in those articles, they were the produce of his land.

Mr. Garrow rose for the defendant, observing, that he felt it his duty to advise Mr. Cunningham to indict the plaintiff for perjury, should he oblige him to proceed with the defence, inasmuch as he had sworn to a debt of fifty pounds and upwards, due to him from Mr. Cunningham, for which there was not the smallest foundation in truth for doing. He threw out that hint, which the plaintiff might profit by, if he thought proper, and would wait a reply from his Counsel.

Mr. Marryot, as Counsel for the plaintiff, told Mr. Garrow, that it was his advice, that the plaintiff should go on without hesitation or reserve.

Mr. Garrow observed, that he was sure the advice was honest, and done for the best, as far as concerned the learned Counsel; but he should presently shew that such advice was perilous to pursue, as he should prove beyond a doubt that Mr. Cunningham was not indebted to him in one guinea, having paid the fifteen pounds into Court, which Mr. Judwine had advanced to him, and that all the rest were sums heaped up to increase the debt to fifty pounds; Mr. Judwine supposing Mr. Cunningham would be incapable of finding bail, and he should have the brutal satisfaction of seeing him in a gaol. But to return, Mr. J. made affidavit of fifty-eight pounds six shillings, due to him from Mr C. Among the items of his bill was a balance due from Mr. Cunningham to Messrs. Page and Curl, of that town; which balance,

said Mr. Garrow, has not been paid by Mr. Judwine. The next was cash lent, fifteen pounds, that had been paid into Court, and was the mitigated penalty the defendant had incurred in Mr. Judwine's service. The first item, therefore, it would appear, was falsely sworn to have been paid, and for which the Criminal Justice must and shall be put in execution. With respect to the thirteen pounds for wood and potatoes, the Jury would see how that stood; Mr. Judwine was a monied man, a velvet merchant, sometimes living in Basinghall-street, London, and at others, a gentleman, residing at Pitt's Place, in the county of Surry, harrassing and vexing his neighbours. He advertised (said the learned Counsel) for an assistant game-keeper, and offers the man he shall approve a house to live in free of expence, and Mr. Cunningham is the man on whom his fancy lights. After being in the house some time, a quantity of wood and potatoes is sent in for the use of Mr. Cunningham's family, which are not measured, because Mr. Judwine's servant does not suppose they are to be paid for, but that Mr. Cunningham is to have them for nothing; and so he was, said Mr. Garrow: but Mr. Cunningham having refused to give evidence in favour of the velvet merchant, who had assaulted another man's game-keeper, this and two other actions were fangled up against him. So much for the potatoes. The next was Mrs. Retford's bill of eight pounds for butcher's meat, and a bill due to Mr. Griffin, the brewer, which he had not that day gone for: but the Jury would remember that he swore, "Mr. Cunningham is my debtor;" and when they heard what he was going to say, they would, like himself, be astonished at his unparalleled audacity. Mr. Judwine, continued Mr. Garrow, applied to these men to arrest Mr. Cunningham since the Assizes began, or to permit him to pay the debt, and to antidate the receipts. They refused to arrest Mr. Cunningham, observing, with a feeling that did them credit, that he was not a man of means; that he had three actions already to defend, and they had no desire to lock him up in a gaol.

Thus it was, said Mr. Garrow, that this tormentor of the human race endeavoured to spread ruin, misery, and desolation around him. But why do I tell you all this, but to shew that this plaintiff is actuated by some malign passion, probably revenge, towards the defendant, and that it is not his anxiety to obtain that justice which is due to every man that influences his conduct. The case then is shortly as follows:—"The defendant has paid fifteen guineas into Court, which the plaintiff replies, is not the whole of my demand; it will be for you to say what further sum he is entitled to; for my part, I cannot think he has proved a farthing beyond that sum."

Baron Macdonald expressed his wish, that the action had not proceeded, as, to say the least of it, an affidavit had been made in a very careless way, and if wilfully done, might meet very serious consequences. The case for the consideration of the Jury was extremely simple; fifteen guineas had been paid into Court; the sums further claimed by the plaintiff were, thirteen pounds for potatoes, and fourteen pounds expences attending an indictment against Mr. Cunningham, for shooting without a licence. As to the

the latter, the Jury would remember that the defendant was employed as assistant game-keeper; and that in the exercise of that employ, he had incurred the penalty. With respect to the potatoes and wood, the witness himself thought they were not to be charged, and, indeed, they appeared to have been volunteered; it would, however, be for them to say, whether there was a fair buying and selling, or whether the articles had not been voluntarily given, and that the charge was nothing more than an after-thought. He should only add, that the expence of the indictment must be laid totally out of the question, as it was not paid at that moment; but if it had been, he thought that Mr. Judwine was bound in honour to protect the man, who had been strenuous in the preservation of his game, having engaged him for that purpose.

The Jury found a verdict for the defendant.

THE SAME *v.* THE SAME.

This was an action of trespass. Mr. Serjeant Best vindicated the character of Mr. Judwine, from the attacks Mr. Garrow had made on it: and observed, that Mr. Cunningham, instead of preserving the game, was the greatest destroyer of it; and, not contented with his own destruction, had introduced his friends to do the same, and had destroyed the young breed out of spite. In consequence of which, Mr. Judwine had dismissed him, and warned him off his manor; notwithstanding, said the learned Counsel, he continued to sport and to do all the mischief his wicked mind suggested to him. Whatever, therefore, might be the character of Mr. Judwine, it was impossible a Jury could defend such conduct by their verdict.

Evidence was then given of Mr. Cunningham's having broke nine young plantation trees, after he had been warned off the manor. The killing of game was previous.

Mr. Garrow said, it was a miserable case, and proved that Mr. Judwine's taste for law was never to be satiated. He had brought an action against a farmer, for plucking and smelling a clover flower, which grew in one of his fields, and on that occasion he got a farthing damages; the Jury were to consider, how much more he was entitled to in the present.

The Jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, Forty Shillings.

LUDICROUS ASSAULT.

Tried at the late Hertfordshire Assizes.

WARNER *v.* SMITHSON.

The plaintiff is a farmer, and was returning from a profitable adventure, having been to market, when he called at the Rd Lion, at Hockerill, otherwise stiled Sot's Hole. Here he quarrelled with all the *honest* dealers in grain he met, and at last was so imprudent as to intimate that the defendant, who was one of them, was a *d—d liar;* the defendant, very naturally, felt that his *character* was at stake, and that if he passed it over slightly, the public would not *believe* him at the next market day, when he should tell them that he had brought all the grain he was in possession of to market, and that he felt *no desire to keep up the price of corn;* he therefore replied, that if he repeated the same obnoxious expressions, he would "knock his d——n head about." The plaintiff very imprudently did so, and the defendant was as good as his word.

The Counsel defended the action

tion in a train of infinite humour, contending that Mr. Smithson had done no more than any other man would have done in his situation. The laws of courtesy, he said, were infallibly the same on the subject:—"If a man calls me a liar, I must knock him down." To prove which, he cited many cases that had come within his recollection; among others, that of a very great man, whose talents, he said, would do honour to any country, he meant Mr. Windham, who chanced to be in company, after his unsuccessful struggle for the City of Norwich, where an elector told him he had not voted for him, and as they were met he would tell him why; in the first place, he did not like him; and in the second, his aversion arose from his being a *turn-coat*, with many more observations equally affronting. Mr. Windham replied coolly, "You do this, Sir, to put me off my guard; but I am collected, and though the laws of courtesy bid me knock you down, yet, as you have before voted for me, and, as I think it may teach you how to behave in future, I shall only pull your nose;" which he did, said the Counsel, by *wringing it well*:—he had no doubt but that transaction would be brought into a Court of Justice, and if it was, he doubted not it would be treated in the same way he hoped the present would; namely, by a Jury giving a verdict *Two-pence* damages, to enable such a plaintiff to purchase enough *soft* soap to protect his nose at least for a week.

The Jury gave a verdict of *Six-pence Damages.*

Mr. Garrow afterwards observed to the plaintiff, who was in Court, "There, Sir, the Jury have been more bountiful to you than I should have been, for they have given you soap enough for *three weeks!*"

Brentford Races.

THE Septennial Plate, given by the Freeholders of the County of Middlesex, and run for this year over the old Course at Brentford, afforded more sport than for near half a century, when it was won by a famous horse of that year, known by the name of Mr. Wilkes's Liberty, got by Struggle, out of Dissipation. Notwithstanding the Plate had been long advertised, two horses only were entered, and no sport expected, when, on the evening previous to the day of running, a third was announced for entrance at the Post, to the general happiness of the Sporting world; and in the morning the following "list of the terribly terrible high-bred running horses" was offered in every part of the Course.

Mr. Byng's b. b. horse, Constitution—light blue and orange.

Mr. Mainwaring's mottled roan h. Magistrate—blue.

Sir Francis Burdett's golden dun, Vox Populi—purple.

Previous to the signal for starting, the clamour in the grand stand exceeded all former example; the names of the horses had excited some spirit of party, betting became uncommonly high, and in many instances blows barely avoided. The Stewards, and their subordinates, the Clerks of the Course, gave ample testimony of personal fortitude; in the preservation of order they displayed much spirit and strict impartiality. Oblique insinuations had been privately circulated that Vox Populi had been very indifferently trained, that he was unsound, and was defective at bottom; and these reports having had some weight with those not in the secret, betting was two to one Constitution against the

field, three and four to one Magistrate against Vox, and many bets were made of eight and ten to one, the latter was distanced the first heat. Great secrecy had been observed respecting the riders, till the moment of mounting, when the whisper immediately vibrated through the immense crowd, that "Constitution was rode by Old Attachment," "Magistrate by Secret Influence," and "Vox Populi, by Abraham Newland."

Upon coming up to the post, every mind seemed absorbed in a general consternation, a momentary silence of admiration prevailed, and in that moment they started in good stile, with every heart elate. Constitution gently taking the lead, kept it about a length and a half, but evidently not at his rate; Magistrate lay pretty well at him, but not at great ease; Vox Populi, who had stripped well, and was in much better condition than expected, displayed a strong and commanding stroke, but produced no present powers of speed; each keeping his ground exactly as described. The first heat terminated nearly as they started, Constitution winning the heat at a canter, without a warm hair; Magistrate within about four lengths a little blown; and Vox Populi (by a certain *finesse* in the rider) seeming with difficulty to save his distance. Those who had betted their money upon Magistrate, and relied firmly upon the well-known jockeyship of his rider, could not restrain their feelings upon the occasion, but displayed evident marks of exultation. "Vox Populi was not thorough bred"—"there was a cross in his blood,"—"he was already done over,"—"he had nearly knocked up,"—and there was "no doubt but he'd break down, if he ran another heat;" though it was supposed, "if his owner had any prudence, he'd be drawn." But to the surprise of the party, they all again came to the post, when a malicious sneer escaped from the rider of Magistrate, at Abraham Newland, who, however, received it with his usual placidity, and at this moment they started. Constitution knowing his own security (from having the foot) lay by, and Magistrate, willing to ascertain the utmost power of Vox, went off at speed, but finding Abraham always close at him, and that he had a strong pull in hand, and was better in wind, he slackened his stroke, and at a distance it was thought Magistrate was tiring a pace; this, however, was only a political deception in his rider, for upon Abraham's coming with the nose of Vox Populi upon Magistrate's flank, his rider crossed, evidently intending a jostle, and it being observed by the stewards, was deemed foul, and the heat left undecided. The third heat Constitution went off at score, and it being the determination of his rider to afford all possible sport to the spectators, Magistrate and Vox Populi had no alternative, but to lay as close at him, as their powers would permit.

In this heat there was remarkable fine running with the two last, in which great jockeyship was displayed, Constitution keeping the lead and winning easy; though its being decided a dead heat (as to the second) between the other two, they had to run a clear heat for the stakes. During the time allowed before starting, opinions ran high, great clamour ensued, and much money was sported; judgment was almsot suspended upon the ability of the riders, they knew

knew "Influence" was staunch, and little "Abraham" was not to be bribed; therefore each made his bets as prompted by fancy, the best judges (even the knowing ones) not knowing which was to prove the winner. Upon coming to the post, it being observed that Vox Populi was above himself, and that Magistrate seemed hollow in the flank, it was thought he was distressed in the last heat; in consequence the odds varied a little, and before they had run two miles, Vox took the lead a neck. Here Magistrate losing his temper made another effort at speed, but Vox Populi being better bred, better trained, and in more excellent condition than his opponent, beat him with ease near a distance. The rider, however, having made a complaint, that Newland did not bring his proper weight to the scales, it is expected to be laid before the Jockey Club, to be by them decided at their next October Meeting. T. W.

Elopement Extraordinary.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A Most extraordinary occurrence has lately happened to me. Returning home from 'Change the other day, I was informed by the servant that my wife (with whom for thirty years I had lived in the most *quiescent* state imaginable, except now and then being rather *ruffled* on *washing days*) had eloped. As my Deary was rather remarkably dressed, being in flaming yellow, with a pink parasol, I easily traced her, knowing her volubility, to the *Magpies* on Hounslow Heath, where I was told that she and a rough-headed *Puppy* had drank tea. Pursuing my route, I heard at Maidenhead they had *slept in the same room*. Fired with indignation, I traced them to Newbury, where I heard, and which I firmly believed, that she *had combed her companion's head*. At Marlborough, the waiter said, the lady and her associate were certainly very intimately connected, as they quarrelled incessantly. You may conceive my sensation on hearing this intelligence, but you cannot conceive my surprise, when having followed them to Bath, I rushed into the room, and found that my wife had travelled post to afford her *lap-dog the benefit of the waters*. Your's,

JEREMIAH HENPECK.

Striking Resemblance between Dealing in Slaves, and Dealing in Horses,

Related by Monsieur Degrandpré, an Officer in the French Marine, in his Voyage to Africa.

A Black merchant had a slave, whose teeth were good, and whose figure was passable, but who was so old that no person would have chosen to purchase him. The owner caused his head and chin to be closely shaved, and rubbed him all over with gunpowder, so that he appeared a good shining black, and the most clear-sighted trader might have been deceived. I was taken in, and bought him without suspicion; but in two days, the white beard and hair made their appearance.

It was a lesson to me, and I never afterwards neglected to have the heads washed with warm water, when there was the smallest reason for suspecting the age. As soon as a slave is offered for sale to a captain, the surgeon, in his presence, enters on an examination; and no jockey more closely scrutinizes a horse."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

Election Anecdote.

An old man from the western part of Kent, having a blue cockade, going to Maidstone, during the late election, on an ass, which was dressed with orange ribbons, was overtaken by a gentleman, who thus accosted him—"Well, old gentleman, where are you going?"—"Why, to the Heath, to vote for Knights of the Shire—I am an Independent Freeholder," was his reply. "And who shall you vote for?" "Why, Honeywood, to be sure." "And how does your ass vote? "As other asses do."—The gentleman wore the orange.

A corporal, who was some time since condemned to death in Dublin, finding he was to be executed on a Friday, wrote to his wife on the Thursday preceding, to inform her of his unfortunate situation. Being aware that the letter would not reach her till the Saturday, he determined to inform her of the fact itself, and wrote thus:—"My dear Wife, I hope this will find you in good health, *as I am at present.* I have to inform you, that *I was hanged yesterday at half-past eleven*—I had, thank God, *an easy death*—and had the pleasure of seeing every body weep on my account. Remember me, and take care of *my* poor Children, who have *no longer a Father*, Your affectionate husband, *until Death!*"

Tart Reply.—In the early part of Mr. Fox's political career, when he shone as a Meteor in the regions of *Fashion*, and was involved in its *vortex*, he told a low fellow whose insolence had provoked him, that he would "kick him to hell." The reply was, "then if you do, I'll tell your father how you are spending his money!"

A fashionable party who hired an interpreter to go with them to Paris, when they arrived at Calais, found themselves completely taken in. The fellow was a *Dutchman*, and wanted his passage, and the Englishmen were actually obliged to become *his* Interpreters, at the *British* Hotel.

It was lately observed, that the Septennial Plates for the County of Suffolk, afforded no sport; for the first, Lord Brome *swept* all before him; and for the second, Sir Charles Bunbury *walked* over the Course.

An officer of excise lately attending a trial in the Court of Exchequer, in London, received instructions at the Board to take care of himself, and engage an inside place to convey him safe to Cirencester, but the *son of a graduated cane* taking too much of the *good creature*, got into the Birmingham coach by mistake, and reached the residence of the children of industry before he discovered his error.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Shooting Match at Highbury-Barn.

On Monday afternoon, July 26, a number of gentlemen met in a field near the above place, to shoot at a mark at fifty yards distance, for a handsome shooting chaise, valued at fifty-two guineas. The limitations were, that the number of members should be one hundred and five; each gun should not exceed three feet in the barrel, and the shot, No. 4, Patent. Every member to pay ten shillings and sixpence for the privilege of shooting; the size of the card was five inches by three. The firing commenced about one o'clock; several capital shots were thrown in, but the best was by a gentleman of the name of Brown, who threw in no less than eight. Not more than thirty members attended, in consequence of which, the ultimate decision of the business was deferred till Monday next

On the same day was decided, a grand match at Pigeon Shooting, between a Mr. Collison, of Marybone, and a Mr. Collet, of the Borough, for fifty guineas, to shoot at twenty-one pigeons each, to be let out of a trap, at the distance of twenty-one yards. So sanguine of success were the friends of Collison, that they offered seven to four, but when on the ground, not a bet was offered. After the third shot, six to four were offered, on the part of Collet. A better match has not been shot for some years; it was, however, decided in favour of Mr. Collet, who killed eighteen birds following. Collison having missed four, consequently lost the match. Mr. Collet is now esteemed the first and most steady shot in this kingdom: he offered to shoot again with Mr. Collison, Mr. Moreton, or any other man in London, for any given sum, at the same distance, and at an equal number of birds.

Dogget's Annual Coat and Badge —was rowed for on Monday, August 2, the distance was from London-bridge to the Swan public-house, at Chelsea; to be determined by one heat. At a quarter before six o'clock the six boats started. From London-bridge to Blackfriars, the red, the green, and the blue, were on the larboard of each other.—When they got halfway to Westminster, the red, Butcher, shot a-head. The green, Williams, from Limhouse Hole, was the second; and F. Jones, the blue, was upon the keel of the latter.—But little way was made by either, until they got opposite Pedlar's Acre, at Lambeth, when some fouling took place between Jones and Butcher, which gave Williams, the green, (who was at that time on the starboard of both) an opportunity to get a-head, and he continued first all the way to Chelsea; when he came in, Jones was

was about thirty boats lengths astern. The other three boats gave up the contest at Blackfriars-bridge; the nearest boat being about one hundred yards behind.—The wager was decided in an hour and ten minutes. Three prizes were given—first, the coat and badge; second, five guineas; and third, three guineas. Five of the watermen were from below-bride. The sixth was from Thames-street. The winner of the first prize is a young man, about twenty-one years of age, middle-sized, and slight made; but, upon stripping, shews much muscle.

A vast number of spectators were present on the banks of the river, particularly at Chelsea, to see the boats come in. The river was covered with pleasure-boats, cutters, funnies, &c. many decorated with flags and streamers. The Duke of Manchester was, as usual, present in his four-oared funny; he took the labouring oar the whole distance from London-bridge to Chelsea. His Grace has now established his fame, from the long spell he then had; the sons of Neptune allow him to be the first amateur in England.

Lately was played, a match at Nur and Spell, for one hundred guineas, on Bolomoor, about four miles from Sheffield, betwixt a person of the name of Bankcroft, of Stonington, and another of the name of Woollin, of Sheffield Park, which was won by the former by twenty-three score, he striking one stroke with another, not less than eleven score, Woollin scarcely striking more than ten. There were some thousands of persons who attended, and many hundreds of pounds won and lost.

Quoits.—Two gentlemen, adepts at this game, exercised their skill in competition with each other, a few days since at Northdown, in the Isle of Thanet; when one of them, at the distance of fifteen yards, pitched his quoit upon the needle so as to hang by its centre; which put an end to the game. It is said the odds are more than one thousand to one against a similar pitch.

Canterbury, August 20.—On Wednesday morning a desperate boxing match was decided at Petham, between William Pybus, a young man of twenty-two years old, and Paul Brooker, an old man of sixty years; and after very hard bruising for twenty minutes, Brooker gave in.—The battle was for ten guineas.

Cambridge, August 18. — A match for fifty guineas was last week run from Skegness to Saltfleet, a distance of twenty-five miles, and the whole a heavy sand, between a horse belonging to Mr. Brown, of Ledborough, and a mare of Mr. Grant, of Whybam, and won by the former, which performed the journey in one hour and eighteen minutes.

Abdalla, a remarkable fine and powerful horse, belonging to a gentleman in Calcutta, and who had scarcely his match in India, was treacherously poisoned, and died some time since; nor have the perpetrators of this wanton act of cruelty ever been discovered, though considerable rewards have been offered for their detection.

On Tuesday, August 3, about half past one o'clock, opposite the Swan, at Bayswater, the most shocking cruelty was exercised on a post-horse returning in a chaise to town, which, with not a dry hair upon it, and quite worn out with fatigue, sunk down in the road. The driver, with excessive whipping, got him up, but he almost immediately sunk again, when the driver got

got a man with a thick stick to assist in the cruelty, by knocking the poor animal across the legs, till they got him on.

A most unparalleled act of cruelty was perpetrated lately in Burntsfield Links, near Edinburgh. Two carters most barbarously seized a mare that was grazing, tied a rope round her neck, and twisted it with racking sticks until they literally strangled the poor animal. They have since been detected, and have paid sixteen guineas as the value of the mare; but surely mere retribution is not adequate for an offence so very barbarous. The Magistrates ought to discharge their duty by the punishment of these scoundrels.

Robert Latouche, and John Latouche, two new Members of the House of Commons, and the Hon. John Leeson, modestly and consistently advertise in the Dublin Evening Post, that the Archbishop of Dublin, having appointed them his gamekeepers, to preserve the game on certain mountains, they have laid poison on the same, and will prosecute any person or persons trespassing thereon.

A gentleman advertising in a Scotch newspaper, warns all persons from shooting on his estate, observing that he finds himself under the necessity, this season, of giving his game a jubilee.

Large parties of sportsmen, assembled at York this season, and thence set out to take the field against the moor-game. The shew of pointers larger than was ever known. A number of black setters have been exhibited, for which large prices have been demanded.

On the 6th of July, a wolf, that exhibited symptoms of madness, came to the village of Marchias, near Chattillon-Sur-Sevres, in France. A farmer, of the name of Cousin, and his servant, pursued the furious animal and killed it, by running a pitch fork down its throat.

A male tiger, which broke loose lately, in Essex, has been killed, but not until he dreadfully mangled a child, and killed a number of sheep. He was so gorged with his prey, that he was overcome with little difficulty, in a sheep-fold, near the place of his escape.

A few days since a spaniel bitch, the property of Mr. John Tutty, of Watlington, produced the very unusual number of fifteen puppies, all alive and in a healthy state.

Archery.—The Silver Arrow given by the town of Edinburgh, was shot for by the Royal Company of Archers on Monday, the 5th ult. and won by Mr. Charles Cunningham.

The Toxopholite Society met at their ground behind Gower-street, Bedford-square, on Monday, the 9th instant, but the heat of the weather prevented any considerable exertion before dinner; but towards evening, the contest was strenuously disputed; after which, Mr. Cazalet, as Captain of the preceding year, being in the chair, announced that the honours of the day had fallen on

Mr. Shephard, as Captain of the Target.

Mr. Mason, as Lieutenant of ditto.

Mr. Crunden, as Captain of Numbers.

Mr. Shephard, as Lieutenant of ditto.

At a recent Cricket Match at Ripley Green, Lord Frederick Beauclerk got seventy-four notches off his own bat His Lordship is supposed to be the best player in England, whether considered as a batter, a bowler, or a seek-out.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

At the York Assizes, an action was tried for a Breach of Promise of Marriage. The plaintiff, whose name was Storey, was maid-servant in the house of a Mr. Stockdale, at Knaresborough. The defendant was an ostler, named Eagle, and had been, as appeared by the evidence, in the habit of visiting her for two years. Whenever the *washing* day came on, he used regularly to repair to the house of Mr. Stockdale, and make love to this fair nymph of the suds, over her washing tub. She rejected his suit with scorn for a considerable time, but at last she consented, and the day was fixed for the marriage; but the unfortunate hero of the stables had also promised marriage to a girl at Harrowgate, who threatened him with a prosecution, if he broke his word; and before the time of his celebrating the intended nuptials with the plaintiff, he went and married "this d—d Harrowgate girl," as he called her.—The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages Fifty Pounds.

After the Trial, Eagle is supposed to utter the following, called

THE OSTLER'S COMPLAINT.

RECITATIVE.

IN Knaresbro' town an Ostler nam'd Bob Eagle,
Contriv'd, by words of promise, to inveigle
A beauteous maid call'd Mary, *alias* Molly,
Smart, active, lively, buxom, young, and jolly;
Who first ensnared poor Bob by manners winning,
In washing shirts and getting up small linen;
A sixpence, broke between them in a grove,
Was fairly halv'd in pledge of mutual love;
But proving false (take heed ye faithless Ninnies)
Bob was adjudg'd to pay Moll fifty guineas!
The perjur'd swain, as fast as he was able,
Unhappy, sought the shelter of his stable,
Where, 'mid the rustling litter stretch'd along,
He clear'd his voice, and thus began his song:—

AIR.

Singing, 'tis said, for grief a cure is;
But naught can comfort me, good lack!
Except to *halter* cruel Juries,
And *curry-comb* the Judge's back.

Foremost once in ev'ry gay band,
Bob frisk'd as lively as a *colt*;
But now a *noose* of twisted *hay-band*
Thy neck deserves, thou stupid dolt!

Oh, Molly, when I saw thee *washing*,
First *rub* and *squeeze*, then *squeeze* and *rub*;
And 'mid the snowy suds splashing,
I thought thee *Venus of the tub*.

To leave thee, Moll, to pine and languish,
I own deserv'd an oaken *towel*;
But *lawyer's costs*, inflict more anguish,
Than either *whip*, *spur*, *curb*, or *rowel*.
Pierc'd to the heart, poor Robert 'gan to weep,
He gap'd, he rubb'd his eyes, and then fell fast asleep!

M.

PUSSY's

PUSSY's ADDRESS TO MADAME GARNERIN,

In consequence of being let down in a Parachute, near Milbank.

HOW could thine unrelenting hand,
Cruel, yet beauteous Fair,
At Garnerin's austere command,
Expose poor Puss in air!

I that have purr'd beneath thy touch,
Each lovely limb danc'd o'er,
Have wanton'd on the swelling couch,
And frisk'd behind the door,

And when thou'st held the milky cup,
Have plung'd my whisker'd lip;
Have lapp'd and lapp'd, and lapp'd it up,
As bees sweet nectar sip,

Did'st thou not hear my piteous cries,
(My heart within me shrank)
When, darting from the azure skies,
I landed at Milbank?

Bull-dogs and terriers flock'd around,
E'en puppies join'd the row;
My coat was torn with many a wound,
And still I cried "Miau, miau."

At length a Butcher stepping in,
Dispell'd my fear and frights;
So good bye, Madame Garnerin,
Instead of *air* I've *lights*.

GRIMALKIN.

MODERN SONNET,

TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL thou! who liest so snug in this old box!
With sacred awe I bend before thy shrine!
O, 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine!

Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days!
Well curled and powdered, once it was thy lot,
To frequent balls and masquerades, and plays,
And panoramas, and the Lord knows what!

O thou hast heard e'en Madame Mara sing,
And oft-times visited my Lord Mayor's treat;
And once, at Court, was noticed by the King,
Thy form was so commodious, and so neat!—

Alas! what art thou now? a mere old mop!
With which our housemaid Nan, who hates a broom,
Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,
Then slyly hides thee, in this lumber-room!

Such is the fate of *Wigs*! and *Mortals* too!
After a few more years than thine are past,
The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Must all be shut up in a box at last!

Vain man! to talk so loud, and look so big!
How small's the difference 'twixt thee and a wig!
How small indeed! for speak the truth I must,
Wigs turn to *dusters*, and *man* turns to *dust*.

L. P.

EPITAPHS,

ON SPORTING JOCKIES.

TO Turf he bore such constant love—
Oh, read it not with wonder!—
That all his life he *lied above*,
And now, he's dead, *lies under*.

ECLIPSE.

ON A JOCKEY AT NEWMARKET.

Beneath the green sod, in this sport-loving place,
A Jockey lies snug who has run a good race;
Till his wind being gone, and by death being crost,
At last he's come in the wrong side of the post.

CHIFFNEY.

In one of Burns' Convivial Meetings, at a favourite Public House in Mauchline, where the landlord, John Dow, who was called "a wet dog," was one of the party, he was requested to write the Landlord's Epitaph; when Burns wrote *extempore* upon a pane of glass the following:—

Here lies Johnny Pigeon, who for his sea
ligion,
If ony ane wants for to ken,
They maun follow the Carle to the ither
warl',
For here Johnny Pigeon had nane.

Sma'-beer, persecution, strong ale, absolution,
A dram was his memento mori;
A full-flowing bowl, the delight of his soul,
And Port his celestial glory.

EPILOGUE,

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For SEPTEMBER, 1802.

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[Embellished with an Engraved FRONTISPIECE for the Twentieth Volume, of SMITHFIELD MARKET, a VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE, and an Etching of the POINTER AND PARTRIDGE.]

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-square.

TO OUR READERS,

ON CONCLUDING THE TWENTIETH VOLUME.

THE conclusion of the TWENTIETH VOLUME of the SPORTING MAGAZINE, gives us the opportunity of again making an acknowledgment of gratitude to our numerous Friends and Subscribers. The confidence we feel upon the occasion, does not diminish but increase with the increasing years in which our efforts have been used for the information and amusement of the Public.

Our panegyrists have been many, our censors very few, and our imitators by far the greatest in number; all, however, admitting, that our constant endeavours to mix the useful with the sweet, have not been devoid of success. We have the most unequivocal testimony, that the Man of Pleasure, Enterprise, and Spirit, still continues to find an useful companion and memorialist in the annals preserved and concentrated in the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

On the score of improvement, we intend to begin the TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME with very superior ENGRAVINGS, a few fine PROOFS of each will be reserved every Month for Amateurs fond of FINE PRINTS. The Work will likewise be printed on Fine Wover Paper, with every judicious attention to the Printing, &c.

In the account of the Eclipse Mare, in our last Magazine, the names of the Gentlemen to whom she severally belonged, should have been William Herrick, (not Horrick) Esq. and Hurt (not Hart) Sitwell, Esq.

The FRONTISPIECE for the present VOLUME (the TWENTIETH) is a just representation of SMITHFIELD HORSE-MARKET on a FRIDAY. All who know the various descriptions of Horses brought to this Market on a Friday, will allow the Correctness of the ENGRAVING. Good saleable high-priced Horses are not to be met with at this market, but numerous of the middling and inferior kinds are always to be bought. It is all a chance here: sometimes a Horse is bought cheap, and turns out well; and sometimes the buyer finds himself completely taken in, The best way in buying is to take a good judge with you, and the dealers, knowing such to be as cunning as themselves, are the less inclined to attempt imposition.

The subject of the VIGNETTE to the Engraved TITLE-PAGE is,
WOOD GROUSE.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1802.

Pontefract Races.

AT Pontefract Races, for the present year, the Sweepstakes was run for by three horses, and won by Mr. Croft's bay colt by Traveller. In running for the first heat, at the two-mile turn, the Traveller colt fell, and T. Todd, who rode him, was much stunned by the fall.

As soon as possible, a boy, of the name of Howard, (who weighed about 7st. 7lb.) was put upon the colt, without either whip or spur, but having the stable-door key in his pocket, used it for a whip. He was, however, distanced about sixty yards above the usual length (two hundred and forty yards); but as neither of the flags were dropped, as usual, against distanced horses, a dispute arose whether he was entitled to start again.—The Stewards, after consulting with several gentlemen, were of opinion, that in consequence of the flags not being dropped, Mr. Croft had a right to start his colt again; which he did; won the two next heats, received the Plate, and the bets were paid accordingly.

Denbigh Assizes.

AT the last Denbighshire Assizes, a cause of great importance to the sporting world came to be tried. The plaintiff was Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. and the defendant a Mr. Brereton, a wealthy farmer, living in the neighbourhood of the plaintiff. The only question to be determined was, whether, in consequence of permission having been given to others, the defendant was intitled to course over the plaintiff's lands, after having been warned off. The Chief Justice, in summing up the evidence observed, that as the counsel for the plaintiff had disclaimed any intention of seeking more than nominal damages, and asked a verdict only to ascertain the right, he was relieved from saying any thing on that subject; and lamented that the defendant by persisting to course after having had notice, and by refusing the terms of compromise offered to him by Sir Watkin previously to the action, had rendered this appeal to a Court of Justice unavoidable. His Lordship added, that in the long course of his experience, he had rarely known such actions improperly brought; and that the present one was the more proper, as letters produced in Court which had been written by the defendant since the commencement of the action, and were insisted on by his counsel as amounting to an apology, did not in effect contain any promise that the defendant would in future forbear to repeat the trespass. The jury accordingly found a verdict for the plaintiff, with one shilling damages; and the Judge certifying that the trespass was committed after notice, the whole costs must be paid by the defendant.

Subscription Pack of Hounds.

THE *slack-twisted* operations of a certain pack of fox hounds last season, leave but very little hope of spirited regeneration.—The *half* of the Subscribers do not easily reconcile themselves to the finding *all the money*; nor is it a pleasant, though it may be a *new* idea, of leaving a huntsman, horses, and pack of hounds, in *pawn*. Not so with the packs North and East of the City, where "Firm" is a good huntsman, and "Abraham Newland" an excellent whipper-in; here are no symptoms of *starvation*, the hounds are *well fed*, and the horses in *high* condition.

Sailing Match.

SOUTHAMPTON, SEPT. 17.

THE sailing match last Saturday afforded better sport than on any preceding year.—Mr. Rose, sen. Collector of Customs at this port, together with a number of other gentlemen, were accommodated on board the Rose cutter to see the contest. Nineteen vessels started at eleven o'clock, when a brisk side-wind prevailed. The Trial, John Bryer, gained the first prize, six guineas, being exactly four hours in the accomplishment. At the moment he turned the stationed vessel, after a few minutes excessive storm, a dead calm ensued, which totally discomfited the followers. Two of them ran aground, who otherwise would have had a fair chance for the two other principal prizes. However, after a lapse of more than two hours, the Two Brothers, Charles Chapman, weathered the station, and gained three guineas, and was soon followed by the Jane, John Diaper, who had two guineas. The others were allowed one guinea each. But we must not neglect to commemorate the humane disposition of William Cooper, of the Mary Ann, who was very forward on the return of the second round, but instantly backed sail, and stood firm, to preserve three men who upset in a pleasure boat, and we are happy to say he succeeded in his laudable effort, by saving all that were on board, who must otherwise have perished, as they were a great way from land, opposite Hythe. The Margrave of Anspach's beautiful yacht, Mr. Fitzgerald's, &c. were loaded with ladies and gentlemen to behold the contest, together with a vast assemblage of fashionables on the beach. A band of music was on board the Rose cutter.

Ninon Lenclos, and her favourite Raton,

[From the French of M. Mercier.]

THIS favourite was a small dog, taperly and elegantly formed, with yellow hair. Wherever this celebrated lady, so courted for the graces of her wit, and the goodness of her understanding, was invited, *Raton* was sure to be her constant companion. She placed him in an elegant little basket near her plate, and he was literally, as this *Historiette* will shew, her officer of health. He maintained most strictly that regimen of his mistress, which preserved her beauty, her good humour, and her health, to the advanced age of nearly a hundred years. He did not suffer her to make use of coffee, of ragouts, or of *liqueurs*.

Raton suffered quietly to pass him the soup, the *bouilli*, and the *roti*, but if his mistress seemed inclined to touch the *ragouts*, he growled, fixed his eyes upon her, and sternly interdicted

interdicted the use of these enticing dishes. A discourse seemingly took place between them, when, after many remonstrances, the Doctor was always implicitly obeyed. Some of the *entremets* did not excite all his severity, but those from which the odour of spices intimated any thing of danger, were absolutely proscribed.

Our attentive Doctor saw from his basket the different services pass and repass, without even coveting the leg of a fowl. He was not a physician preaching temperance, and, at the same time, a glutton at table. When the desert came, however, he sprung quickly from his basket, gambolled on the cloth, paid his compliments to the ladies, and received in return for his caresses a few macaroons, of which two or three satisfied his appetite.

He permitted the use of fruit and sugar at discretion, but of coffee his disapprobation was formal and express. His eyes began to sparkle with anger; but was a bottle of *liqueur* opened, he pressed against his mistress as if some great danger was approaching. He took the small glass into his mouth, and hid it most carefully in his basket. If *Ninon* feigned to touch the forbidden nectar, our little *Sangrado* began a furious growl. If she insisted, he got into a violent rage, and every person present laughed to see so great a *hypocratic* choler in so small a body.

"Doctor," Ninon used to say, "will you permit meat least to drink a glass of water?" At these words his anger disappeared, and he wagged his tail as a sign of reconciliation. As a farther token of approbation, he drank out of the same glass, accepted and ate a biscuit, and then by a thousand capers shewed his joy, on finding that the repast was closed in conformity to his orders, and that it was not to shorten the precious days of his lovely mistress and inseparable friend!

Beauties! who refuse nothing at table, spite of all our remonstrances, you stand in need of such a guardian; but the dog of Ninon was an *unique* like herself. This handsome governor, so loving, and yet so austere, is stuffed at the Cabinet of Natural History. Go and pay to him a visit, and on the sight of his inanimate remains, recognise and respect his faithful and protecting genius!—*(Clef du Cabinet.)*

Dr. Von Isaac Slaukenbergius.

THE following whimsical Handbill was distributed at the Preston Masquerade, by Dr. Bardsley, of Manchester, in the character of a Quack Doctor:

"Thesaurum & Talentum ne abscondas in agro."

Hide not your talents from the public eye,
Nor let your treasures in your coffers lie.

The justly far-famed and highly celebrated Doctor Von Isaac Slaukenbergius, High German, Hebrew Doctor; seventh son of a seventh son, unborn Doctor, educated at twelve universities, and who has travelled through fifty-three kingdoms, and been Counsellor to Counsellors of several Monarchs; takes this public method of announcing his arrival at the present period of the celebration of that renowned Gala, the Guild, at Preston.

The Doctor submits to a discerning public, the following cursory statement of a few of those rare medical secrets, which he has discovered, in consequence of his great pains, long travels, and nocturnal lucubrations:

His *Panagion Outacousticon, or Grand Specific against Deafness.*

Imprimis.

—Imprimis, Were it possible to exhibit a man so deaf, that if he had been present at Nelson's cannonade, at the Victory of the Nile, he could not have heard the report; yet, these infallible Drops would restore his auditory faculty, and render him as acutely sensible to sounds, as a late Naval Aëronaut, who could clearly distinguish, at the distance of ten thousand feet from the earth, the lowing of herds! the chirping of birds!! and even the squeaking of field-mice!!!

2dly. His *Pillulæ Balsamicæ, or Anti-Tussient Pills,* — which are compounded of such nice and singular ingredients, that any patient, who regularly goes through a course of them, in sixteen boxes, is rendered so invulnerable to catching cold, as to enable him to lie up to his chin in water, during the winter season; or to cover himself over with snow, for a fortnight together, in an absolute state of nudity; and yet if he coughs, within forty years from the date of either of these experiments, the Doctor will be content to lose his reputation. Let any person, who distrusts the virtue of this incomparable medicine, undergo the above trials, and if he be not rendered insensible to cold, for forty years afterwards—the Doctor repeats, that he will give up all pretensions to a knowledge in physic.

3dly. His *Guttæ Mirabiles, or Wonderful Drops.*—These drops are a sovereign remedy against the accumulation of all tumours of an aqueous or flatulent kind. Let any person in a dropsy be produced, who has got as much water in his abdomen as would fill the great tun at Heidlebergh, (the Doctor challenges any one to bring forward such a person, as he would ride two thousand miles himself to see the sight) and let him only take three of these drops, on sugar, fasting, in a morning, the Doctor engages, in a short time, to reduce him to the compass of the Starved Apothecary; so that the integuments of his body shall wrap around him, like "the skin of a withered apple John."

4thly. His *Sympathetic Tractors, or Metallic Conundrum.* —— The Doctor justly claims to himself the invention of Metallic Tractors while he resided at the Court of the monarch of Pegu.

The King had unfortunately swallowed a knife, which the ignorant physicians of his Court intended to dissolve by aqua-fortis. Struck with horror at the injury likely to arise to the coats of his Majesty's stomach from this highly-corrosive fluid, the Doctor invented a Sympathetic Tractor, of such energetic powers, that, by gently drawing it along the surface of the body, it *attracted* the dangerous weapon, to *where* it might be safely and expeditiously *extracted*; which operation was performed to the no small joy and surprise of his Majesty and all the Royal Family! This wonderful experiment laid the foundation for many others, which have demonstrated (at the moderate price of only Five Guineas) the sympathetic attraction, subsisting between metals and maladies; and likewise the transmutation (by a new kind of alchemy) of the *baser* into the more *precious* metals.

N. B. The Doctor begs leave to acquaint the ladies, that he gives advice, with the most scrupulous secresy and delicacy, on every subject connected with the preservation, restoration, or augmention, of female beauty. He is in the possession of an excellent cosmetic water, which totally eradicates freckles, sun-burn, or pimples; and a curious carnation pomatum, to plump and colour the lips.—He can make red hair as dark as ebony,

ny, and shapes the eye-brows to a miracle; alters high or low foreheads, so as to rival the genuine antique, or facial line of beauty. Has a never-failing remedy for offensive breaths; a rich water, that compels the hair to luxuriate in wanton ringlets; and a most delicate paste, to smooth and whiten the hands, neck, and bosom, so as to fascinate all beholders.

The Doctor's hours of consultation at his lodgings, the Black Bull Inn, at Preston, are from nine to twelve in the morning, every day in the week, except on the real Sabbath, called Saturday.

Account of the Ascension of
M. GARNERIN, with his BALLOON,
And his Descent
By a PARACHUTE,
On TUESDAY, September 21, 1802.

THE Balloon, Parachute, and Apparatus, were removed, on the morning above-mentioned from the Pantheon to St. George's Parade, North-Audley-street, Grosvenor-square; and at half past one o'clock the process of filling commenced. When completed, a Pilot Balloon, as it is called, was first launched: it ascended rapidly in a N. E. direction, and in seven minutes was completely out of sight. The parachute, which was fixed at the bottom of the large balloon, appeared in the shape of a large petticoat of white canvas, depending from a hoop. Beneath this was a basket, or rather a tube of wicker work, covered with red canvas, in which the adventurer took his place. At ten minutes before six, the aëronaut gave the signal of departure. The balloon ascended majestically; and Garnerin waving his flag, was loudly applauded: it took the same direction as the pilot balloon. In ten minutes he had arisen to a height of more than four thousand feet; at six precisely he cut the rope, and the parachute was seen to separate from the balloon, and to descend with the utmost velocity. A scream of terror was at the moment heard from every part. During some seconds, nothing but a falling object could be perceived, and that but indistinctly.

The parachute was then seen to expand, and formed a half globe, with the car suspended below it, and descended very regularly; but by degrees the car, with M. Garnerin in it, began to swing like a pendulum, till it vibrated to near forty-five degrees on each side the perpendicular, and continued thus to swing, till it sunk so as to become invisible from the ground where he ascended.

M. Garnerin several times appeared higher than the parachute. Had it fallen an inch or two more, it would have instantly collapsed, and he must have been dashed to atoms. He would have descended with the velocity of a cannon-ball. The swinging of itself was tremendous. The rope seemed to lengthen to near forty feet, and he made a complete vibration almost every second. One part of the curve was so rapid, that the eye could scarcely follow the motion. The effect produced, was according to the various characters and constitutions of those who were present. There was a general shriek among the women, and several fainted away; the men seemed fully to participate in their feelings, though few of them exhibited such strong symptoms of emotion. At the moment of separation, an immense quantity of sand fell, which could be discovered forming a thin cloud nearly for a quarter of a mile. In the shock produced by the fall of the car before the parachute was extended,

extended, the sand bags might have been thrown out. With a few pounds more weight, M. Garnerin would certainly have descended in a perpendicular direction, and would have run no danger. It is possible that he might produce this oscillation that his descent might be more gradual.

He passed through seven times the space he would have done if he had come down in a right line, and he was three or four times longer in descending.

As he approached the earth, the motion became more steady. When he was only five hundred feet high, people supposed that he could no longer be in any danger. Still the greatest anxiety prevailed till the news arrived that M. Garnerin had alighted in safety.

At seven minutes after six o'clock the parachute reached the ground, in a field of Mr. Harrison's, the cow-keeper, adjoining to St. Pancras burying ground. It descended rather rapidly, and M. Garnerin appeared very sick, and staggered greatly at getting out of the car, from the effect of the very rapid swaying he had experienced in his descent, which, he said, was at one time so violent as to deprive him of sensation. Some friends of his were soon collected on the spot, and secured the parachute, and M. Garnerin very soon after mounted a horse, and rode off towards North Audley-street, with his flag in his hand, and reached the ground at ten minutes past seven, with no other hurt but a slight bruise on his leg in getting out of the car. A boy standing in the road near Pancras was knocked down by the horsemen who followed, and we are sorry to add was much hurt.

The balloon was no sooner separated from the parachute, than it rolled over, having now no ballast, and rose rapidly, shaping its course nearly over the ground, and so high as scarcely to be visible, till eighteen minutes after six, when it was no longer to be discerned. The balloon was not heard of till Thursday, when M. Garnerin received a letter from Mr. Abraham Harding, of Frendsham Mill, three miles from Farnham, in Surry, informing him that it fell near that place on the 22d, and was then safe in his custody.

From the perilous situation of M. Garnerin, at one time, we have no doubt but he was very far from thinking himself safe: the Frenchman, however, on the contrary, says,—"I cut the cord. My balloon rose, and I felt myself precipitated with a velocity which was checked by the sudden unfolding of my parachute. I saw that all my calculations were just, and my mind remained calm and serene. I endeavoured to modulate my gravitation, and the oscillation which I experienced increased in proportion as I approached the breeze that blows in the middle regions; nearly ten minutes had elapsed, and I felt that the more time I took in descending, the safer I should reach the ground. At length I perceived thousands of persons, some on horseback, others on foot, following me. I came near the earth, and, after one bound, I landed, and quitted the parachute, without any shock or accident."

According to M. Garnerin's calculation, he had been to the height of four thousand one hundred and fifty-four French feet.

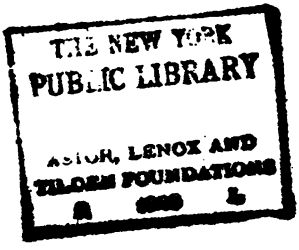
POINTER AND PARTRIDGE.

An Etching by Mr. HOWITT,
To face this Page.

SPORTING

Pointer and Partridge.

Pub. Oct 1. 1800, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.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SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

Earl Grosvenor.

THURSDAY morning, August the 5th, died, Earl Grosvenor, after an illness of two months, which did not, however, confine his Lordship till of late. His health being very weak, he resided at a house at Earl's-court, Kensington, the air in that quarter being mild, the same as at Brompton. Although his Lordship had been ill, his death was unexpected, he appearing in tolerable health, but weakly.

By his death, one of the largest properties in the country descends to his eldest son, Lord Belgrave, who will go up to the House of Peers, and leave a vacancy in the representation of the House of Commons. The late Earl was a great sportsman, and his loss will be very much regretted on the Turf.

He was the son of Sir Robert Grosvenor, and the first Peer of his family, being raised to that rank in 1761. He was created an Earl by Mr. Pitt, in 1784. He was born in June, 1731, and married in 1764, Henrietta, daughter of Thomas Vernon, by his wife, daughter of the Earl of Strafford. —Henrietta, his wife, forming an illicit connection with the late Duke of Cumberland, brother of his present Majesty, his Lordship brought an action in the Court of King's Bench against that Prince, for *Crim. Con.* and obtained a verdict with Ten Thousand Pounds damages. His Lordship endeavoured afterwards to obtain a divorce, but his Lady producing evidence of adultery on the part of her husband, the divorce was never obtained. This occurred some time about the year 1769.

By the death of the Earl, the Turf loses one of its oldest and greatest supporters. His training stables contained more horses than those of any other sportsman, and were all of his own breed: indeed so great was his stock, that many others were supplied from his stud. He had named no less than six colts (by one horse, his favourite, John Bull) in the Derby Stakes next year, and his nominations were equally numerous in most of the great Sweepstakes and Subscriptions at York, Ascot, Brighton, Lewes, Stamford, and Newmarket, where his engagements continued for many years, all of which must now of course be void. —It was in a match between his Lordship's colt by Gimcrack, and the late Earl of Abingdon's Cardinal York, that Mr. Elwes is reported to have lent the late nobleman *three thousand guineas* to make his stakes: the bets were seven to two in his favour, and he must have permitted his antagonist to have *walked over*, but for the unsolicited munificence of the *miser*, who, on his return from the course, scrambled over the *Devil's Dyke* to avoid paying a turnpike.

This nobleman's funeral is reported in an article from Chester, which says—"On Tuesday evening last (August 17) the remains of the late Right Honourable Richard Earl Grosvenor, passed through this city from London, on their way to Eaton, the ancient seat of the family, where they lay in state till noon the following day, when they were conveyed in grand procession, drawn by six beautiful roan stallions (the favourite horses of his Lordship) to Eccleston Church, to be deposited with his ancestors.

"The procession, which was the most numerous and respectable we

ever remember on such an occasion, consisted of the Mayor and Corporation of this city (of which his Lordship was the oldest member) and his particular friends, in twenty-three carriages, a long train of tenants of the family on horseback, with an immense crowd of friends and people on foot, which filled the way for a considerable distance.

"An elegant cold collation was provided for the immediate attendants, and every thing conducted suitably to the solemn occasion.—The pall was borne by John Larden. Esq. Mayor, William Leech, Esq. Bagot Reade, Esq. Thomas Ince, Esq. Edward Griffith, Esq. George Whitley, Esq. Dr. Currie, and Dr. Thackeray; the chief mourners were, Drax Grosvenor, Esq. and General Grosvenor, Member of Parliament for this city, followed by Mr. Moore, his Lordship's solicitor, and Mr. Giffard, the Corporate Body," &c. &c.

John Casson.

LATELY died, at Egremont, in Cumberland, in the seventieth year of his age, Mr. John Casson, barber, one of the keenest *hunters* that have lived since the days of *Nimrod*; but all his chases were *pedestrian*. The *hares* may "blow a joyful *mort*" on this occasion, and proclaim a *jubilee*; for so fatal an enemy to their race was never known. In the *season* they administered to his amusement in the field, and supplied the chief comforts of his table *throughout the year*.—With him, *shambles* were a superfluous appendage to a market; and, as *Boniface*, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, says of his *ale*, this singular gentleman might be said to "eat his hare, to drink his hare, and to sleep upon his hare." Though it is known, that his *fee* for *shaving* never exceeded a *penny*, yet by an *extraordinary* economy, he amassed a considerable property (said to be upwards of seven thousand pounds) notwithstanding the annual expence of a *game certificate*: an *expence*, however, which, in *his* case, was justifiable upon the strictest principles of *frugality*. He continued to handle his *razor*, till superseded by the *great shaver*, Death.

In the history of this man's life, it appears that he had taken out a *game certificate* ever since the Act passed relative to such license: —that he always *entered* four *game* dogs—that he paid both the *King's* and the *parochial* taxes promptly and cheerfully:—and that he made, to the Commissioners of the *Income Tax*, a very fair and liberal return.

We have said so much to prove that the deceased was a good subject; we are now to speak of him in another capacity.

A person who has known him well, for more than forty years, says, "He was a *keen* sportsman, indeed; but he never injured any man, either in the pursuit of his favourite diversion, or (I believe) in any other way. He had several farms, but never advanced the rents. He lost several sums at different times: but, however fond of money the world might suppose him, there was nothing in gain powerful enough to induce him to seek legal redress in such matters."

This, we think, comprises the whole of the posthumous relations we have received of a character which is allowed, on all hands, to be a singular one.—Perhaps it will be thought more particularly so, from some of the items latterly mentioned.

We

We have now to correct a former misrepresentation. — Mr. Casson had nearly completed his eighty-sixth year; and had been a sportsman from his youth; but, it appears, that he indulged his passion for the field, merely as an amusement; for no man was more liberal of his game.—In short, though such a person might pass for an oddity, amongst his neighbours, yet it is not denied by any, that he was an inoffensive, friendly, honest man.

Death of a Pedestrian.

ON the 30th of July died, at the age of ninety-six, John Sloane, bar-officer of the Sheriff's Court, acting constable and keeper of the county gaol of Kincardineshire. This man afforded so remarkable an instance of strength and activity in old age, that a short account of his life deserves to be recorded.

He was born in the neighbourhood of the town of Ayr, and had a distinct remembrance of the rebellion in 1715, and of the circumstances attending the return of his father from the battle of Sheriffmuir, in which he had been engaged as a private in the Earl of Stair's dragoons, one of the two regiments which, led on by the Duke of Argyle, routed the left wing of the rebel army. He was a farmer's servant till the year 1738, when, at the age of thirty-two, he enlisted himself in the sixth regiment of foot, then commanded by General Guise, aid-de-camp to King George II. Having, in 1740, embarked with his regiment to join the armanent under Admiral Vernor and General Wentworth, acting against the Spaniards in the West Indies and South America, he was employed in several of the unlucky expeditions in those countries, and particularly the attempt to cross the Isthmus of Darien, for the purpose of attacking Panama.

When the commanders were ordered home with the remainder of their forces, he was one of the few who were spared to return to Britain. He served in Scotland during the rebellion of 1745, and afterwards did duty ten years in Gibraltar, from which he returned to Britain about the time the unfortunate Admiral Byng was brought home a prisoner.

After being twenty-seven years a soldier, he, in 1765, received his discharge, and was admitted an out-pensioner of Clelsea Hospital. From that time, he resided constantly at Stonehaven, performing, during the last thirty-seven years of his life, the duty of an active and trusty executor of the law, in which occupation his superior manual prowess was often displayed. He was thrice married, and the last time, within these two years, to a young woman. He was a brawny man, about five feet eleven inches high, uniting a very athletic appearance to an exact symmetry of shape. Even at ninety six his gait was perfectly erect and easy. Within these last twelve months of his life, he has been known, without seeming trouble to himself, to walk from thirty to forty miles a day in the execution of his duty as a Sheriff's officer. He always enjoyed good health; and there is every reason to presume that his life might have been considerably farther prolonged, had he not, at the late county election, in a moment of hilarity, forgotten that he was old. By drinking too freely he was seized with an inflammation, which, in eight days put an end to his existence.

MR. ANGELO, FENCING MASTER.

THE late Mr. Angelo, who died on the 11th of July, at Eton, retained his bodily powers so well, at the advanced age of eighty-six, that he gave a lesson in fencing a few days before his death.

He was a very respectable character; his manners were elegant and courtly: he was well acquainted with life, and familiarly known to the most distinguished characters in Europe for the last half century.

He had long resided in this country, respected by persons of the highest rank, and particularly countenanced by the Royal Family. In the arts of fencing and riding he was long at the head of his profession, and by his skill in both, brought them into general adoption as necessary branches of fashionable education.

He understood all the continental tongues, and was altogether an amiable, accomplished, and estimable man.

AN EXCELLENT MARKSWOMAN,

And Singular Sporting Character.

From Hutton's Midsummer Tour.

THE ingenious Dr. W. Hutton, of Birmingham, in a late publication in which he gives an account of several singularities, which he met with in a recent journey through a part of Derbyshire, adds, but the greatest wonder I saw was, Miss Phebe Bown, in person five feet six, about thirty, well proportioned, round sized and ruddy, a dark penetrating eye which the moment it fixes upon your face, stamps your character, and that with precision. Her step, pardon the Irishism, is more manly than a man's, and can easily cover forty miles a day. Her common dress, is a man's hat, coat, and a spencer over it, and mens' shoes. I believe she is a stranger to breeches. She can lift one hundred weight with each hand, and carry fourteen score. Can sew, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all, and every accompanyment to the female character, except that of modesty. A gentleman at the new Bath, recently treated her so rudely, "that she had a good mind to have knocked him down." She positively assured me, that she did not know what fear was—she never gives any affront, but will offer to fight any man who gives her one—if she has not fought, perhaps it is owing to the insulter being a coward, for none else would give an affront. She has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine, it its deep-toned; the wind in her favour she can send it a mile; has no beard or prominence of breast; accepts any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the ricks, &c. but her chief avocation is horse-breaking at a guinea a week; always rides without a saddle; is supposed the best judge of a horse, cow, &c. in the country, and is frequently requested to purchase for others at the neighbouring fairs. She is fond of Milton, Pope, Shakespeare, also of music; is self-taught, performs on several instruments, the violin, &c.

She is an excellent *markswoman*, and like her brother sportsmen, carries her gun upon her shoulder. She eats no beef or pork, and but little mutton, her chief food is milk, and also her drink, discarding wine, ale, and spirits.

ACCOUNT

Account of a Mode of Killing Seals.

On the south side of the isle of Zante, is a village named Agala. Its inhabitants, in addition to the agricultural labours which are common to them with the other islanders, avail themselves of their situation to carry on the seal-fishery. They live at the distance of only two miles from the sea, which, nevertheless, they cannot reach without descending precipices, of which the bare aspect is sufficient to inspire terror. Those mountaineers, however, having acquired intrepidity from habit, descend to the sea side with astonishing agility, only supporting themselves by a thick rope fastened to a tree, or the point of a rock.

At the water-edge, the rocks that border the sea are full of caverns, into which the seals retire to sleep, and to bring forth their young. To penetrate into these caverns, it is necessary for the adventurer to wade in the water almost chin-deep, taking care to hold aloft the pistol with which he intends to shoot his game. If the seal happens to be asleep at the time, success is certain: but, if awake, at the approach of his enemy he violently darts into the water; in which case the greatest dexterity is requisite to hit him in the head, the only place where the shot is mortal: in any other part, the wound would be but slight, and insufficient to prevent his escape.

When the mountaineer has killed the seal, he flays him in the cavern, and takes away only the skin and fat, leaving all the rest of the animal to be devoured by the birds, or carried off by the waves. The skin, being properly dressed, serves to make shoes, which are found more durable than those of neat's leather. The fat is melted and reduced to oil, which those peasants burn in their lamps, and which gives a clearer light, and lasts longer, than olive oil: but the smell which it emits while burning is intolerable to any person whose olfactory nerves are not habituated to it, as those of the inhabitants of Agala.—The spring is the most convenient season for this species of fishery.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I am a lover of fun; but, unluckily, although my whole life has been a jest, yet many of my pranks have been attended with the most serious consequences.

In my younger days, happening to kill a favourite cat belonging to a superannuated aunt, and the old Tabby dying soon afterwards, I lost all chance of my legacy.

I once habited myself in a white sheet, merely by way of laughing at the terrors my ghost-like appearance would excite in a nervous neighbour; but the joke was carried so far, that I was happy to get off by paying a swinging bill to the Apothecary.

A friend lending me his horse for a day, I kept it for a month, only to divert myself with his perplexity, and ran a very near chance of being tried for horse-stealing.

Thinking it would be the drollest thing on earth to set a whole family asleep, I lately administered a copious dose of laudanum to the good people, where I lodge; but, being detected, I was soundly threshed by the males, and incessantly scolded by the females.

I am the best tempered fellow alive; but am continually engaged in broils and disturbances; for I find

find that though many persons enjoy the recital of a joke, nobody likes to be made the subject of one; the consequence, therefore, of my unlucky propensity is, that I have jested away all my friends and acquaintances; for whenever I speak, I am suspected of romancing; and wherever I attempt to visit, I am never admitted lest I should turn the company into ridicule; yet so deeply am I infected with the *joking-mania*, that it was but last night I hazarded my neck in leaping out of the one-pair-of-stairs window of a house, where I had concealed myself for the purpose of discovering if an old Miser was afraid of thieves, instead of which he pursued me with a blunderbuss.

I have run in debt for the *joke's sake*, and been arrested in earnest—laughed at a man with the greatest good-humour, and been knocked down with the greatest good-will.

In short, the age is a very dull age, and either does not understand, or make sufficient allowance, for the brilliant eccentricities of

Aug. 14, 1802. Your's, FRANK WHIMSEY.

RURAL SPORTS,

Not inconsistent with Clerical Life.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, for August, 1802.

MR. URBAN,

I AM concerned to perceive that there are persons watching on all occasions to exercise maliciousness against the established Clergy. The objection raised by P. P. p. 621, againg a Clergyman's partaking of Rural Sports, or publishing a work concerning them, must proceed from an illiberal and designing mind. A gentleman in orders has as much need of air, exercise, and amusement, as any other gentleman: and it is unreasonable to require, that a Clergyman should debar himself of any reputable diversion that contributes towards diminishing the vapidity of a life spent in a recluse parish.

The work intituled, "Rural Sports," is one no way incongruous either to the pen, or the library of a Clergyman; it contains much knowledge useful in the country, and is correct in the descriptions; the type is neat, and the plates well executed, and I see nothing respecting it to carp at.

ALTHARICUS.

NEGLECT OF MAIL-COACH DRIVERS.

A PERILOUS DILEMMA.

The following Letter appeared in a Morning Paper last month. It cannot be read without considerable interest; and its publication, we hope, will not fail in its effect.

Bush Inn, Bristol, Sunday noon.

I Left London last night, at eight o'clock, in the Bristol Mail, for the purpose of performing the last kind office to a near and dear relative, who has been suddenly snatched from all earthly enjoyments; and at Hounslow, our first stage, we changed horses. We arrived at the fourteen-mile stone at about half past ten o'clock, where the coachman, whose name is Wright, (and it is *right* that the public should know his name) together with the guard, thought proper to alight, and to leave the coach entirely to the horses, and while these men were drinking at the public house, called the Three Magpies, the horses, finding themselves at liberty, set off with incredible speed, and pursued their way to Colebrook, distant four miles. Our situation, for we were four

four in number, is more easily conceived than described. For the first two or three minutes we were dumb with fear, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces. In this dangerous state we remained for about a quarter of an hour, in which time we passed no less than three bridges, where the water is very deep, into which, if the coach had been hurled, we must have been infallibly suffocated. At the end of which time, and just before we reached the turnpike which conducts you to Colebrook, a Mr. Edwards, of Bristol, and myself, took the resolution of quitting the coach. We opened the door for this purpose twice, but the velocity of our movement terrified us; at length, however, we sprung from it, and providentially only received a few slight bruises; it was utterly impossible for us to keep our feet, owing to the impetus we received from the coach. We followed it a minute or two when it was out of sight, learning with satisfaction at the turnpike, that it had passed in safety, and soon afterwards, by means of the screams of a poor boy, whom we had taken up at Hounslow, that it was stopped at Colebrook; and here I may remark, that in our course we passed no less than six broad-wheel waggons, to one of which we approached so near as to have our lamp carried off. Let me now make a few remarks; after returning thanks to Almighty God for his merciful preservation. Travelling by the mail should call our attention to a few particulars intimately connected with our safety. We should, as much as lies in our power, prevent the coachman from calling at the public houses situated between the Post Towns, where they stop to drink, and often, with the guard, leave the horses, besides intoxicating themselves, which renders them incapable of driving. Passengers should be watchful whenever the coach stops, if the coachman alights, instantly to get out of the coach, and not to resume their places till the coachman takes his, with the reins in his hands. It would also be attentive, and answer an excellent end, if the proprietors of the mail coaches were to have painted and affixed, in some conspicuous part of the coach, that any complaints against the driver or guard would be thankfully received at their office, or the General Post Office. This would ensure the good behaviour, and secure the lives of the passengers and the safety of the Mail; for the insolence of these fellows is insufferable: for example, when I remonstrated with Wright on account of his conduct, (for he followed us, with the guard, in a post-chaise, as soon as it could be procured, and overtook us about an hour and a half after) he replied, "that we might think ourselves d—d lucky to have escaped with our necks, and that he defied me, and every attempt, to punish him."

A few days after the publication of the above, the following paragraph appeared in some of the public papers.

"Notwithstanding Mr. Travers's exposure of the carefulness of the Bristol coachman and guard, on Friday last, in the night, a West-of-England Mail Coach was again left to itself, and the horses ran off with it; there was but one gentleman in the coach, who being asleep, was unconscious of his danger till awoke by the guard, who galloped up on horseback, and stopped the carriage. The man immediately fell on his knees to the

the gentleman, intreating him not to make the circumstance public; but the names of the parties will be published as soon as the gentleman's consent is obtained."

Essex Assizes.

CHELMSFORD, August, 1802.

MALICIOUSLY SHOOTING.

ROBERT Davy was indicted for maliciously and feloniously shooting James Harrington, on the 5th of February last, by which he was dangerously wounded.

The prosecutor said he was game-keeper to Mrs. Chiswell, of Debdin Hall. He knew the prisoner well, and had caused him to be imprisoned before for snaring game on a Sunday. On the fifteenth of February last he had been to a place called Thackstead, to fetch home a pointer. It was about nine in the evening when he returned: he had some difficulty to get the dog along; it made a whining noise all the way he went. In the midway between Gossain's Farm and Tanner's Hill Farm, he received a blow on a sudden, which drove him headlong forward. He could not account for the violence; at first he was insensible; but coming to himself, he hastened to Debdin Cross to get assistance, finding himself wounded in several places. On examination, it was found he had been fired at with a gun loaded with shot, the contents of which had hit him about the neck and head; a quantity of shot was taken out of his neckcloth and under-waistcoat, and many remained buried in him to that hour. He was unable to say who had shot him; all he knew was, that the prisoner was at one Johnson's, a blacksmith, at Thackstead, when he set out to fetch the pointer. He could not be mistaken in that particular, as he had known him for five years.

Henry Wilson, a boy of thirteen years of age, nephew to Johnson, the blacksmith, had seen the prisoner at his uncle's shop, the afternoon of the same day the game-keeper was shot: he overheard a conversation that passed between the prisoner and his uncle; in which the former said he would shoot the Debdin game-keeper, and would go and buy some powder and shot for that purpose at Thomeson's. He saw him afterwards load a gun with powder and shot, and go away from his uncle's about eight o'clock at night. He did not see him till the next morning, when he came to his uncle's again, and said he had shot the Debdin keeper, and that his gun had burst in discharging it. The gun was left with his uncle to mend,

James Johnson, who appeared to be an accomplice in the brutal act, was next examined. He said the prisoner had come to his house at ten o'clock on the night Mr. Harrington was wounded, and had told him he had shot the Debdin keeper. Witness exclaimed, "I hope not." He replied, "He actually had." Witness then said, "What do you think will become of you? you will certainly be hanged!" Prisoner rejoined, "That is no matter of your's—I want more shot and powder." Witness said, he had none, and he went away. The next morning he came again, and brought a gun; he knew not whether it was burst; he believed it might. He had since worked it out.

[Here the witness equivocated in so shameful a way, and behaved in so disgraceful a manner, that Baron

Baron Macdonald informed him, if he continued prevaricating and fencing with the questions put to him, he would have him indicted as a principal, and, if found guilty, hanged within twenty-four hours.]

The witness continued, and confessed that Davy was at his house previous to the keeper being shot at, but denied that any conversation like that which had been detailed by his nephew had taken place; on the contrary, all he had sworn to (he said) was false.

James Sutcliffe was at Thackstead the same evening that Harrington was shot at. On his return between nine and ten, he met the prisoner, and mistaking him for his brother, exclaimed, "Aye! Jemmy! is it you?" The prisoner said, "You are mistaken." Witness replied, "Well, I may be, but I am within one of it." The prisoner had something black in his hand, which looked like a walking-stick. He afterwards recollected that it was Robert Davy, and not James, he had spoken to. He saw him the next morning, with a gun on his arm, which appeared to be burst.

Mrs. Tolley lived a short way from Gossain's Farm; and saw a man run by her on the night the game-keeper was shot. She believed that man was the prisoner.

Mrs. Bass lived a small distance from the spot where Mr. Harrington was shot. She heard a noise as the clock was striking nine; it was the howl of a dog, and being somewhat alarmed, she looked out of the door. While there, she saw a man, dressed in a smock-frock, leaning over a gate, looking towards the road. In a minute or so, he dashed over a style, ran a few paces towards Gossain's Farm, and she heard the report of a gun. In a few minutes after, she found Mr. Harrington had been shot at and wounded.

Mrs. Francis, who lived upon the same spot, gave precisely the same evidence.

The prisoner, in his defence, denied any knowledge of the crime laid to his charge, and protested his innocence.

Baron Macdonald observed, that the crime of wilfully and maliciously shooting had very properly been made a capital offence; as in such cases God alone could interfere to prevent death—the intent was the same. Whoever had shot in the case before them, the wilful intent was manifest from the effects produced, and the Jury were called upon to say, if the prisoner was the guilty person. The principal evidence to lead their judgments was that of an infant; and he had ever found that such evidence was either the very best or worst; of that they would have to decide; and if they found the lad's demeanour and manner of conducting himself the reverse of Johnson's, he thought he was entitled to credit, as a more shameful witness never stood up in a box. The rest of the evidence he would also read to them, and, when he had done so, it would be for them to say, whether or not the charge was brought home to the prisoner. His Lordship recapitulated the evidence; and the Jury, after a long consultation, pronounced the prisoner—Not Guilty; observing, that they did not think he had been identified sufficiently to induce them with safety to find any other verdict.

The Judge observed, that he had that day been tried twice for his life, and each time had been acquitted for want of evidence. He would advise him to take care for the future, convinced as he

was, that he was one of the worst fellows that ever infested the county of Essex.

Johnson, the accomplice, was then tried for a single felony, found guilty, and sentenced to be transported for seven years.

This fellow's attempt to make the Court believe his nephew had perjured himself, cannot be equalled in the annals of human depravity.

Nothing could be more artless than the boy's tale, or bear the semblance in a greater degree of honesty and truth.

The Court were, one and all, disgusted, not to say incensed, at this miscreant's conduct.

Sporting Liberty.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I Remember well, in my school-days, or in other words, during the zenith of the late Mr. Wilkes's political celebrity, that the *vox populi* was one incessant bawl of "Liberty, Property, and No Excise;"—"Better Times to us!"—was the salutation of every industrious man to his friend over his evening pint; and "Pitt for ever," was the exclamation of gratitude to the man who "had deserved so well of his country." Now, Gentlemen, those who know me best, best know I am no croaker; but, as I have been, more than forty years watching, personally and experimentally, the progress of Liberty, and drinking "Better times," as well as my neighbours, I must beg your permission to communicate to my brother sportsmen how wonderfully we have succeeded in the attainment of our wishes, in respect to the liberty of which our forefathers were so vociferously ambitious, as well as how much better the times are now in the present new æra of Peace and Plenty, to what they were at the time before alluded to, when even poor old Dunstall, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the part of Quidnunc, in the Upholsterer, used to exclaim, "then how are we ruined?"

At this period, Gentlemen, I was little more than a juvenile, enjoying the smiles and favours of most of the chaste damsels, with which the first and second floors of nearly all the houses in Bow-street, Charles-street, Russell-street, and Bridges-street, were then so plentifully furnished. The jelly-houses, Marjoram's, Weatherby's, Rowland's, Jupp's, and Bob Derry's, constituted a blaze of nocturnal brilliancy; but, as Jerry Sneak says, "all those happy days are gone and past." I could then go into either of the three latter, and have my mutton-chop, pickle, (or potatoe) a slice of fruit pie, bread, cheese, pint of porter, a glass of brandy and water, give the waiter two-pence for himself, and march out, (with a low bow into the bargain) for fifteen pence, a Gentleman of no small respectability; what it can be done for now, some of your city chop-house friends may, probably, tell much better than me, as it is entirely out of my beat; but I know enough to find we have been drinking better times to very little purpose.

The Bishops, perhaps, to ameliorate our condition, would tell us "the prayers of the wicked never prevail." It may be so. We are told by the diurnal prints, that many members of the legislature have said, "the constitution is impaired,

paired, the liberty of the subject taken away, and that we are hastening to a national bankruptcy, and inevitable ruin."

Upon these remarks, in the aggregate, I do not feel myself adequate to give a decisive opinion; but in respect to the liberty of the subject, I do presume to aver, we are not a single whit worse than we were, so far as the idea of free agency (*alias* liberty) is concerned. For instance, I drank for years, good 'old port, at the first taverns in London, and principal inns in the country, for two shillings a bottle, and surely I have the liberty to do so now if I pay four.

I formerly laid a gun across my arm, and very frequently took a stroll, more for the sake of my health, and by way of amusement or relaxation, than any certainty of killing even a sparrow; and surely I have the liberty of doing so now for the very trifling consideration of three guineas towards the support of the infinite increase of placemen and pensioners, which the increase of liberty and property, as well as the increase of the national debt, have rendered so essentially necessary.

I had then the unrestrained convenience of keeping a horse ('tis true) with all possible economy, as an object indispensably necessary to the professional support of my infant family; which liberty, it is equally true, I am not deprived of now; but the polite and friendly collector of taxes urges the compulsive necessity of paying him two pounds annually towards the exigences of the state.

My poor grateful inoffensive canine friends too, who were my constant companions in all weathers, and in all vicissitudes, I was wont to support as dependents and protectors, whose every look was a genuine master stroke of the most sincere and unsullied affection. These, it is true, I had the privilege to kill, or the liberty to keep, upon paying the legislative tribute; from which it seems the late "just and necessary war" has left very little free. It is to be presumed, when Shakespeare wrote his play of *Cymbeline*, and put into the mouth of *Cloten* the following passage—"If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him a tribute for light." He certainly could not intentionally have sported a prophetic prediction of the present increased window tax, which all must as good and loyal subjects pay, but the rich only can approve. In this my hitherto boasted liberty completely leaves me; it is but two years since I entered into a lease for a house (which had stood some time empty) having nineteen windows, and at that number was assessed: however, Mr. Assessor, the window-peeper, finding two small panes not eight inches square, in a small back door, and calling into his aid a very diminutive fanlight in front, makes the number twenty-one, at no less a taxation than the sum of ten pounds fifteen shillings annually, for an individual in a small habitation; whether this is not "out-heroding Herod," I do not presume to say, lest I should be directly accused of jacobinism, or branded with the name of traitor, appellations I despise.

However, as "there is no rule without an exception," so the exception happens here; I possess no liberty to leave my house, or to block up my windows, unless the family can live without the light, which neither *Cymbeline*, or his son, *Cloten*, would condescend

to pay for. It is, however, some consolation, that any or every man when overpowered with rates and taxes beyond his power to contribute; when at the last moment he sees his gradual approach to the confines of a prison, he has still the liberty by committing an act of suicide, to get rid of all his misery, and leave the world to those who have more reason to be pleased with it than himself; in full and uninterrupted possession of which privilege, who, but a croaker, a jacobin, and traitor, shall presume to say, the constitution is impaired, or the liberty of the subject in any degree taken away. PROSPERO MINOR.

August 16, 1802.

SAFEGUARD SPLINTER BARS;

Or an account of the new method of disengaging Horses from Carriages, for which a Patent has lately been granted to Mr. John Williams, of Portsmouth.

MR. Williams's invention consists chiefly in the addition of a rolling splinter-bar, affixed to the usual or main splinter-bar, in such a way as will suffer it to turn on its axis, when needful, and also in the means of fastening the traces to the said rolling-bar.

The method of disengaging the horses is very simple: a person in the carriage has need only, by means of a cord, to pull back a bolt, when a lever immediately rises, in consequence of the action on the traces, the studs by which the traces are fastened to the rolling splinter-bar change their position, and the traces are instantly set at liberty. The patentee extends his invention to all kinds of carriages. Those that have shafts are to have a socket fixed to the end of each; and those which have shafts, or a pole, which from its construction would fall to the ground as soon as the horse, or horses, are disengaged, are to have a piece of iron, with a broad bottom, or a wheel, affixed to each shaft, or the pole, to prevent the motion being checked too suddenly by the fall.

Mr. Williams does not claim the method of disengaging the harness from the ends of the pole or shafts, as part of his invention. He observes, that the operation of disengaging the horse, or horses, is performed with as much facility as the pulling of a check-string; and, notwithstanding the simplicity of the process, it will be found that the horses are as securely attached to the carriage as upon the common construction.

The exclusive right of manufacturing these safeguard splinter-bars has been assigned to Andrew Leith and Co. of Shoe-lane, Fleet-street.

A NEW PATENT STIRRUP.

THIS invention is intended by Mr. Maltby, of Nottingham, to preserve the rider, &c. &c.

The bottom of Mr. Maltby's stirrup is made larger than the lower surface of the foot, and may be plain, or in bars, according to the fancy of the workman. From the middle of the sides a hoop springs, very much like the hoop of the common stirrup; then at small distances from each other, all round the front part of the stirrup, bended bars are fastened, and being carried up, unite in the center-hoop, and thus make a sort of basket-work for the front part of the foot; the bars are placed too close to admit the boot or shoe, and therefore the possibility of entangling the foot is effectually prevented, should the rider be thrown from his horse; and the whole

whole is so contrived, by adapting the stirrup to the particular person for whom it is made, that the instep and ankle can never be injured by friction. The whole may be made of iron, or any other metal fit for the purpose.

Observation.—We have not seen one of these stirrups executed; but, from the drawing which accompanies the specification, it should appear not an ornament; if, however, security is attained, the public will doubtless consider the invention as worthy of being adopted.

Particulars of the Influence of Rattlesnakes upon Birds.

DR. Barton, a physician of great eminence in America, has proved, by a variety of facts, that the motions of birds, which have been attributed to a facinating power in the eyes of serpents, are in reality calculated to drive away the reptiles from the bird's young, or to divert their attention from the nest.

He observes that the rattlesnake does not climb up trees, but the black snake, and some other species of the *genus colaber*, do. When impelled by hunger, and incapable of satisfying it by the capture of animals on the ground, they begin to glide up trees or bushes, upon which a bird has its nest. The bird is not ignorant of the serpent's object. She leaves her nest, whether it contains eggs or young ones, and endeavours to oppose the reptile's progress. In doing this, she is actuated by the strength of her instinctive attachment to her eggs, or of affection to her young. Her cry is melancholy, her motions are tremulous. She exposes herself to the most eminent danger. Sometimes she approaches so near the reptile, that he seizes her as his prey. But this is far from being universally the case. Often she compels the serpent to leave the tree, and then returns to her nest. It is commonly believed that the rattlesnake is a very hardy animal; but this is not the case. A very small stroke on any part of its body disables it from running at all; and the slightest stroke upon the top of the head is followed by instant death. The skull-bone is remarkably thin and brittle; so much so, that it is thought a stroke from the wing of a thrush or robbin would be sufficient to break it, and indeed some of the smaller birds of prey feed on it.

A Description of an Elephant-hunt in Ceylon.

THE singularity of the process by which these powerful beasts are caught and domesticated, renders it one of the most interesting and surprising spectacles in the world.

Three or four thousand villagers are employed under the direction of about as many hundred huntsmen, for two or three months, encircling a large tract of country, at one end of which is built a large and strong wooden kraal, or nearly circular palisade, of about a quarter of a mile in circumference. The hunters continue gradually reducing their circle, and frightening, by fires, and shouts, the elephants which are within it towards the kraal, through the gates of which they are at last oblige to enter; and immediately they are in, a portcullis drops, and incloses them. There is another gate, with a portcullis, which leads into a still

stronger

stronger stockade, about twenty feet wide, and that leads into a third, which is still stronger, but so narrow, that one elephant only can pass at a time. When a sufficient number of elephants are driven from the first kraal, into the second, the portcullis is then let down, by a man who is stationed at the top of the place where they enter for that purpose.

The beasts being cruelly squeezed by their numbers and size, endeavour to make their escape, and run into the third kraal.

As soon as an elephant has fairly entered this third kraal, cross beams are inserted, between the upright poles, which effectually prevent his return. As he advances, the same process is continued, till he arrives at the very end, where he is jammed so closely as not to be able to move backwards or forwards. Strong ropes, with running knots, are fastened round his legs and neck, and these last are drawn through ropes fastened on the necks of two tame elephants, accustomed to the business, who are brought to the end of the kraal, where the prisoner is confined. The poles, which form the door of it, are then removed, and the ropes which fasten the neck of the wild elephant to those of the tame ones, are lightened, till he is made secure between his new companions. The ropes are then taken from his legs, and his two conductors oblige him, by squeezing him with their bodies, and beating him with their trunks, if refractory, to accompany them to the place set apart for his stable. He is tied so fast, with his head between two poles fixed in the ground, that he cannot move, and from the peculiar docility of his nature, soon assumes sufficient mansuetude to become useful for the purpose of man.

Tiger Hunt in the East Indies.

WHILE a detachment of the first battalion of the fifteenth regiment lay encamped at a village near Polleveran Hills, in the Carnatic, on the night of the 28th December, a royal tiger came into the village, and seized a bullock; after gorging on his prey, he retired to a house on the banks of the river, where he took up his quarters.

Lieutenant Stuart being informed of it, went at day-light, with a Naik's guard, to the place, where they saw the monster stretched in the cottage. They mounted on the roof of the adjoining hut, and, by removing the thatch of that wherein he lay, disturbed him, and he went out. After a few turns, he sprang at the party, and settled on the roof close to them, but an instantaneous discharge of two or three fire-locks wounded him, and he fell to the ground, but immediately got up and made a second attempt, when finding his efforts ineffectual, he made off under a pandal adjoining the house he first entered, and could not for some time be found.

The bank of the river was very abrupt at this place, about twenty feet perpendicular. On the edges grew small bushes and long grass; a narrow path led along it that would admit but one person at a time. Mr. Stuart took this road, and as he examined the bushes, the savage sprung at him from his concealment; he received him on his bayonet, which entered the tiger's breast, but the shock was so strong as to throw the gentleman backward over the precipice, but fortunately without injury, and the tiger was too much hurt to follow. Mr. Stuart soon recovered,

and

and returned with the Sepoys to the attack, when the beast was killed.

Wolf-hunting in France, in 1608,

By Lord Herbert, of Cherbourg.

"AND now," says his Lordship, "as every morning I mounted the great horse, so in the afternoon I many times went a hunting, the manner of which was this:—The Duke of Montmorenci, having given orders to the tenants of the town of Merlou and some villages adjoining to attend me when I went a hunting, they, upon my summons, usually repaired to those woods, where I intended to find my game, with drums and musquets, to the number of sixty or eighty, and sometimes one hundred, or more persons, they entering the wood on that side with that noise, discharging their pieces and beating their said drums; we on the other side of the said wood having placed mastiffs and greyhounds, to the number of twenty or thirty, which Monsieur de Montmorenci kept near his castle, expected those beasts they should force out of the woods; if stags, or wild boars came forth, we commonly spared them, *pursuing only the wolves*, which were then in great number, of which there are found two sorts; the *mastiff-wolf*, thick and short, though he could not indeed run fast, yet would fight with our dogs; the greyhound wolf, long and swift, who many times escaped our best dogs, though, when he were overtaken, easily killed by us without making much resistance; of both these sorts I killed divers with my sword, while I stayed there."

Election Slang at a Cock-and-Hen Club.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

The suggestion to send you this transcript, arose from reading the eccentric account of Brentford Races, in page 279 of your last number. In the following, the pleasantry of the Wit, and *not the pungency*, or the *propriety of the satire*, is the most admirable; it seemed necessary to throw it into the form of a Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, from which the following is an extract.

Your's, &c.

To Sir Francis Burdett, *Bt.*

SIR,

AS it is but once in seven years that we poor devils dare approach you, I shall not make any apology, but proceed to unfold to you the cause of giving you this trouble. You must know, Sir, that I, and a number of your well-wishers, to the amount of more than one hundred, met at St. Giles's, in order to celebrate your triumph at Brentford. Well, Sir, we were all assembled and determined to make a joyous night of it; our table would have done your heart good to see; it was not as you have yours, decorated with *nick-nacks*, but it was clean and wholesome, plenty of bread, cheese, and onions, clean scowered pewter plates filled with tobacco, and a profusion of porter and gin. When we had all done eating, and the men and some of the women had filled their pipes, the chairman demanded silence, and gave, as his first toast, "Our Worthy Member for the county of Middlesex, Sir Francis Burdett;" I need not tell you with what joy it was received; round it went with three times three; but when one of the members happened unfortunately to mention the Bastile, you cannot conceive

conceive what a damp it shed over us; but, however, another bumper to "The Man of the People," brought us about, and we began to be as cheerful as ever; when a few unguarded words from our chairman, threw us all into confusion.—Our chairman, Sir, happened to say, (God bless his heart, I dare say he thought no more harm than the child unborn) "There was no fear but that Sir Francis would soon put down the Bastile, not altogether on our account, but because it had been the place of confinement not only for such as us, but for those who were suspected of *treasonable practices*;" when the chairwoman (for you must know, Sir Francis, we have a chairwoman to keep the *ladies* in order) flew from her seat; by the Bye, she is a very large woman, and sells *fish*; and, as I was saying, she flew round the room, and gave the chairman a *smack in the jaws*. "What," says she, "do you offer, for to go, for to say, as how, Sir Francis is guilty of *reasonable* practices, poor soul:" her passion was so great, she did not know what she said; she meant *treasonable*, but on she went: "No," says she, "I defy any one to say that Sir Francis Burdett was ever guilty of a *reasonable* practice in his life; and bl—t her (for she is apt to swear when in passion) if she believed he ever would."

Well, Sir, our chairman used all the soothing arguments he was master of, but would not attempt to set her right, as to the mistake she had made in the word, for fear it might irritate her; but gave her his honour, that he never suspected you of any *reasonable* practices; all that he meant was, he feared that in the wicked age we live in, there might be people infamous enough to call your actions *reasonable*. Well, when she found he did not mean to charge you with any thing that is *reasonable*, she began to be a *little so* herself; resumed her seat, filled her pipe, and ordered a bumper to be filled to the downfall of the Bastile, and its Governor; so harmony being restored, we became as merry as *grigs*, sung many *flash* songs, and gave some very loyal toasts; the King, the Queen, and all the Royal Family.

But after all our jollity, we had like to have had another *rumption*; one of the company happened to say, he had been at several elections, and had heard *gentlemen vilify* each other; but what he had heard at Brentford, *out-did* all he had ever heard, and that the palm of scurrility must be voted to Sir Francis Burdett; upon which, up again gets our chairwoman: "I tell you what, Mr. Bob Booty," says she, "if I *hears* any more of your *sinuations* about *civility*, d—n me if I don't throw one of the pots at your head; Sir Francis, I am sure, has not *half* so much *civility* about him, as a great many other gentlemen has; therefore, none of your *sinuations* about his *civility*." "Why, you foolish woman," says he, "I meant no harm; I was only *glorying* that such a *great man* as Sir Francis could condescend to use such language as *we* are apt to do when *we fall out*." "Well," says she, "to be sure he must be of a very *descending* spirit; and if that was all you meant, why there was no harm; but d—n me, if I would not knock any one's eye out, that should dare to *sinuate* any thing against him: where will you find another gentleman to come forward in *our* behalf as he has done; have you ever read his address to the *freeholders*; *there* is *language* for you,

if

if you talk of language; what wonderful expressions does he make use of; does he not promise to give *himself* and his *life* for our sakes; and I dare say, would give his *soul* too, if he has one." "Hush!" says the chairman, "you, I am sure, do not mean to say, that Sir Francis has no soul." "As for that matter," says she, "I have often *soles* that I would willingly get rid of." Then we had a loud laugh, for we thought it a stroke of wit; for you know, Sir, I told you she is a *dealer* in *fish*. "Well," says our chairman, "let us drop all disputes, and be jolly." But she had got upon her high ropes about your letter, and on she went. "Does he not say that he is so *gusted* with the wickedness of the age, that he intended to withdraw himself from society, *poor dear gentleman!* perhaps would have gone to some solitary cell, and pined himself to death, for the good of his country; but that he was invited by the most *polite* and most *enlightened* county to represent them?" But she was stopped in the midst of her harangue, by one of the company saying, "I dare say Sir Francis wrote that invitation to himself." "Well, Mr. Flabbe-jaws," says she, "and suppose he did, is not every thing fair at Elections; what is it to us so long as we have got him, by what means it was done." You will, perhaps, be a *little surprised* at some few expressions you will meet with in this, but I assure you, Sir Francis, we have several well-informed men amongst us; and if your plan should take place, I dare say we shall have a great many more; therefore, my dear Sir Francis, do attend to this request of ours; give your orders for demolishing the *bastile*, and when they are about it, let them pull down that other big house in *Clerkenwell-Green*, and drive the old villain from his *other* seat, then neither *we* nor *you* will have any thing to fear; for though you so courageously told us at Brentford, that neither *King*, *Lords*, nor *Commons*, should intimidate you, yet while such hideous places are left standing, there is no knowing what might happen. As to our *Judges* (for they are as bad as the Chairman of the Sessions), when you take your seat in the house, cannot you give your orders that there shall be no more? Of what use are *they*? A parcel of old fellows, with their *great wigs*, frightening poor fellows to death, if any of us are brought before them for any little *frolic*; such as knocking out a man's brains, and taking away what you know he could have no occasion for after. "Oh! hang him! hang him! by all means hang him!" Pretty proceedings in a free country, *an't* they? however, we hope now all such will be put a stop to. Now, Sir, as you have got to represent the most *polite* and *best-informed* county in England, you'll tell them *what* is *what*; and so wishing you all the success I think you deserve, I remain your most devoted, most obliged, and most humble servant,

A FREEBOOTER
Of the County of Middlesex.
St. Giles's.

P. S. As several of the company are beginning to throw off, and to be terrible noisy, I think it proper to make a motion for another supper at the other end of the town, somewhere about Saltpetre Bank; and as we are getting on so fast, if there should be a *rumption*, I fear some would be at a loss for *queer bail* at this time o'night.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU will naturally conceive with how much regret and mortification I take up the pen to inform you of the greatest misfortune that could possibly have happened to me in this life. I may justly, and most feelingly exclaim,

"Othello's occupation's gone!"

You, Gentlemen, who of course keep your hunters, and enjoy the chase with an extacy beyond description, will sympathise with me in the recital.

At the very moment that my horse "was out of physic," sleek as a mole, coat like satin, not a speck, splent, spavin, curb, or wind-gall, when a new saddle, bridle, and breast-plate, from Gibson, two new pair of Cordovan boots, from Hoby, the same number of leathern conveniences, from Foster, and a black velvet dasher, from the cap-maker, were lying before me, and nothing wanting but a week's patience and a gentle rain to take the field, the dreadful news reached me, that the Putney Pack, availing themselves of the Peace, and the rage for travelling are, to the inexpressible disappointment of me and my brother sportsmen, transferred, and transported to the Continent. Death could scarcely have been a more severe and distressing stroke; the despondency of Old Square-Toes, at the repeated falls of stock, did not affect me half so much as this misfortune. I am now compelled to bid a reluctant adieu to the exhilarating chops of partial trail we enjoyed amongst the fern, upon the sides of the bogs and swampy bottoms of Putney Heath, where, in many a cold and cutting day in winter, we have had most glorious sport, without the trouble of riding a mile from the spot.

It is not without the most heartfelt misery I must now relinquish every hope and expectation of renewing the scenes of former happiness; no more bursts of half a mile, and killing in view, or losing in a bog; no more racing gallops, up one hill and round another; no more emulative competition for speed over the country, from Abershaw's Gibbet to Lord Spencer's Park, a distance very little less than three-quarters of a mile; no more drawing Coomb Woods for three or four hours to find a FOX, without being able to run him five minutes; in short, Gentlemen, as Jerry Sneak says, "all those happy days are gone and past." In this predicament, replete with agitation, no chance of riding home seven or eight miles in the dirt, as if I was racing for a thousand; no opportunity to *bore* sisters, aunts, or cousins, with the dangers of the day; in fact, without a most distant hope of sporting regeneration, I must entreat you will communicate information to the Sporting World, that the Putney district is now vacant.—The hares seldom go far from home, and foxes may always be found at earth in Coomb Woods.

If a Subscription Pack can be formed, I have no objection to subscribe Five Guineas, provided the money is paid *quarterly*; or who knows, but when so fine a country is open, we may have a Pack from the North, and keep them in the City, or near Black-Friars' Bridge, by subscription.

Your's most truly,

TIMMY FIDKIN.

Aldgate, Sept. 22, 1802.

RURAL

RURAL SPORTS AT MARGATE, SEPT. 14.

PREPARATIONS commenced at an early hour yesterday morning, for those sports which the following advertisement will explain.:

"The Sports on the Sands, will take place this afternoon at four o'clock, and will commence with a

JINGLING MATCH FOR A SILVER WATCH,

To continue for half an hour. Candidates for this prize must provide themselves with a cap and a handkerchief, otherwise they cannot be admitted.

THE ASS RACE.

Between five or more Asses, will take place at the conclusion of the Jingling Match, and they are to start from Mr. Hubbard's Bathing Block, go round the Rock, and return by the Bathing Room to the Starting Post, and the same ground to be repeated, which is to determine the first heat.

After the first heat, a Race will take place between several

YOUNG WOMEN FOR A SHIFT,

And when concluded, the second heat of the Asses will commence; and should the winner of this heat be the same as won the first heat, he will have the prize of one pound eleven shillings and six-pence; if otherwise, the whole of the prizes to be determined by a third heat.

If five Asses start, the prizes will be as follows:

For the first Ass that comes in, one pound eleven shillings and six-pence.

For the second ditto, one pound one shilling.

If seven Asses start, there will be a prize of ten shillings and six-pence for the third. The Subscriptions are only adequate to defray the expence of the above sports, and therefore the rest must be abandoned, unless the visitors at Margate come forward with their subscriptions this forenoon; and if that should be the case, there will be a match between

MEN JUMPING IN SACKS,

and a

RACE FOR A SHIRT,

Besides other Sports.

The Asses entered for the Race are as follows, and the Riders will be distinguished by coloured ribbons,

Jack Fox's famous Ass, Eclipse —Pink.

Joe Small's Ditto, Pot8o's—Red.

Jemmy Jones's Ditto, Teddy—blue.

Timothy Flanagan's ditto, Pic Nic—Green.

Pat Doyle's Ditto, Luny Mactwolter—Yellow."

By three o'clock the Pier, the Cliff, the balconies of the several bathing-houses, and in fact every spot from which those singular amusements could be viewed, were crowded with spectators. Apparently not less than ten thousand persons were present. The fashionables were all in their chariots on the Sands.

About half after four o'clock the Asses arrived at the starting post, after having gone in procession through the principal streets in the town, preceded by a band of music, the Union Flag, and a long pole, upon which was hoisted the shift, decorated with various ribbons, which was to be the prize of the delicate fair one who should succeed in the race.

The entertainments commenced with the Ass-race. Bets ran high at starting, six to four "Teddy against the Sands" (why not as fair a figure as "Diamond against

the field?"). Many of the knowing ones seemed to incline to Eclipse. Colonel Greville, the British Mæcenas, hazarded much upon Pic Nic, but his favourite ran restive before he had gone far from the starting post. Teddy grew sulky before he had finished the first round, and neither intreaties nor blows could persuade him (to use his rider's phrase) "to stir a peg." The contest chiefly lay between Pot8o's, Eclipse, and Luney Mactwolter. Pot8o's, however, after having been hard pushed by Eclipse, won by a neck, and was received with shouts of acclamations.

The Jingling Match next succeeded, which was productive of infinite merriment, as the scene was new to the cocknies. After a variety of tumbling by the blindfolded, the Jingler, who during the contest, had relieved himself from the incumbrance of all his wardrobe, except smallclothes and stockings, carried the prize. The conquering hero was immediately lifted on the shoulders of his friends and borne about in triumph.

The second heat of the Ass Race then followed, and Pot8o's again victorious, obtained his reward.

The race for the Shift and the Jumping in Sacks, excited little interest, as the superior dexterity of a gipsey swain and his lovely nymph, set all competition at nought.

The whole concluded about half past seven o'clock, and never have I witnessed a scene which possessed more the genuine character of fun. Every one appeared to enjoy it; but unfortunately the pleasure of the evening was somewhat alloyed by a riot, commenced by the Captain of one of the Margate Hoys, and some of the Quay porters. There were some black eyes, bloody noses, torn clothes, and other *marks of glory*; but no serious consequences ensued: each party retired, apparently satisfied with the injury done the other.

The Ball last night at Benson's rooms, was very thinly attended. The Balls of Monday night have not been much countenanced this season, though the Master of the Ceremonies has used his utmost exertions to collect company; and though the Proprietors of the Theatre have, as a matter of accommodation, for several weeks back, consented to close the Theatre on that evening. Indeed those Proprietors continue to make every possible overture, and every concession required, to conciliate the Conductors of the other places of entertainment here, without producing the harmony so desirable to the pleasures of the public.

Extraordinary Duel.

THE following account of a Duel lately fought in America, is extracted from a New-York Paper; and we think a stronger instance of minute diplomatic skill in the arrangements made by the Seconds, or of persevering hostility on the part of the Principals, never occurred.—After several Letters had passed between the Principals, Messrs. Swartout and Clinton, the Seconds negotiated the following Preliminaries:

ARRANGEMENT.

1. To leave this Island from different points in two boats, precisely at five o'clock, on Saturday, P. M. and to proceed to the place proposed.—The party first arriving, will wait the landing of the other. Each boat shall be rowed by four confidential persons *only*, who shall remain in their respective boats until called for. These persons are

are not to be armed in any manner whatever. There will be but seven persons in each boat, viz.—The Principal, his Second, one Surgeon, and four Oarsmen.—The Surgeons may attend in silence on the ground.

2. The distance between the parties to be ten yards measured by the Seconds—and the positions shall be distinctly marked.

3. The Seconds shall determine, by lots, the choice of position.

4. The pistols are not to exceed eleven inches in the barrel; they are to be smooth bores, and to be loaded by the Seconds, in each others presence, shewing a smooth ball.

5. The Gentlemen will stand with their backs to each other at their respective stations, and in this position shall each receive a pistol, and the Seconds having determined, by lot, who gives the word. He to whom the lot falls shall take his position in the centre, retired from the line of fire, and shall distinctly say, "attention, Gentleman, *to the right face*," upon which they shall face to the right and fire, with promptitude; if one fires before the other, the opposite Second shall say, one, two, three, *fire*, and he shall fire.

6. The left hand shall not be brought in support of the right arm; nor be placed on the right breast or side.

7. If either should be wounded before he has fired, and means to fire, he shall, if he can stand *unsupported*, be entitled to his shot, and not otherwise. If either has fired, is wounded, and means to proceed, he shall receive no assistance; his Second will only exchange the pistol. If he falls forward the Seconds will repost him.

8. At the exchange of pistols, correct positions are to be resumed, and the words given as in article five.

9. A snap or flash to be considered a fire.—The pistol must not be recovered.

10. Neither party to quit his station without order, or the consent of the two Seconds.

(Signed) S. RIKER.
W. S. SMITH.

New York, July 30, 1802.

Agreeably to the preceding preliminaries, the respective Gentlemen attended as agreed upon, left the city at five o'clock, and passed to the point proposed, arriving as nearly together as the current would admit, the one obliquely ascending, and the other descending the stream.

The ground being correctly measured, and intermediate questions adjusted, the Gentlemen took their stations, were each presented with a pistol, and by order, faced to the right, and fired, ineffectually. At the request of Mr. Riker, I asked Mr. Swartout, "are you satisfied, Sir?" He answered, "I am not." The pistols then being exchanged, and their positions resumed, by order, the Gentlemen faced to the right, and fired a second shot, without effect. At the request of Mr. Riker, I again addressed Mr. Swartout, "are you satisfied, Sir?" He answered strongly in the negative; we proceeded, and a third shot was exchanged without injury. At the request of Mr. Riker, I again asked Mr. Swartout, "are you satisfied, Sir?" He answered, "I am not, neither shall I be until the apology is made which I have demanded—until then, we must proceed." I then presented a paper to Mr. Riker, containing the apology demanded, for Mr. Clinton's signature, observing, that we could not spend our time in conversation, that

that this paper must be signed, or proceed. Mr. Clinton declared he would not sign any paper on the subject—he had no animosity against Mr. Swartout; would willingly shake hands—and agree to meet hereafter on the score of former friendships. Mr. Swartout insisting on his signature to the apology, and Mr. Clinton declining, they stood at their post, and fired a fourth shot. Mr. Clinton's ball struck Mr. Swartout's left leg, about six inches below the knee—he stood steady and collected. At the request of Mr. Riker, I again addressed Mr. Swartout, "are you satisfied, Sir?" He answered, that "it was useless to repeat the question—my determination is fixed—and I beg we may proceed."

Mr. Clinton repeated that he had no animosity against Mr. Swartout—was sorry for what had passed—proposed to advance, shake hands, and bury the circumstance in oblivion. During this conversation, Mr. Swartout's surgeon kneeling by his side, extracted the ball from the opposite side of the leg; Mr. Swartout standing erect on his post; and positively declining any thing short of an ample apology, they fired a fifth shot, and Mr. Swartout received the ball in the left leg, about five inches above the ancle; still, however, standing steady on his post, perfectly composed. At the request of Mr. Riker, I again addressed Mr. Swartout, "are you satisfied, Sir?" He forcibly answered, "I am not, Sir, proceed." Mr. Clinton then quitting his station, declined the combat, and declared he would fire no more. Mr. Swartout expressed himself surprised, that Mr. Clinton would neither apologize, nor give him the satisfaction required, and addressing me said, "What shall I do, my friend?" I answered, "Mr. Clinton declines making the apology required—refuses taking his position—and positively declares he will fire no more—and his Second appearing to acquiesce in the disposition of his Principal, there is nothing further left for you, *now*, but to have your wounds dressed." The surgeons attended, dressed Mr. Swartout's wounds, and the Gentlemen in their respective barges returned to the City.

W. S. SMITH.

New York, July 31, 1802.

SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND WITHOUT LIBERTY.

TWO gentlemen, said to be of the army, came from the south to Lockerbie on the 11th instant, and next day, *without liberty given*, went to the moors near that place, and killed several brace of grouse. On the 13th they set out again, when information having come from various quarters, the deputy clerk of the peace presented a petition for one of the proprietors of the grounds, to a neighbouring justice of the peace, who granted a warrant to apprehend the persons of the two strangers, and to incarcerate them (upon the facts being admitted or proved) until they should find bail to compear in an action to be brought against them for trespass, damages, and penalties, in terms of the laws.

They were so detained in custody for several hours, when the petitioners procurator and the justice having mitigated the claim to five pounds each, besides expences, in respect of the strangers seeming ignorance of the laws, not on account of their *rank*, which they erroneously appeared to think might give them a claim to tolerance; and on payment of the money they departed.

They

They were assured, and shewn, contrary perhaps to their expectations, that the laws of that part of the United Kingdom made no distinction of persons, when trespass of property was committed, without liberty given. The money recovered was distributed among the poor of the parishes of Dryfesdale, Sibbaldbie, and Hutton, where the trespass was committed.

TRAVELS IN UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT,

During the CAMPAIGNS of GENERAL BONAPARTE,

By VIVANT DENON:

Translated from the French.

To which is prefixed, an Historical Account of the INVASION of EGYPT by the FRENCH.

By E. A. KENDAL, Esq.

Illustrated with Maps, Views, &c. &c.

In Two Volumes Octavo.

Printed by J. Cundee, Ivy-lane, for B. Crosby and Co. Stationer's-court, Paternoster-Row. 1802.

This is a work, which after all that has been written and said of Egypt, may still be explored as an inexhaustible store-house, of valuable and curious information.

"Travellers," says the Translator, "have always intermingled adventure with observation, and their readers have been pleased to find description relieved by action; but few have had opportunities of animating their works with adventure, like those in which M. Denon was engaged. He is truly an elegant writer, an accurate and picturesque observer, and a lively historian, employed upon a mass of information, which nothing but his own talents and situation could have procured. The division commanded by General Dessaix, M. Denon followed to the cataracts, partaking its fatigues and dangers; and at Thebes he had the good fortune to find manuscripts in the antique character of the Egyptians, and which (if decyphered) may be reckoned an epoch in ancient learning, that may place his name among the first of benefactors to letters. A few very interesting Plates accompany this translation, we say a few, because to have preserved the whole in M. Denon's work (the price in the French being more than Twenty Pounds) must have gone beyond the purchase of a large number of readers.

Among those we think particularly interesting to the Readers of the Sporting Magazine, are a representation of the ARMS of the MAMELUKES, facing page 110, Volume II. These Plates are executed by a masterly hand; and though, comparatively with the original, few in number, cannot fail being much more grateful to the eye, than even a multitude of coarser objects.

As a specimen of the Author's stile and manner, we shall at present refer our Readers to his account of the Egyptian Almehs, or Dancing Girls; the Ibis Mummies, or embalmed Birds; and the pretended charming of Winged Serpents; and, as occasion may offer, take a further opportunity of making our Readers better acquainted with these curious, interesting, and entertaining Travels.

AT Metubis (or Metabis) General Menou had business with the shechs; on which account it was resolved not to proceed further till the morrow.

Metubis, besides, is an object of learned curiosity. It is a question whether it have not been built on the scite of the ancient Metellis; and, also, whether the known and tolerated licentiousness of its manners do not evince it to have succeeded Canopus, and enjoyed a similar reputation. The search after antiquities was fruitless. The people of the place spoke of some ruins, at a league and a half to the south-east; but the evening was approaching, and the travellers, preferring their ease to the gratification of their curiosity, staid in the town. By way of pastime for the evening, they sent to the shechs, requesting the presence of a party of almehs, a sort of dancing-girls in Egypt, similar to the bayaders of Indostan. The government of the place, of which they, perhaps, may be said to make

make a part, raised difficulties against their attendance. Polluted by the eyes of infidels, their reputation might diminish; possibly, their station be lost: a specimen this, of the contempt in which a frank is held by a moslem; since, here, the most corrupt of the community were to be defiled by his very looks! However, the presence of the General, and especially of two hundred soldiers, removed the obstacles. The almehs arrived, and did not appear to have any share of the political or religious scruples of the shechs. They denied, however, with a pleasing gracefulness, what the French thought the least of favours, such as that of discovering their eyes and lips, for all the rest was negligently free; and they soon seemed to forget concealment, clothed as they were with coloured gauzes, and ill-fastened girdles, which, every now and then, they carelessly tightened, with a playfulness that had something in it agreeable, and that reminded the French of their own countrywomen. They had brought two instruments, the one a bag-pipe, and the other a tambourine, made with an earthen pot, and which was beat with their hands. They were seven in number. Two began to dance, while the others sung, accompanying themselves with castagnettes, in the form of little cymbals, of the size of a crown-piece: the motion by which these were rattled against each other, displayed the fingers and wrists of the almehs to great advantage. Their dance began voluptuously, and soon became lascivious. It was no longer any thing but a gross and indecent expression of the ecstasy of the senses; and, what rendered these pictures still the more disgusting was, that at the moment in which they kept the least bounds, the two musicians, with the bestiality of the lowest women in the streets of Europe, disturbed with a coarse laugh the scene of intoxication that terminated the dance.

They drank brandy in large glasses, like lemonade; and though young and pretty, they were for the most part worn-out and faded.

The almehs, notwithstanding their dissoluteness, are received into the harems of the most respectable part of the community, as the tutors of young ladies, in every agreeable accomplishment. They give lessons in dancing, singing, the graces, and every pleasurable art; nor is it surprising that, where voluptuousness is the principal occupation of women, those of the sex who make a profession of gallantry, should be the instructors of the rest. They are introduced at the entertainments given by the great among themselves; and when a husband would spread festivity through his harem, the almehs are called upon to assist.

The caverns of Ssakkarah had been opened, and a sepulchral chamber, containing more than five hundred ibis-mummies, discovered. Two of these urns were given to M. Denon, and he could not resist the desire of opening one.

The pots which enclose these birds, are of a red and common earth, of from fourteen to eighteen inches in height; their form bears a general resemblance to a sugar-pot; they are found in great numbers at Ssakkarah, in subterranean chambers; these chambers are so dry, that the pots on being taken out appears still new, and that their antiquity might be doubted if the art of embalment were not lost, and if the bird whose mummy is found had not left the soil of

Egypt:

Egypt: it is said that a few are sometimes seen in the lake Menzaleh, between Damiatt and the ruins of Pelusium: but M. Denon, in spite of reiterated inquiries of native sportsmen, and of those who made researches in natural history their peculiar object, found no person who could assure him of his having seen one.

On proceeding to open the pot, and the mummy it contained, the solder which fastened its lid, and which was made only of a kind of chalk, gave way with a slight effort. The enswathed bird was loose in the pot; and this explains the state of pulverization in which mummies of this kind arrive in Europe, after the justlings of their journey. At first sight, the mummy of an ibis appears like that of a new-born infant: a fine cloth, of a bister-tint, and which appears to have been soaked in an aromatic fluid, after being crossed over the lower part of the body, covers the whole of one side; under this envelope, a double thread binds the mummy, horizontally and transversally, in the manner of a net, in all its parts; under this thread, the second envelope resembles the first, swathing the body in a similar manner; below this are little bandages, of an inch and an half in width, which, like the thread, are wound round the bird in every direction. The bandages removed, a third swathing is discovered, under which are little pellets of cloth, adapted to the inferior part, and so placed as to maintain the form of the mummy, and increase its consistence; all this taken away, the mummy assumes the figure of a pupa or chrysalis, ready to expand its wings; this last envelope, much coarser than the former, and dipped in a thicker balm, had received a colour of a deeper brown, and a substance less pliant; the form is here somewhat visible: this envelope was opened; but, as if the material employed had been applied in too hot a state, or that it had some corrosive quality, it had carbonized every thing to which it had penetrated, and the bones fell into powder as soon as they were uncovered, or as soon as it was attempted to detach them from their adherence to the cloth, or to the embalming matter. The wish to render the research complete, induced M. Denon to open his second pot; in this was found a larger, compacter, and heavier, mummy: there was this difference in the envelopes of the second, that, instead of a swathing for its innermost covering, it had bands of two colours, alternately crossed by threads symetrically enveloping the little bundle as before. M. Denon also observed a little cockade, fastened on the side, near the top, and which at first appeared a fanciful ornament, but which was found to be a little bandage, wound up, and fastened to the bundle by the gluten of the balm: he has since had opportunities of observing that it was in this manner the embalmer, perhaps after finishing his operation, scrupulously enveloped and attached to the general mass the little fragments of feathers which had been separated under his hands, so that no part of the animal should be lost. This minute care manifests that the Egyptians joined religious ideas with their embalments; and it helped to explain to him, in the seqnel, the meaning of the little mummies that he found in company with embalmed human bodies which he opened. All the other envelopes of the second mummy were the same as those of the first;

first; the last did not adhere, and under it was found a skeleton, without a fragment of any one of the most delicate bones. The feathers of the head and beard were preserved; it might be seen, notwithstanding the alteration of their colour by the balsamic liquor, that the upper part had been white, and the extremities of a red-brown; the tail short, with feathers of little strength.

Serpents with wings are no longer thought of in Egypt; but this animal is still an occasion of delusion. Psylluses were one day introduced at the palace of the commander in chief; several questions were put to them relative to the mysteries of their sect, and their connexion with the serpents whom they appeared to command; they displayed more audacity than intelligence in their replies: resort was had to experiment: "Can you discover," said the commander in chief, "whether there be any serpents within this palace? and, if there are, can you oblige them to come out of their retreat?" They replied in the affirmative to both questions: they were put to the proof; they went through the apartments; a moment after, they declared that there was a serpent; they re-commenced their research to discover where it was, fell into a few convulsions on passing a jar placed in one of the chambers of the palace, and pointed that the animal was there; in fact, it came forth. This was a true Comus's trick; the French watched them, and were convinced that they were very skilful.

Always curious to observe the means which men employ to influence opinion, M. Denon had regretted his not having been at Rashid at the time of the procession of the feast of Ibrahim, wherein the convulsions of the psylluses is the part of the ceremony which interests the public the most; to obtain an equivalent for his loss, he addressed himself to the head of the sect, who was keeper of the okal or warehouse of the Franks: he flattered him: the psyllus promised to make him a spectator of the ecstasies of a psyllus into whom, according to his expression, he was to *breathe the spirit*. In his curiosity, he imagined, he discovered an inclination to proselytism, and proposed initiation. M. Denon accepted it; but having learned that in the ceremony of reception, the grand-master spat into the mouth of the neophyte, the idea of this circumstance cooled his desire, and he felt that it would not be firm enough to stand the trial; so, giving some money to the keeper of the okal, the grand-master promised to let him see an inspiration. In a word, the moment arrived; the chief of the psyllusses came to him in all the gravity of his supremacy; he was clothed in a long robe, of which the magnificence was relieved by the indifferent raiment of three of the initiated who accompanied him, and who had only a few rags on their bodies.

They had brought some serpents; they put them out of a leathern bag in which they had them confined, and, by irritation, caused them to rise and hiss. M. Denon remarked that they were principally irritated by the light; for as soon as their anger ceased, and they no longer attempted to bite, they had this peculiarity, that below their heads, for the length of six inches, anger dilated their skin to the width of a hand. He clearly saw that he should, for the future, be as little fearful of the bite of a serpent as a psyllus; for, having carefully

carefully remarked that in attacking them with one hand they seized them close the head with the other, he, to their great scandal, did all that they had done, and without danger. From this juggle they went to the grand mystery: a psyllus took one of the serpents, the lower jaw of which he had previously broken, and of which he further scraped the gums till the whole palate was gone; this done, he laid hold of it with an affectation of transport, approached the chief, who, with that of gravity bestowed on him the breath, that is to say, that after some mysterious words, he breathed in his mouth; instantly the other, seized with a holy convulsion, his arms and legs distorted, his eyes starting from his head, began to tear the animal with his teeth; and his two supporters, who held him with difficulty, moved by what he seemed to suffer, tore from his hand the serpent, while he resisted the attempt; as soon as he was separated from it, he remained as if in stupor: the chief approached him, muttered a few words, resumed the spirit by aspiration, and he returned to his natural state; but he who had obtained possession of the serpent, tormented with eagerness to consummate the mystery, demanded the breath likewise; and, as he was more vigorous than the former, his cries and convulsions were still stronger and more ridiculous. M. Denon believed himself initiated, and the juggerly ceased.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.
A FRAGMENT.
[Part of a Letter.]

.....AND then we went to *Bartlemy Fair*; but it was at night, and so we did not see the Lord Mayor take—I mean partake—of a *cool tankard* with the keeper of Newgate, and which I could never understand the meaning of. But we saw—nay, if I were to attempt telling all we heard! Homer's *Ship List* would be a *bagatelle* to the former, and the *Tower of Babel* a piece of *still life* compared with the latter.

No! I will confine myself to noting the *remarks* made by various people, *en passant*, and which sometimes had the effect of *cross readings* in a newspaper.

—"Only look, mother! there's a man eating *pie* with a fork, just as you would *sprats* from a gridiron!"—"Ah, child, I warrant he's *seasoning* himself for another place, where he will have that to his food which he won't like—*brimstone sauce!*"

"Dear me, cousin, what *dancing is there!*"—"Dancing, indeed! and so near *Newgate!* I'm quite shocked!—Do these vain people never think of the poor creatures that *dance upon nothing*? I would not for the world dance down '*Go to the devil and shake yourself*' in this neighbourhood for the world; I should think it *ominous!*"

"Come now, let's pop into Pidcock's, and see the wild creatures."—"The *wild creatures!* that's good!"—why, don't you see the wild creatures are all on the outside?"

"I protest, as I am a woman, I never was better entertained in my life; the *solo*, as they call it, on the *salt-box*, beats our Dick's *tattoo* hollow—you remember our Dick's tattoo on a winter's night—and then the salt-box man has such a comical drumstick!"—"Och, my dare, that's nothing at all to the salt-boxes we have in dear Dublin—to be sure, this is very well for a thing in miniature—but a Dublin tattoo—it would do your

heart good to see a Dublin tattoo!"

"I say, mistress, what do you charge for twopenny-worth of those sausages?"—This was asked by a smart city apprentice, whose mamma says he is the most *brilliant wit* in all the *enlightened regions* of *Candlewick Ward*.

"Now, only let us step into Saunders's, and see *Pizarro*; it won't take us much more than a quarter of an hour, and it is so much better than *Drury-lane*."—"O no, not I—I hates all Plays but at *Common Garden*; I tells you *Common Garden*'s the *gig*, the *go*, and the *finish!*"—Why, where the devil's *Punch* this year? Ha! yonder's the man for *my* money; my old friend, the *merry Andrew*—Come, Nan! this is the right *Bartlemy* show: it will make you laugh ten times more than *Pizarro*."

"Indeed, my friend, I can proceed no farther; this hideous noise, this intolerable discordance distracts me; one may say with *Frederick* in the *Tempest*—

"Surely hell's broke loose, and all the devils are here!"

"I say, Pat, they talk of putting down *Bartlemy* Fair."—"The devil they do!—What! put down the only good thing in the city! I say, God bless the King! but if they put down *Bartlemy* Fair—O! why, there's an end of Old England, that's all!"

"Did nobody see nothing of never a little dog nowhere?"—"A long-tailed pig, a short-tailed pig, or a pig without ever a tail?"—"No, master, no; a pretty little dog"—"D—n the dog! do you think as how I sells puppies?"

"Look, look! if there is not a man *vomiting ribbons!*—What a pity it is he did not come time enough for the election! He'd have made a rare penny of it! I wonder whether he's for Mainwaring or Burdett?"—"Pooh! it's all a trick."—"What, the millers' votes! Well, I know that; but"—

"Walk in! walk in! here's the superb *wax work*; the *Dead Alive!* here you may see all the *Kings in Europe*."—"I says, master, have you got Bonaparte there?"—"O yes, Sir, here is Bonaparte and Talleyrand, and Charles Fox, and"—"Ha! ha! ha! a pretty list of Kings, to be sure!"

"What *angelical angels* in that coach!"—"Angelical devils! Don't you know them? Why, 'tis Charlotte, Sophia, and Selina, from King's Place."—"What, do *they* come to *Bartlemy* Fair?"—"They! why, this is their proper element: Men eating fire—Women drinking gin—noise, confusion, hell, and the devil! Lord! they are as much at home here, as in mother W———'s back parlour."

"Where are my spectacles?—O abominations! Aye, this is one of dear John Bunyan's Visions: this is *Vanity Fair*.—Good lack! I've drop't my silver spectacle case"—"Ay, grandmother, and a man has snatched it up in a minute."—"Well, child, ask him for it"—"Ask him! why, he's run away."—"A thief! a thief! Come, child, let's get home—O that I had been content with reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and have kept away from *Vanity Fair!*"

"You may depend upon it, my dear Sir, that even in these mummeries we are greatly improved. In the time of Pope, the *Smithfield Muses* were miserable hags of dullness."—"No doubt, Sir, no doubt; but I should be glad to know, whether the regular theatres have improved

proved in proportion?"—Why, Sir, in *morals*, but not in *wit*; in *scenery*, but not in *manners*: we have no *fine gentlemen*, and as to our *ladies* .....

INSTINCTIVE AFFECTION OF PARTRIDGES FOR THEIR YOUNG, &c.

From White's Works in Natural History; and Observations by W. Markwick, Esq. Two Volumes Octavo.

"A Hen partridge came out of a ditch, and ran along shivering with her wings, crying out as if wounded, and unable to get from us. While the dam acted this distress, the boy who attended me saw her brood, that was small and unable to fly, run for shelter into an old fox-earth under the bank. So wonderful a power is instinct."—*White.*

"It is not uncommon to see an old partridge feign itself wounded, and run along on the ground, fluttering and crying, before either dog or man, to draw them away from its helpless unfledged young ones. I have seen it often, and once in particular I saw a remarkable instance of the old bird's solicitude to save its brood. As I was hunting a young pointer, the dog ran on a brood of very small partridges; the old bird cried, fluttered, and ran tumbling along just before the dog's nose, till she had drawn him to a considerable distance, when she took wing, and flew still farther off, but not out of the field; on this the dog returned to me, near which place the young ones lay concealed in the grass, which the old bird no sooner perceived than she flew back again to us, settled just before the dog's nose again, and, by rolling and tumbling about, drew off his attention from her young, and thus preserved her brood a second time.

"I have also seen, when a kite has been hovering over a covey of young partridges, the old birds fly up at the bird of prey, screaming and fighting with all their might to preserve their brood."—*Markwick.*

What relates to the Hybrid Pheasant is more important. Hybrid birds are peculiarly rare; and the above suggestion is well founded.

"Lord Stawell sent me, from the great lodge in the Holt, a curious bird for my inspection. It was found by the spaniels of one of his keepers in a coppice, and shot on the wing. The shape, air, and habit of the bird, and the scarlet ring round the eyes, agreed well with the appearance of a cock pheasant; but then the head and neck, and breast and belly, were of a glossy black; and though it weighed three pounds three ounces and a half, the weight of a large full-grown cock pheasant, yet there were no signs of any spurs on the legs, as is usual with all grown cock pheasants, who have long ones. The legs and feet were naked of feathers, and therefore it could be nothing of the grouse kind. In the tail were no long bending feathers, such as cock pheasants usually have, and are characteristic of the sex. The tail was much shorter than the tail of a hen pheasant, and blunt and square at the end. The back, wing feathers, and tail, were all of a pale russet, curiously streaked, somewhat like the upper parts of a hen partridge. I returned it, with my verdict, that it was probably a spurious or Hybrid hen bird, bred between a cock pheasant and some domestic fowl. When I came to talk with the keeper who brought it, he told me that some pea-hens had been known last summer to haunt the coppices and

and coverts where this mule was found.

" Mr. Elmer, of Farnham, the famous game-painter, was employed to take an exact copy of this curious bird.

" N. B. It ought to be mentioned, that some good judges have imagined this bird to have been a stray grouse or black cock; it is however to be observed, that Mr. W. remarks, that its legs and feet were naked, whereas those of the grouse are feathered to the toes." —*Markwick.*

Mr. Latham observes, that " pea hens, after they have done laying, sometimes assumes the plumage of the male bird," and has given a figure of the male-feathered pea-hen, now to be seen in the Leverian Museum; and M. Salerne remarks, that " the hen pheasant, when she has done laying and sitting, will get the plumage of the male." May not this Hybrid pheasant (as Mr. White calls it) be a bird of this kind? that is, an old hen pheasant which had just begun to assume the plumage of the cock."

" A neighbouring gentleman sprung a pheasant in a wheat-stubble, and shot at it; when, notwithstanding the report of the gun, it was immediately pursued by the blue hawk, known by the name of the hen harrier, but escaped into some covert. He then sprung a second, and a third, in the same field, that got away in the same manner; the hawk hovering round him all the while that he was beating the field, conscious, no doubt, of the game that lurked in the stubble. Hence we may conclude, that this bird of prey was rendered very daring and bold by hunger, and that hawks cannot always seize their game when they please: We may farther observe, that they cannot pounce their quarry on the ground, where it might be able to make a stout resistance, since so large a fowl as the pheasant could not but be visible to the piercing eye of a hawk, when hovering over the field. Hence that propensity of cowring and squatting till they are almost trod on, which no doubt was intended as a mode of security; though long rendered destructive to the whole race of gallinæ by the invention of nets and guns." —*White.*

" Of the great boldness and rapacity of birds of prey, when urged on by hunger, I have seen several instances; particularly when shooting in the winter, in company with two friends, a woodcock flew across us, closely pursued by a small hawk: we all three fired at the woodcock instead of the hawk, which, notwithstanding the report of three guns close by it, continued its pursuit of the woodcock, struck it down, and carried it off, as we afterwards discovered.

" At another time, when partridge-shooting with a friend, we saw a ring-tail hawk rise out of a pit with some large bird in its claws; though at a great distance, we both fired, and obliged it to drop its prey, which proved to be one of the partridges which we were in pursuit of; and, lastly, in an evening, I shot at, and plainly saw that I had wounded a partridge, but it being late I was obliged to go home without finding it again. The next morning I walked round my land without any gun, but a favourite old spaniel followed my heels. When I came near the field where I had wounded the bird the evening before, I heard the partridges call, and seeming to be much disturbed. On my approaching the bar-way they all rose, some on my right and some on my left hand; and just before, and over my

my head, I perceived (though indistinctly from the extreme velocity of their motion) two birds fly directly against each other, when instantly, to my great astonishment, down dropped a partridge at my feet: the dog immediately seized it, and on examination I found the blood flow very fast from a fresh wound in the head, but there was some dry clotted blood on its wings and side; whence I concluded that a hawk had singled out my wounded bird as the object of his prey, and had struck it down the instant that my approach had obliged the birds to rise on the wing; but the space between the hedges was so small, and the motion of the birds so instantaneous and quick, that I could not distinctly observe the operation."

More Foot-Racing.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

LOOKING over several Newspapers since the 11th, I found, to my astonishment, an account of a foot-race being run at Newton, in Lancashire, by a man of Saddleworth, and a man of Oldham, Lancashire, stating, that the Saddleworth man staked fifty guineas to forty, and beat his antagonist more than a quarter of a mile, running the distance of three miles in thirteen minutes and fifty seconds, and could continue that pace for ten miles. All this is extremely erroneous: I was an eye-witness to the performance, which was as follows: — The Oldham man, namely, Pollit, staked fifty guineas to forty, and won by rather more than two hundred yards; time, fourteen minutes and thirty seconds. The course was three hundred and sixty yards short of three miles. Pollit won with great ease, being the third race he has won since the 18th of April this year, viz.

April 19th, He ran one Berry over Knutsford Course, in Cheshire, one mile, for fifty guineas, which he won with ease; time, four minutes and forty seconds. Again, May 31, he beat one Cash over Knutsford, one mile, fifty guineas each; time, four minutes and forty-five seconds; and August 25, he beat the above Saddleworth man. He never was beat by any foot-man whatever, except by the famous Abraham Wood, who ran at York against Brown of Yorkshire. He is son to the famous Pollit, of racing memory, who, though forty-nine years of age, ran, August 9, this year, for forty guineas, one mile, against six minutes, over Knutsford, which he performed in five minutes and thirty-two seconds. Your's,

A Constant Reader.

Oldham, Sept. 13, 1802.

The Game of Whist.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AT a party at whist a few evenings since, one of the company dropped a card; in stooping to pick up which, Counsellor G—— saw two cards, the king and the queen, which he immediately *called*—the opposite party denied the right of their opponents to call them: as this point is not determined by Hoyle, I shall be much obliged to you, or any of your sporting friends, if you will settle the point, whether the *seeing* two cards gives a right of *calling* them? Hoyle expressly says, if cards be *separated* and seen, the opposite party has a right to call them. I am, Sir, your's, &c. A. B.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A Nobleman being asked by Queen Mary, who had long promised him a consideration for his services, "What wind blew him to Court?" answered, "Two: the first was my desire that I might see your Majesty"—"I thank you for the compliment," returned the Queen. "Pray what was the other?"—"Why, that your Majesty might see me."

A *stoppage* took place on Thursday, on the Exchange, which produced some *confusion*, though without *alarm*. The firm in question had been long *looked up to*, and regarded for its *punctuality*. In plain terms, at the hour of one, the *Exchange clock protested* against giving its usual information!

Advertisement copied from the *Monaghan Paper*, Ireland:—"Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of my wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him, that if he does not forthwith return the same his *name* shall be made public."

A young man, of the name of *Neck*, was married last week, in Devonshire, to a Miss *Heels*. They are now tied *Neck and Heels*.

An Irishman having purchased a pair of shoes at a ready-made shoe-warehouse in Holborn, discovering when he got home that they were not fellows, cried out, "By St. Patrick the scoundrel has sold me *a pair of odd shoes!*"

Mr. K. the gardener, who had lately put on the *connubial* yoke, was asked by a Friend if he continued to reside in the same mansion in which he had lived so many years as a *Bachelor*—"Yes, I do (said he), notwithstanding my *Wife* has converted it into a *hot-house*."

A celebrated *Gaming* House at *Paris* has two gates, over one of which is inscribed "HOPE," and over the other "DESPAIR." It is almost needless to add, that the Adventurers *enter at the first*, and *exeunt at the last*."

A Frenchman at Mentz, expressing his surprise that there were less fires in Germany than in France, considering the Germans were so habituated to *drinking*, a person observed, there was no just ground for his apprehension, as it only proved, that the Germans, when *drunk*, had more sense than the French, when *sober*.

The French having lately sent a General *Vial*, as their Envoy to Malta; to counteract him, or in other words, to *stop him up*, one of our wags proposed that we should send the Earl of *Cork*. This would be something like the retaliation of Frederic of Prussia; the French government having sent him an Ambassador *without an arm*, he next day dispatched one to Versailles *with a wooden leg!*

A young lady was lately reproaching another with not having been at any of the Watering Places —"Dear

—" Dear me!" cried the other, very innocently, " I have been above three miles on the *Paddington Canal!*"

A Schoolmaster lately sent in a bill to a country magistrate, with the following item :—" To teaching your worship to *read* the *Riot Act*, two guineas!"

Among the latest English presents to the First Consul of the French Republic, were a *Fox* and a *Hare*. The *Fox* has been often *chased*, and the *Hare* has been *hard run*; but as Bonaparte is not a very waggish sportsman, it is hoped he will not *make game* of them.

In a conversation which lately took place in the St. Andrew's public house, at Wapping, Paddy, who had a *wooden* leg, was asked by Sawney through what accident he was reduced to resort to that *substitute*?—" Indeed I don't know, (said he) my father and grandfather had *wooden* legs; I can only say, that I believe it *runs in the blood!*"

A *glover*, who had lately opened a new shop in his line in a country town in the west of England, was advised by a friend to advertise in a newspaper. No, said he, I think that a *hand*-bill is better suited to my business.

Bon Mot.—Mr. Mingay, in the Court of King's Bench, some time before his releasement from the bar, made a good application of an old pun. The cause was between a *Tailor* and an *Attorney*. His client found, he said, that it was not possible to make a *Coat* for a *Lawyer* without its ending in a *Suit*.

When Sir Toby Butler, the celebrated Irish Wit, was raised to the Bench, an acquaintance met him on his return from the Connaught circuit—" Where have you been, Sir Toby?"—" Where have I been, (repeated the Judge) why, then, since you must know, I have been *hanging* and *transporting one half of my relations*."

Droll Equivoque.—A gentleman passing through High-street, St. Giles's, observed to his friend that the glass was very high. " Indeed it is," quoth an Irish labourer, who happened to hear him, " a *halfpenny higher* than it ought to be!" One thought of Fahrenheit, the other of *gin*.

A gentleman was lately asked for a description of a lady to whom he was paying his addresses; he said, she was *full* of charms; for she was beauti-*ful*, duti-*ful*, grace-*ful*, play-*ful*, fanci-*ful*, and care-*ful*.

The following Epitaph was written by a country wit on a young man, whose name was *Calf*.

All Christian men in his behalf,
Pray for the soul of Master CALF;
For cruel Death, that subtle fox,
Let him not live to be an ox—
To crop Love's rose, or taste its thorns,
Or feel, perhaps, the curse of horns.

A person was once tried before Lord Coke, on a charge of having written a book in folio, which contained a number of seditious expressions, of which, after a long trial, he was acquitted. His lordship observed, " That the writer had like to have brought himself into a snare by a *folio*, but—looking to the *Twelve Jurors*—that he escaped by a *duodecimo*.

Some years ago a person requested permission of the Bishop of Salisbury to fly from the top of the spire of that cathedral. The good Bishop, with an anxious concern for the man's spiritual, as well as temporal safety, told him he was very welcome to fly *to* the Church, but he would encourage no man to *fly from it*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A Sturgeon, of the kind called the Common Sturgeon, was taken in the river Severn, near Shrewsbury, on Sunday the 12th of September.—It had eleven knots or scales on the back, and two rows on each side; measures, in length, eight feet six inches, in girth three feet four inches, and weighs one hundred and ninety-two pounds.—This is the species, the flesh of which, when pickled, is highly esteemed as a luxury in most parts of Europe. It is said to ascend the large rivers to spawn, and is often accidentally taken in salmon nets. It never attempts to seize any of the finny tribe, but lives by rooting at the bottom of the sea, where it makes insects and sea-plants its whole subsistence. From this quality of floundering at the bottom it has received its name, from the German verb *floeren*, which signifies to wallow in the mud. When it is cut open, nothing is found in its stomach but a kind of flimsy substance, which has induced some to think it lives only on water and air; and hence there is a German proverb, applied to a man extremely temperate, "he is as moderate as a sturgeon."

On Tuesday, the 14th of September, was killed in the parish of Chudleigh, Devonshire, after a sharp chase of one hour, by the pack of harriers belonging to that town, a most beautiful white hare, after having eluded the pursuit of a famous pack of hounds several times last season; it was started on the ground of Mr. Joseph Pike, within the manor of Chudleigh, and when killed, was immediately presented to the Right Honourable Lord Clifford, at Ugbrook, as Lord of the said Manor.

A partridge, with the whole of its plumage perfectly white, was, on Wednesday the 15th of September, shot at Little Durnford, near Salisbury.

An inhabitant of a large village in Cambridgeshire, near Newmarket, has taken out a certificate for killing game, and actually goes out shooting with his pointer and *gun*, although he at this time has three shillings weekly allowance from the parish as a pauper, and during the last year received four shillings and sixpence weekly.

A gun-maker in Dublin, at the bottom of a finely-flourished card, has the following *nota bene*—"Duelling Pistols, engaged to hit point-blank at a proper distance."

Berne, June 24.—On the 21st, the peasants of Emmenthal brought into this town a large bear, which they killed five leagues off. This animal, which from its teeth should be old, weighs three quintals. Such a quadruped has never been found, at a similar season, near the capital.

A gentleman, just arrived from Botany

Botany Bay, has brought over a Kangaroo with him six feet high, and so tame, that he worked on board ship as dexterously as any of the crew. He spars and fights with as much science as the best bruiser. His arms are short, but if he once grapples his antagonist, he kicks him to death. The owner offers to fight him against Belcher for two hundred pounds. In such case, the Ruffian is to be his second, and the young Savage his bottle-holder. This proposed match occupies the attention of the sporting fraternity at present; the Kangaroo the favourite. Bartholomew is very indignant at the idea that his friend Belcher should demean himself by fighting with the *gem'man of the woods.*

Early on Tuesday morning, the 24th of August last, a desperate battle was fought at Shipston-upon-Stower, Worcester, between a tailor, and a sadler and cap-maker from London, two noted bruisers, now residing in the above town, when, after a severe engagement, the latter, notwithstanding his skill in the pugilistic art, declined the contest in favour of his bodkin adversary, who was thereupon declared the champion of Shipston.

On Tuesday, August the 24th, Mr. Fletcher Read, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and particular patron of the pugilists of the present day, gave a dinner, at the One-Tun public house in St. James's market, to a number of the professors of the fist. Berks was of the party. In the course of the day Belcher called in, when Mr. Read addressed Berks, and told him he must now be convinced it was impossible for him to beat Belcher, and entreated him to give Belcher his hand, which he consented to do, and they sat down at the same table, and spent the remainder of the day in good humour. Berks asserted, that he found no bad effects from the late fight, except being stiff; that he was not bruised in any part of the body, and would run for a wager with any man. Upon this Mr. Read made a match between Berks and Jack Ward, the son of Will Ward, to run one hundred yards, in the shortest time, for two guineas, which was agreed to, and the parties adjourned into Hyde Park to decide the wager, when they were started by Mr. Read. Berks beat his opponent by five yards, to the no small gratification of his friends.

The late pugilistic contest between Belcher and Berks has found its way into the French papers; but as the translator was unable to explain the technicalities of the art, the Parisians are puzzled to develope the meaning of "*cross-buttocks, straight ones, closing day-lights,*" &c. It is rumoured, that Belcher has been invited over to give a practical definition; and no doubt the hardy champion will be complimented by his brother in arms with a shake by the hand, or, in the Gallic phrase, "*a fist of honour.*"

The breed of horses is now become an object of the most serious attention in *France*; but our Gallic neighbours, though they ran faster than we on the sands of *Egypt*, will ever be outstripped on the plains of *Newmarket.*

Cudgel Playing.—At Blandford Races the company were entertained with cudgel-playing, between a Shropshire lad and a youth of the town. A ring was formed, and at one o'clock the diversion of breaking heads commenced. The combatants were not, in point of appearance, well matched, the Blandford youth evidently having

the advantage of his opponent in respect to size and strength. In addition to which, he was flushed with victory, having broken four heads at the Races last season. All the knowing ones betted high on the favourite, at the commencement; but finding that his adversary fought with his left hand, and that with singular dexterity, the bettings changed from two to one; after the second round, to even bettings. The fourth round decided the match in favour of the Shropshire lad, who left his antagonist for dead on the field of battle. The blows were principally thrown in on the ribs on the right side.

On Saturday, the 4th of September, a foot-race was run on Knutsford Race Course, between young Leicester, a butcher in Knutsford, (aged twenty years) against Poole, a shoemaker of the same place, one hundred and twenty yards, which was won by the former with great difficulty. Even betting. The winner performed it in fourteen seconds and a half.

In consequence of the above being so strongly contested, another match was made by the two competitors, to run the same ground and distance on Monday the 6th of September, which was won by young Leicester, beating his antagonist about one yard. Five to four on the winner, who performed it in fourteen seconds.

After the last race, young Leicester gave a challenge to run any man on the ground one hundred and sixty yards, which was accepted by Dooley, a glazier, in Knutsford, to run on the following day on Knutsford Heath; which was won by the latter, beating his antagonist nearly three yards. Three to one on Dooley, who performed it in eighteen seconds. Many considerable sums were depending on all the three matches.

Young Leicester is matched to run again on Knutsford Heath, on Monday the 20th of September, against Leather, a cotton-weaver, one hundred and sixty yards; to start at five o'clock in the afternoon.—Even betting.

Match against Time.—One day last month a wager of rather a singular nature, and for a considerable amount, was determined on the road between Glasgow and Falkirk. The bet was laid between Mr. John Stobo, surgeon, in Cumbernauld, and Mr. James Smith, of the same place, that the latter gentleman could not walk, in the space of half an hour, two miles backwards. To the surprise of many present, Mr. Smith performed the walk in twenty minutes.

On Monday, the 23d of August, a foot race took place over Lantrissent Course, between one Abraham Wood, of Manchester, and William Williams, of Ruglyn, in Glamorganshire, five miles for four hundred guineas; great betting, and even at starting; after running two miles, twenty pounds to one on Wood, which won easy. Wood is matched for one thousand guineas a side, against the best Welchman in the Principality, in three months time; place of running is not named.

An Englishman and an American, at Paris, having laid a considerable bet, which of them could remain longest under water, they both threw themselves into the Seine: the Englishman remained five minutes fifteen seconds, without re-appearing; the American five minutes forty seconds. We are assured, that so good a diver has not been seen for a long time. The Englishman intends to have another trial, and means to double the

the wager, which was two hundred pounds sterling.

During the Jubilee at Preston, Daniel Crosswhite, the ostler at the George Inn, in that town, after eating a hearty dinner, ate, for a trifling wager, twenty-one boiled eggs, a penny loaf, and drank a pint of ale, in less than eleven minutes, being four minutes within the given time!

Archery.—The Woodmen of Arden again met on Wednesday, the 1st of September, to shoot for their Silver Arrow. The day was rather unfavourable to their accustomed display of skill, being very windy, which gave an advantage to the strong bows. The contest lay principally between the Earl of Aylesford, General Finch, William Palmer, Esq. Charles Reppingfon, Esq. and the Rev. John Dilke. Much good shooting was displayed, considering the weather, and the prize was won by William Palmer, Esq. On Friday the Bugle was shot for; and the day being more calm, a very skilful and excellent contest took place. The great opposition this day, was between Thomas Featherstone, Esq. Richard Greasley, Esq. the Reverend John Dilke, and Gilbert Beresford, Esq. The hard-contested trophy was at length won by Mr. Dilke.

On Monday, the 13th of September, was finished, at Haverstock Hill, near Hampstead, a grand match of Trap and Ball, between five gentlemen of the *law*, and five of the *gospel*, which was won by the former.

Dog-stealing.—On Monday the 23d of August, Richard Kingzett, of Campden, Gloucestershire, collar-maker and tanner, was convicted before William Bateson, Esq. and the Reverend John Pelly, Clerk, two of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Gloucester, in the mitigated penalty of twenty pounds, for stealing a valuable greyhound dog, the property of Mr. Cotterell, of Campden. On searching Kingzett's premises, the dog was found, in an out-house with his brains beat out, secreted under some straw, close to a lime-pit used for the purpose of tanning. The penalty was paid, and the magistrates directed one half of it to be given to the poor of the parish; and Mr. Cotterell immediately put the other half into the hands of the overseers, for the like purpose.

A most extraordinary leap was taken by a horse belonging to the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, a short time since, on the Greaves, near Lancaster. As two of the men were going through the fourth division of the sword exercise, on horseback, fully accoutred, and being at full speed, one of them perceived a large hole in the ground, just before him, clapped his spurs into the horse, and cleared it. It was afterwards measured, and found to be twenty-six feet six inches over.

His Excellency the Honourable Frederick North, Governor of Ceylon, has been induced to issue a proclamation, by which all buffaloes found straying in the Marendahn, are to be shot, in consequence of the damage they do to the cinnamon trees. These creatures are very wild and savage.

The French Government draws very large supplies from the licences of the gaming houses, of which there are great numbers in Paris. One gaming-house alone, in the Palais Royal, pays one thousand louis per month, and if the sum is not paid with punctuality, the house is shut up. They play *roulette*, a kind of E. O. and centinels

tinels are placed at the door, as if the house belonged to some person of rank.

Anecdote.—There is an existing law in Prussia, by which it is ordained, that every individual, whatever be his condition, on meeting the post, shall give half the road. The conductor of the post diligence, lately meeting with the carriage of the King of Prussia, on his return from Memel, ordered the postillion to turn aside. His Majesty perceiving this, stopped his carriage, and severely repremanded his conductor, telling him, that he had violated the law. The conductor endeavoured to vindicate himself from this charge, by saying, "that he should not have made way for any other person than his Majesty."—"You are the more blameable on that account," replied the Monarch, "because you have made an exception in favour of the King, who ought always to be the first to set a good example."

An Example for Stage Coachmen.—A short time since Wm. Heeley, a mail-coachman, in the service of Mr Phillips, of Exeter, found loose in the boot of his coach property to the amount of two hundred guineas, in half-guineas and seven-shilling pieces, which he very properly and unsolicited brought to his master. It appeared that the box in which they were packed, with other things, was too slight to bear their weight. The money must have been carried loose nearly two hundred miles before it was discovered; it was the property of Messrs. Nelson, St. Aubyn, and Co. bankers, Plymouth Dock, who very handsomely rewarded the coachman for his honesty.

A new mode of transferring live stock.—A Dantzic vessel had been long so alarmingly infested with rats, that the captain entertained fears for the safety of the ship and crew at sea. She not long since arrived at Liverpool, where she happened to lie near a ship taking in cheese for London; as the rats on board the Dantzicker were nearly half famished, the captain thought this a fair opportunity of getting rid of his old passengers; accordingly he placed a plank several successive nights from his vessel to the cheese ship, when the sagacious animals (attracted by the smell of the cheese) deserted the Dantzicker, and took their passage to London on board the cheese ship.

Guinea Fowl.—The following very curious fact may be depended on: A fowl of this kind always used to go out with Mr. Allgood's hounds, of Northumberland; and whenever the hounds were let out of the kennel, nothing but shutting up the bird could restrain it. The manner of its following them was by running and flying. Once it got to the distance of seventy miles from Mr. Allgood's house, and it was so fatigued with the exertion, that it was four days in returning home. In a general way it kept pace with the leading hound.

A fox lately attacked a flock of geese in the village of Cleadon, in Northumberland, but being observed, some dogs were set upon him, when to escape he took to the horse pond, among some ducks. The dogs went in after him, and after some sport, poor Reynard found himself in a wrong element and was obliged to surrender, paying for his dinner, the forfeit of his life.

The Horse Wardrobe of the First Consul of France is, perhaps, the most superb and valuable in the world. Some of the saddles of his own horses are valued at eighty thousand francs each.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

AT the glittering dew which bespangled the lawn,
Aurora was taking a peep;
To rouse the keen sportsman broke forth the clear dawn,
When up started Colin, as brisk as a fawn,
Leaving Chloe, unconscious, asleep.

And, opening the casement, he cried out to John,
His servant and old sporting crony—
"See, the Sun's getting up, and 'tis time "we were gone;
"So uncouple the pointers, young Ponto "and Don,
"And saddle the black-shooting poney."

Awoke by the noise, Chloe, rubbing her eyes,
Which might rival the Basilisk's charms,
Exclaim'd—"What's o'clock?" Then, with well-feign'd surprise,
"'Tis not five!"—"Why, my Colin, "so soon dost thou rise,
"And quit thy poor Chloe's fond arms?"

Colin quick snatch'd a kiss, smil'd, and, shaking his head,
Cried—"The day, my sweet Chloe, re-"member;"
The disconsolate fair one, then, tossing in bed,
Again courted sleep, but with pouting lip said—
"*Oh! the deuce take the First of Septem-*"*ber!*"

R. M.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BY inserting the following trifle, you will oblige your's,

CAPT. SNUG.

Fairy Camp, Sept. 1802.

Written at Cheltenham Spa, seeing many beautiful ladies waiting for the re-flowing of the spring (then dry); nor could the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood be more welcome to Italian devotees than the appearance of the saline lymph.

ADDRESSED TO
CHELDERIA, NYMPH OF THE FOUNT.

FAR-fam'd Chelderia! who dost here preside;
From whose deep vase salubrious streamlets glide;
See at thy shrine impatient vot'ries stand,
Each with a vitreous goblet in her hand,
Waiting with anxious aspect thy command.
Perhaps thy hidden source requires supply
From the primæval cisterns of the sky.

Come then, old *Glauber! with thy pow'rful aid,
And set to rights the too-retentive maid.

Ye

* The author understands that Cheltenham Water consists of Glauber, Epsom, and Marine Salts, impregnated with steel. And good fictitious Cheltenham water may be made by a due proportion of the above materials. Since the above, one morning twenty

Ye Epsom Naiads! too, whose powers we know,
Attend, and let your milder water flow.
And, Amphitrite! from thy pebbly shore,
Send us of green-hair'd Nereids half a score;
Here, lastly, then, black Vulcan! quench thy bars,
To make new weapons for the sons of Mars,
Should Europe be again convuls'd with wars;
Whilst Venus' son is pointing fatal darts,
To pierce from *these bright eyes* unguarded hearts.

The prayer was heard, the water-rushing came,
And heal'd Chelderia was restor'd to fame.

AN OLD STORY IN VERSE.

WHEN Silas was young, he nothing would owe,
To his mouth and his belly, but freely bestow,
Whate'er he could get; were it ever so dear,
For Silas lov'd savory, nourishing cheer.
His cheeks they were florid, his belly was round,
His voice it was mellow, his doctrine was sound;
When he on the Gospel deliver'd his notion,
Free and loudly he spoke, and with seeming devotion;
Which so pleased his flock, they all paid attention,
His follies and foibles they seldom would mention.
They knew him their pastor, they lov'd him at heart,
For of all he possess'd he would freely impart,
Were it riches or wisdom, or good of the land,
Such he'd kindly dispense with a liberal hand.
With his flock too he'd likewise as freely partake,
Of ale, cyder, wine, beef, or pudding or cake,
His friends and his bottle he'd never forsake.

One Sunday, on charity, Silas was preaching,
How lovely its practice was earnestly teaching;
He said all he could to awaken the sinner,
Whilst Simon, his man, was a seeking his dinner.
But meeting repulses, he said, with much sorrow,
My master, and I too, must fast till to-morrow.
I've done all I can, so at Church I will call,
But entering, saith Silas, well, what saith Saint Paul?
Thought Simon, my master is speaking to me,
To know whether I, Paul the butcher did see.
Paul, a Saint! stammer'd Simon! he's more like a Jew,
And I know, Sir, you'll swear, if I tell you what's true;
The man's quite uncivil, and impudent grown,
And cares not for any one's wants, but his own.
These, in short, are the words which Paul bid me tell ye,
For me he shall preach with a hungry belly;
Meat, indeed! said he, grinning, no, I'll trust no more,
Till Silas, your master, has paid the old score.

---

twenty glasses ran off *at score*, (a turf expression) in a Sweepstakes, to reach the goal of health, but (crossing and jostling not being excepted) they came together in such rude contact, that, from the many simple and compound fractures, they were, on a muster, return'd *unfit for service*.

A BIRMINGHAM MILLINER'S HAND-BILL.

PROUD of the favours which I daily meet,
From those fair Maids who wish to look complete,
And grateful to those Nymphs who boast of taste,
And emulate to have a pretty waist,
I've been to town to see what is the *ton*—
The best, the newest fashion fix'd upon;
And I've imported such an ample store
Of choicest goods, as I ne'er found before;
French and Italian vests as worn in France,
On a construction suited to a dance,
Giving such elegance of form and grace,
As captivate much more than handsome face;—
For what's a pretty face devoid of form?
'Tis that alone has every power to charm:
Then haste, ye fair, my store of goods to see,
I'll use you well for every golden fee.

RACING CALENDAR,

FOR THE YEAR 1802,

FARNDON, CHESHIRE.

ON Monday, the 15th of March, the Annual Plate;—three miles.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. g. Alexander the Great, aged 1
Mr. Smith's gr. h. Nautilus, 5 yrs old - 2
Mr. Grey's b. h. aged 3

On Tuesday, the 16th, the Annual Plate was walked over for, by Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. g. Alexander the Great.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1802.

ON Monday, the 19th of April, the Craven Stakes, a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages; two yr olds carrying 6st. three yr olds, 8st. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 1lb. six yr olds, 9st. 5lb. and aged, 9st. 7lb. Across the Flat. (9 Subscribers.)

Sir H. T. Vane's b. h. Cockfighter, by Overton, 5 yrs old - 1
Mr. Moorhouse's br. h. Lucan, 5 yrs old - 2
Mr. Heathcote's b. c. brother to Magic, 3 yrs old 3
Mr. Durand's Teddy the Grinder, 3 yrs old - 4
Mr. Delme's br. c. by Fidget, 3 yrs old - 5
Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. by John Bull, out of Maid of all Work, 3 yrs old - 6
Mr. Durand's ch. c. Sir Sidney, 4 yrs old - 7
Ld Clermont's ch. f. by Trumpator, out of Young Doxy, 2 yrs old - 8

Even betting Cockfighter agst the field.—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 agst Teddy the Grinder.

Mr. F. Neale's ch. m. Hippona, by King Fergus, 9st, beat Mr. Whaley's Bonaparte, 7st. Ab. M. 100gs.——4 to 1 on Hippona.

Ld Sackville's ch. c. Tag, by Precipitate, 8st. beat Sir H. T. Vane's Rolla, 8st. 2lb. Across the Flat, 1000gs h. ft.——11 to 8 on Rolla.

Mr. Dawson's Quiz, by Buzzard, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Payne's c. by Toby, out of a sister to Crassus, 6st. 1lb. Across the Flat, 100gs h. ft.——3 to 1 on Quiz.

Mr. T. Robinson's b f. by Overton, 3 yrs old . 2 2
Mr. Alderson's b. c. by Abba Thulle, 3 yrs old 3 3

The Welter Stakes of 20gs each, for horses, &c. that never started, paid or received forfeit, before the day of nomination; 14st. each.—Rode by gentlemen, 2-mile heats. (6 Subscribers.)

Sir H. T. Vane's b. g. Capricio, by Delpini 4 1 1
Mr. Lascelle's b. g. Favourite - 1 4 4
Mr. Ilderton's b h. Chatsworth - 3 2 2
Mr. Duncombe's b. g. Morgan Ratler 2 3 3

A Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hunters, not thorough-bred; 12st. each. Rode by gentlemen—two miles. (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. Silvertop's ch h. Olympus 1
Sir H. T. Vane's ch h. Cleaver 2
Mr. Smith's b. c. by Pipator 3
Mr. Searle's b. h. by Mongrel 4

On Thursday the 22d, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for two yr old colts, 8st.—two miles (8 Subscribers.)

Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Mary Ann 1
Mr. Fletcher's b. c. by Pipator, out of Queen Mab - 2
Ld Darlington's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Lardella 3
Mr. Shaftoe's b. c. by Stride, dam by Drone - 4
D of Hamilton's ch. c. by Walnut, dam by Bourdeaux 5

A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for two yr old fillies, 8st.—one mile and a half (5 Subscribers).

Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. f. by Beningbrough, out of a sister to Constitution - 1
D. of Hamilton's br. b. f. by Walnut, out of Miss Pratt 2
Mr. Fenton's ch. f. by Phænomenon, out of Barone Nile's dam - 3

A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages;—three miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's Haphazard, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 1
Mr. Cornforth's Wrestler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. - 2

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for horses, &c. that never won 30l. at one time. (Hunter's Matches and Sweepstakes excepted) 12st.—Rode by gentlemen;—four miles. (11 Subscribers.)

Ld Strathmore's b. h. Risby, by Walnut - 1
Sir W. Gerard's bl. h. Collier 2
Mr. Lascelle's b. g. Outcast 3
Mr. Cholmondeley's b. h. Supervisor - 4
Col. Hawker's gr. h. Hobgoblin; Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. b. Valiant; and Mr. Lowson's b. g. Game-cock; also started, but only four were placed by the Judge.

DURHAM.

ON Wednesday the 28th of April, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for colts, &c. rising three yrs old; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.——2-mile heats.

Ld Darlington's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Lardella - 1 2 1
Mr. Danby's b. c. by Stride, dam by Drone 2 1 2
Sir H. V. Tempest's b. c. by Pegasus, dam by Sweetbriar - 3 3 dr

Mr. Burrell's br. g. Eden, beat Mr. Tilley's b. g. Rainton, both 5 yrs old, 12st. one 3-mile heat, 100gs, h. f.

On Thursday the 29th, the Lambton Hunt Stakes of 5gs each, by hunters, carrying 12st.—2-mile heats. (10 Subscribers.)

Sir

Sir H. V. Tempest's ch. h. Cleaver - 5 1 1
Mr. Jadis's b. g. Amazement - 1 3 3
Mr. Trotter's gr. g. by Windlestone - 4 2 2
Mr. Hopper's gr. g. bought of Mr. Lorraine 3 4 4
Mr. Wetenhall's b. m. Little Sarah - 2 5 5
Mr. Lambton's b. h. aged - pd
Mr. Duncombe's br. g. aged - - pd

On Friday the 30th, 100l. being 50l. given by the Members for the City, with 50l. added by Sir H. T. Vane, Bart. for any horse, &c. that never won above the value of 50l. two yr olds, 6st. three yr olds, 8st. four yr olds, 8st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 12lb. six yr olds and aged 9st. The winner of a 50l. or the Catterick Stakes this year, carrying 3lb. extra. Mares and fillies allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Mary Ann, 2 yrs 3 1 1
Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Lancaster, 3 yrs old 4 2 2
Mr. Carter's b. m. Quiver, 4 yrs old (broke down) - 1 3 dr
Sir H. T. Vane's b. h. Capricio, 6 yrs old 2 dr

On Saturday the 1st of May, 50l. given by the Members for the County, being a Maiden Plate, for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 6lb. four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. Mares allowed 2lb. 3-mile heats.

Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. c. Earby, by Mufti, 4 yrs old 1 2 3 1
Mr. G. Hutton's ch. m. Minerva, 5 yrs old 2 3 1 2
Mr. T. Robinson's b. f. Cotillion, 4 yrs old 3 1 2 3

Mr. Storey's br. g. 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. recd. ft. from Mr. J. Smith's ch. f. 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. three miles, 50gs, h. ft.

*** During the Race-week, a long Main of Cocks was fought between Sir H. V. Tempest and Mr. Mellish, consisting of 23 Battles, which was won by the latter, as under:—Of the 18 Byes, one was a drawn battle.

	Sir H. V. Tempest. M.	B.	Mr. Mellish. M.	B.
Tuesday	1	2	3	2
Wednesday	2	1	2	2
Thursday	4	1	1	2
Friday	3	3	2	0
Saturday	1	3	4	1
	11	10	12	7

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1802.

N. B. When this Meeting falls in May, the ages of the horses are considered as if it had fallen in April.

ON Monday the 3d of May, Mr. Whaley's br. m. Tuneful, by Trumpator, 7st. 11lb. beat Mr. Heming's Pugilist, 6st. 4lb. First half of Ab. M. 50gs.—6 to 4 on Tuneful.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. Across the Flat.

Ld Darlington's ch. c. Muly Mulock, by John Bull, 8st. 2lb. - 1
Mr. Watson's b. c. Gaoler, 7st. 13lb. - 2
D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau, 7st. 13lb. - 3
Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Eleanor, 8st. 3lb. - 4

6 to 4 agst Muly Moloch, 5 to 2 agst Gaoler, 7 to 2 agst Eleanor and 6 to 1 against Flambeau.

Mr.

Mr. Joddrell's b. c. Macclesfield, by Rockingham; Mr. Lumley Savile's br. c. by Sheik Twiney; and Mr. Lockley's b. c. by Trumpator, out of Nike (who bolted,) also started, but were not placed.

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 6lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr old, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 8st. 12. Mares allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Clifton's b. g. Grinder, by Abba Thulle, 5 yrs old	1	2	1
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Attainment, 4 yrs old	4	1	2
Mr. Joddrell's b. g. Supervisor, five yrs old	6	3	3
Mr. Massey's br. c. by Soldier, 3 yrs old	2	4	dr
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. g. Alexander the Great aged	3	dr	
Mr. Marsh's b. f. Eliza, 4 yrs old (bolted)	5	dis	

On Tuesday, a Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, for horses that had never won; three yr olds, 6st. 12lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 2lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—two miles.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Tityrus, by Alexander, 4 yrs old	1
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Hospitality, 4 yrs old -	2
Mr. Saunders's br. c. Orange-flower, 4 yrs old	3
Mr. Joddrell's ch. c. Hugh Lupus, 4 yrs old -	4

The following were named, but did not start;

Mr. Massey's b. c. by Soldier, 3 yrs old; Sir S. Glynn's Supervisor, 5 yrs old; and Mr. Simpson's gr. c. by Gabriel, 3 yrs old

The Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs, four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, and aged, 9st.—extra weights for having won once, 4lb. twice, 7lb. three times or more, 10lb.—three times round the Course.

Mr. Lumley Savile's ch. c. Cinnamon, by Coriander, 5 yrs old -	1
Mr. Billington's gr. h. Nautilus, 5 yrs old -	2
Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, 6 yrs old -	3
Ld Strathmore's b. h. by Walnut, 5 yrs old -	4
Mr. Saunders's br. c. Orange-flower, 4 yrs old	5
Mr. C. Cholmondeley's ch. c. Hugh Lupus, 4 yrs old	6

The City and Corporation Plate of 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Ld. Strathmore's b. h. by Walnut, 5 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Adams's bl. h. Pilgrim, 5 yrs old -	2	2

On Wednesday a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for horses, &c. bona fide, the property of the Subscribers; four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 9st. 2lb. and aged, 9st. 5lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Lockley's b. c. Hospitality, by Dragon, 4 yrs old	1
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Tityrus, 4 yrs old -	2
Ld Grey's ch. c. Edgar, 4 yrs old -	3
Mr. Joddrell's Hugh Lupus, 4 yrs old -	pd

Fifty Pounds, given by Lord Belgrave and Colonel Grosvenor, for three yr old colts, 6st. 8lb. and fillies 6st. 6lb. and four yr old colts, 8st. 4lb. and fillies, 8st. 1lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Saunders's br. c. Orange-

Orange-flower, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old 3 1 1
Sir W. W. Wynn's br. f. Bonduca, 4 yrs old 1 4 2
Mr. Lockley's b. c. by Trumpator, 3 yrs old 2 3 3
Mr. Brooke's b. c. by Beningbrough, 3 yrs (bolted) 4 2 dis

On Thursday May the 6th, Earl Grosvenor's Plate, value 50l. for three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 2lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. 1lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Ld Strathmore's b. h. by Walnut, 5 yrs old 2 1 1
Mr. L. Savile's ch. h. Cinnamon, 5 yrs old 1 2 2
Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, 6 yrs old 4 3 dr
Sir S. Glynn's gr. c. Knutsford, 4 yrs old 3 dr

Sir W. W. Wynn's Tityrus, by Alexander, 8st. 1lb. beat Sir S. Glynn's Knutsford, 8st. 7½lb. two miles, 100gs, 25 ft.

On Friday, May the 7th, a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Stewards, for horses the property of Subscribers; once round the Course. (15 Subscribers.)

Ld Grey's ch. h. Chanter, by Pipator, 5 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. 1
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Attainment, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 2
Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 3

The following were not placed: Sir S. Glynn's Knutsford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. Sir W. W. Wynn's Bonduca, 4 yrs old, 8st. M. Madock's gr. m. Lady Anna, aged, 7st. 10lb. Mr. Pigot's Moorland gelding, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. Mr. Joddrell's Macclesfield, 3 yrs old 7st. 10lb. Mr. Massey's br. c. by Soldier, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. Mr. C. Cholmondeley's Mobberley Crab, 6 yrs old, 9st. Mr. Cresswell's ch. m. Deplorable, (late Gazer) 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.

The Ladies' Purse, value 50l. for 3 yr olds, a feather; four year olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. Mares allowed 3lb. A winner of one 50l. Plate, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of three, 8lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Ld Grey's ch. c. Edgar, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old 2 1 1
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Attainment, 4 yrs old 1 2 3
Mr. Billington's gr. h. Nautilus, 5 yrs old 3 4 2
Sir S. Glynn's gr. h. Knutsford, 4 yrs old 4 5 4
Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim, 5 yrs old 5 3 5

*** During the Race-week, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Cheshire (Stringer, feeder) and the Gentlemen of Worcestershire (Potter, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main, which was won by the latter.

MADDINGTON-CLUB MEETING,

WINCHESTER COURSE.

ON Tuesday, May the 11th, a Cup, value 50gs, by horses that never started, paid or received forfeit, before the day of nomination (March the 25th) carrying 12st.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Bigges's br. h. Banquo, by Fortunio 1 1
Mr. Stacpoole's ch. g. by Aurelius, 6 yrs old 3 2
Mr. Pickering's ch. h. by Pegasus, out of Temperance 2 dr

Wednesday the 12th, a Plate, value

value 50gs, for horses that never started for Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, between the last day of Bibury, 1801, and the 25th of March, 1802, carrying 12st.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Bigge's br. h. Banquo, by Fortunio. 0 1 1
Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier - 0 2 2

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, two miles.

Mr. Scrope's Agamemnon, by Diomed, 12st. 4lb. 1
Mr. Græme's Bad Bargain, 12st. 2
Mr. Stacpoole's Aurelius, 12st. 2lb. - 3

Thursday the 13th, a Handicap Plate of 50l. heats, the last mile.

Mr. Bullock's Mr. Giles, by Trumpator, 11st. 7lb. 1 1
Mr. Scrope's Agamemnon, 12st. - 2 2
Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier, 11st. 2lb. - 3 dr

MIDDLEHAM, YORKSHIRE.

ON Thursday, May the 13th, the Sweepstakes for three yr olds, was won by

The D. of Hamilton's ch. c. by Walnut, dam by Bourdeaux

The 50l. Plate, by

Sir H. Williamson's c. Lancaster, by Sir Peter.

A more particular account in a future number.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1802.

ON Monday, May the 17th, 50l. by Subscription, for four yr olds, 7st, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. Dutton's Course.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Moorhouse's br. h. Lucan, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old 1
Ld Clermont's b. h. Meteor, 6 yrs old - 2
Mr. Goodisson's b. h. Hephestion, 5 yrs old 3

6 and 7 to 4 on Lucan, who was claimed, agreeably to the articles.

Sweepstakes of 15gs each Y. C.

Ld Milsintown's b. c. Pic Nic, by Mr. Teazle, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1
Mr. Ladbroke's br. f. Rosetta, 2 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 2
Mr. Panton's b. f. Astronomy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 3
Mr. Wilson's b. f. Comedy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 4

6 to 4 on Pic Nic, and 3 to 1 agst Rosetta.

Mr. Wilson's b. f. Sophia, by Buzzard, 8st. 6lb. beat the D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau, 8st. R. M. 100gs.

7 to 2 on Sophia.

Mr. Panton's ch. c. Ditton, by Buzzard, out of Dandelion, beat Mr. F. Neale's b. c. Reptile, brother to Humbug, 8st. each, Two yr old Course, 50gs.—2 to 1 on Ditton.

Ld Sackville's b. c. Robin Redbreast, by Sir Peter, 8st. 7lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Cox's b. f. Rigadoon (dead) 7st. 7lb. Cl. C. 200gs, h. ft.

Mr. Wilson's Sophia, 8st. 5lb. agst Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, 8st. Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft. was off by consent.

On Tuesday, the 18th, the Subscription Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts, carrying 8st, 4lb. fillies, 8st. R. M.

Ld Clermont's bl. c. by Whiskey, out of Lavinia 1
Ld Milsingtown's b. c. Pic Nic 2
Sir F. Standish's ch. c. brother to Eagle - 3

Sir

Sir Hedworth Williamson's b. c. by Sir Peter; Mr. Hewett's b. f. sister to Expectation; Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by Ormond, out of Tulip; Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Pipylin, by Sir Peter; D. of Grafton's b. c. brother to Chuckle; and Mr. Bett's ch. f. by Volunteer; also started, but the Judge could place only the first three.

11 to 10 agst Pipylin, 4 to 1 agst Pic Nic, and 5 to 1 agst the brother to Eagle.

The Jockey Club Plate of 50gs, run for by horses, &c. the property of Members of the Jockey Club; four yr olds carrying 7st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 8st. 11lb. B. C.

Mr. Dawson's ch. c. Quiz, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old 1
Sir H. T. Vane's b. h. Cockfighter, 6 yrs old 2

5 to 2 on Cockfighter.

On Wednesday, the 19th, the Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, D. M.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Penelope, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 1
Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Friday (late Lord Kenyon) 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2
Sir F. Standish's b. f. sister to Gouty, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3
Mr. Lake's b. f. by Volunteer, 3 yrs old, 5st. 7lb. 4

7 to 4 on Penelope.

Mr. Watson's br. c. Gaoler, by Volunteer, beat Mr. Wilson's b. f. Sophia, 8st. each, R. M. 100gs.

5 to 4 on Gaoler.

Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds, 6st. 2lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb. Two middle miles of B. C. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Ld Clermont's b. h. Meteor, by Meteor, 6 yrs old 1
Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Whirligig, 4 yrs old 2
Mr. Watson's ch. h. Canterbury, 6 yrs old 3
D. of Grafton's ch. f. Remnant, 4 yrs old 4

Even betting on Canterbury, 7 to 2 agst Meteor, 5 to 1 agst Whirligig, and 5 to 1 agst Remnant.—The winner was claimed.

D. of Grafton's b. m. Hornby Lass, by Buzzard, 8st. beat Mr. F. Neale's ch. m. Hippona, 8st. 3½lb. Two middle miles, 50gs.

11 to 8 on Hornby Lass.

Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, by Dragon, 7st. 13lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Whaley's br. c. Informer, 8st. 7lb. Clermont Course, 15gs.

YORK SPRING MEETING.

ON Tuesday, May the 25th, Mr. Fletcher's Lethe, by Sir Peter, 7st. 7lb. beat Ld Darlington's Champion, 7st. 13lb. two miles, 1000gs.—Champion broke down in running.

High odds on Lethe.

A Sweepstakes of 20gs each: two miles.

Mr. Walker's b. c. Driver, by Huby, 8st. 5lb. 1
Mr. Wentworth's Chance, 9st. 2
Ld Darlington's Agonistes, 9st. 3
Ld Fitzwilliam's Miracle, 8st. 2lb. 4
Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. by Traveller, 8st. 2lb. 5

5 to 4 on Chance, 3 to 1 against Agonistes, and 5 to 1 against Driver.

On Wednesday, the 26th, the Stand Plate of 50l. for all ages; four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb. Four yr old fillies allowed 4lb.—four miles.

Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, by Coriander, 5 yrs old 1

Mr. Wentworth's b. c. Antelope, 4 yrs old 2
D. of Hamilton's c. by Serpent, 4 yrs old 3

A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr olds, 8st.—last mile and a half. (5 Subscribers.)

Ld Fitzwilliam's c. Sparrow-hawk, by Buzzard 1
Ld Darlington's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Skelton's dam 2
Mr. Richardson's c. Abraham Newland, out of Cockfighter's dam - - 3

On Thursday, the 27th, a Subscription Plate of 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 9lb. four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 7lb. Maiden horses, &c. at the time of entering, allowed 4lb. and a winner of a Sweepstakes this year, 3lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's b.h. Lethe, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old 1 2 1
Mr. Cornforth's b. h. Wrestler, 4 yrs old 4 1 2
D. of Hamilton's c. by Walnut, 3 yrs old 3 3 3
Mr. Welburn's f. by Huby - - 2 dr

N. B. Lethe carried 4lb. above his weight the first and second heats.

A Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for two yr olds, from Middlethorpe Corner, In. (3 Subscribers.)

Sir T. Gascoigne's f. by Beningbrough, out of Tippet 1
Mr. Sitwell's f. Regina, by Moorcock, out of Rally 1

5 to 4 on Regina.

BROCKET-HALL.

ON Friday, May 28, 50l. for all ages, 2-mile heats. The winner to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Lamb's ch. c. Creeper, by Dragon, 3 yr old, 6st. 12lb - - - 1 1
Mr. Howorth's b. h. Chippenham, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. - - 2 dr.

6 to 4 on Chippenham.

A Gold Cup, value 100gs, and 50gs in specie, being a Subscription of 10gs each, by 15 Subscribers, for all ages; three yr olds, 5st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 6lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, and aged, 9st.—twice round the Course, about three miles and a half.

Mr. Dawson's ch. c. Quiz, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old 1
Mr. Howorth's br. h. Lucan, 6 yrs old - - 2
H. R. the P. of Wales's b. h. Surprize, 5 yrs old. 3
Mr. Lamb's ch. c. Creeper, 3 yrs old - 4
Mr. Herbert's b. c. Pyrrhus, 4 yrs old - 5
Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Fieldfare, 4 yrs old - 6

5 to 4 on Quiz.

The Match between Rolla and Hopwell was off by consent.

A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, bona fide the property of the Subscribers, carrying 12st. that never started, paid or received forfeit, before the first of March, 1802;—2-mile heats. Rode by gentlemen. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.

Mr. Paris's br. h. by Slope, aged - 1 1
Mr. Jones's br. g. by King Fergus - 2 2
Ld F. Beauclerk's b. g. Rosinante, by Dragon, out of a sister to Fidget 3 3
Lady Salisbury's br. g. Dælius - 4 4
Mr. G. Bowes's ch. g. Anthropophagos, by Diomed, 5 yrs old pd

On

On Saturday, June 29, Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c. that never won a Plate or Sweepstakes; three yr olds, 6st. 12lb. 4 yr olds, 8st. 6lb. five yr olds, 9st. 2lb. six yr olds, 9st. 7lb. and aged, 9st. 9lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, once round.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Whirligig, by Whiksey, 4 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Dockeray's ch. f. Highland Lass, 3 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Ridet's b. g. Sir William, aged - 3 3

5 to 1 on Whirligig.

The Brocket Stakes, of 10gs each, for four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 9st. 1lb. and aged, 9st. 4lb. two miles,—(10 Subscribers) with this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 100gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Howorth's b. h. Chippenham, by Trumpator, 6 yrs old - 1
D. of St. Alban's br. h. Mittimus, 5 yrs old - 2
Mr. H. Sitwell's b. h. Meteor, 6 yrs old - 3
's Philpot, aged 4
Mr. Bowes's b. h. by Dungannon, 6 yrs old - 5

6 to 4 agst Meteor, and 7 to 4 agst Chippenham.

EPSOM.

[Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. for all the Plates.]

ON Wednesday, June the 2d, 50lb. for all ages; four year olds, 7st. 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 8st. 13lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. 3-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's b. c. Teddy the Grinder, by Asparagus, 4 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Whaley's br. c. Wilkes, 4 yrs old - 2 2
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. h. Mystery, 5 yrs old 3 dr.

Mr. Harris's Gig, by Whiskey, 8st. received from Mr. Browne's Whiskerandos, 7st. 5lb. the last mile, 30gs.

Mr. Ladbroke's Georgiana, by John Bull, 8st. recd. from Mr. Browne's Whiskerandos, 7st. the last mile, 50gs.

On Thursday, June the 3d, the second year of a renewal of the Derby Stakes, of 50gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—the last mile and half. (30 Subscribers.)

N. B. The owner of the second horse received 100gs out of the Stakes.

D. of Grafton's b. c. Tyrant, by Pot8o's, out of a sister to Seagull - 1
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Highflyer, out of Elm's dam - 2
Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, brother to Gig - 3
Mr. Whaley's b. c. Gulliver, by Precipitate - 4
Sir F. Standish's b. c. by Sir Peter, out of Storace 5
Ld Clermont's ch. c. by Trumpator, out of a sister to Royalist - 6
Sir F. Standish's ch. c. brother to Eagle - 7
Ld Grosvenor's ch. f. by John Bull, out of Maid of All Work 8
Ld Camelford's br. c. brother to Lurcher - 9

11 to 8 agst Mr. Wilson, 4 to 1 agst Ld Clermont, 7 to 1 agst Tyrant, 10 to 1 agst Orlando, and very high odds against any other.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. by Precipitate, out of Certhia, 8st. 3lb. and Mr. Browne's b. f. by Precipitate, out of a sister to Laburnum.

num, 8st. the last mile, 50gs.—ran a dead heat.

Mr. Browne's b. f. by Precipitate, out of a sister to Laburnum, 8st. beat Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. by Precipitate, 8st. 3lb. the last mile, 50gs.

The Plate of 30l. was not run for, for want of a sufficient number of horses.

Mr. Durand's Sir Sidney, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. agst Mr. Whaley's Wilkes, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. two miles, 100gs.—Off by consent.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Pacificator, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Watson's Striver, 7st. 11lb. Derby Course, 100gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

On Friday, June 4, the second and last year of a renewal of the Oaks Stakes, of 50gs each, h. ft. for three yr old fillies, carrying 8st. —the last mile and half (17 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wastell's gr. f. Scotia, by Delpini, dam by King Fergus, out of Tickle Toby's dam - - 1
Sir C. Bunbury's br. f. Julia 2
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Violet 3
Sir F. Poole's b. f. by Waxy, out of Jemima - 4
Ld Grosvenor's ch. f. by John Bull, out of Maid of All Work - - 5
Ld Grosvenor's b. f. by John Bull, out of Fairy 6

5 and 6 to agst Scotia, 2 to 1 agst Julia, 5 to 1 agst the Buzzard filly, 9 to 1 agst the Waxy filly, and 20 to 1 agst the Fairy filly.

Mr. Harris's ch. f. sister to Allegranti, by Pegasus, beat Mr. Ladbroke's ch. f. by young Woodpecker, out of Platina, 8st. 11lb. each, the last three quarters of a mile, 30gs.—Mr. Ladbroke's filly ran out of the Course.

Fifty Pounds for three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 10lb. A winner of a Sweepstakes or Plate in 1802, to have carried 4lb. extra. —2-mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's b. c. by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old -	3	1	1
Mr. Scrope's b. c. Dotterel, 4 yrs old	4	2	2
Mr. Whaley's br. c. Wilkes, 4 yrs old	2	5	3
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's br. c. Pacificator, 4 yrs old	1	4	dr
Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler, 3 yrs old —	5	3	dr

On Saturday, a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, 8st. 3lb.—the last mile and half. (3 Subscribers.)

Ld Clermont's ch. c. by Trumpator, out of a sister to Royalist — 1
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. by Kidney, out of Wren 2

5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on the winner.

Mr. Ladbroke's Mystery, by Woodpecker, 8st. 3lb. recd. from Mr. Browne's Whiskerandos, 7st. Derby Course, 50gs.

Mr. Whaley's Tuneful, 7st. 13lb. agst Mr. Durand's Sir Sidney, 7st. 5lb. the last mile, 100gs, h. ft.—Was off by consent.

MALTON.

ON Wednesday, the 2d of June, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for all ages;—two miles. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wentworth's b. h. Chance, by Lurcher, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1
Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Solomon, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2
Mr. Garforth's c. by Coriander, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 3
Ld Middleton's b. g. Bantam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (bolted) 4

Nearly

Nearly even betting between Chance and Sir Solomon.

A Sweepstakes of 20 gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb, and fillies, 8st. The winner of the York three yr old Stakes, carrying 3lb. extra —two miles. (9 Subscribers.)

Ld Middleton's gr. c. by Beningbrough, dam by Sir Peter — 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c, Sparrowhawk — 2
Mr. Peirse's b. f. by Beningbrough, out of Rosamond 3
Mr. Croft's b. c. by Traveller, 4
Mr. Garforth's ch. c. by Acasia, out of Yarico — 5

On Thursday, the 3d, a Plate of 50*l.*

No race, for want of horses.

On Friday, the 4th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 7lb, four yr olds, 7st. 8lb. Fillies allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Bell's b.c. by Huby, 4 yrs old —	6	1	1
Mr. Brome's b. c. Trowsers, 4 yrs old	1	2	2
Mr. Boyes's b. g. by Huby, 4 yrs old	2	5	3
Mr. Sotheron's b. c. by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old —	5	3	4
Mr. Hutchinson's b. f. by Overton, 4 yrs old	3	4	dr
Mr. Garforth's ch. c. Trim, 3 yrs old	4	dr	

GUILDFORD.

ON Tuesday, the 8th of June, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's b. c. Teddy the Grinder, by Asparagus, 4 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Wynn's b. c. Mr. Giles, 4 yrs old — 2 dis

On Wednesday, the 9th, the Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 7lb. Fillies and geldings allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats. The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes carrying 3lb. extra. of two, 5lb. extra. The winner to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Durand's ch. f. by Buzzard, 4 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Bott's ch. f. by Volunteer, 3 yrs old 2 2

On Thursday, the 10th, the Members' Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 9st. 1lb. and aged, 9st. 5lb. 4-mile heats. The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra, Mares and geldings allowed 2lb. The winner to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Durand's ch. h. Sir Sidney, by Pegasus, 5 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Hyde's b. h. Skyrocket, 5 yrs old — 3 2
Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Friday, 4 yrs old — 2 dr
Mr. Wynn's b. g. aged dis

MANCHESTER.

ON Wednesday, the 9th of June, 50*l.* for three yr old colts, 6st. 10lb. fillies, 6st. 8lb. and four yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. A winner of one 50l. in the present year, carrying 3lb. extra, and of two or more, 5lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Lancaster, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old 3 1 1
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. c. Earby, 4 yrs old 1 4 2
Mr. Painter's br. c. Creswell, 4 yrs old 2 2 dr

Mr.

Mr. Harris's b. c. 3 yrs old (fell) 4 3 dis

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c. that never started, or had been put in training before the time of naming, 12st.—four miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Denham's ch. m. by Meteor, aged — 1
Mr. Filde's ch. h. Volunteer 2
Mr. Rushton's b. g. by Traveller — — 3
Mr. Hornsby's b. g. Jack O'Bradley — pd
Mr. Smith's b. h. Sportsman pd

On Thursday, the 10th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. 1lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Ackers's b. f. Fair Forester, by Alexander, 4 yrs old 1 4 1
Mr. Saunders's b. f. Eliza, 4 yrs old 3 1 2
Mr. Trafford's b. g. Supervisor, 5 yrs old 2 3 3
Mr. Hutton's ch. c. 4 yrs old — 4 2 dr
Mr. Harris's b. f. 4 yrs old — dis

On Friday, the 11th, 50l. with a Subscription Purse of 30l. added thereto, for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 3lb. four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. 11b. A winner of one 50l. in the present year, carrying 3lb. extra, and of two fifties, 5lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Ackers's br. h. Devaynes, by Soldier, 5 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Clifton's b. g. Grinder, 5 yrs old — 3 2
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. c. Earby, 4 yrs old 2 dr

During the Race-week, a Main of Cocks was fought between Sir Watts Horton, Bart. (Potter, feeder) and Windsor Hunloke, Esq. (Harrison, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200 the main.

	Potter.		Harrison.	
	M.	B.	M.	B.
Tuesday Morn.	4	1	0	1
——— Aftern.	1	0	4	0
Wednesday	3	2	2	0
Thursday	3	2	2	0
Friday	3	1	2	1
Saturday Morn.	2	1	2	1
Saturday Aftern.	3	0	2	0
	17	7	14	3

BEVERLEY.

ON Wednesday, June the 9th, the Member's Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats. Was not run for.

Ld Middleton's gr. c. recd. 20gs.

On Thursday, the 10th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. also given by the Members, for three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 6lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Croft's b. c. Traveller, 3 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Broome's c. Trowsers, 4 yrs old - 2 2
Mr. Welburn's b. f. by Huby. 4 yrs old - 3 dis

On Friday, the 11th, the Town Plate of 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. The winner of one Plate this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Ld Middleton's gr. c. by Beningbrough, dam by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old 1 1

Mr.

Mr. Broome's b. c. Trowsers, 4 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Bell's b. c. Argam. by Huby, 4 yrs old (bolted) dis

NEWTON.

ON Wednesday, the 16th of June, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, (with 20gs added) for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st. two miles. (6 Subscribers.)
Sir W. Gerrard's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Mary Ann 1
Mr. Timms's b. f. Miss Teazle, by Sir Peter, out of Fanny 2
Mr. Lumley Savile's br. f. by Sir Peter, out of Attraction 3
Mr. Crosse's b. c. by Buzzard, dam by Matchem 4

Fifty Pounds given by Thomas Brooke, Esq. for three and four yr olds—2-mile heats.

Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 3 1 1
Mr. Ackers's b. f. Fair Forester, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 1 2 3
Mr. Saunders's br. c. Orange-flower, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 2 3 2

On Thursday, the 17th, a Maiden Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Saunders's b. f. Eliza, by Fortunio, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 1 1
Mr. Cholmondeley's b. g. Supervisor, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 2 2
Mr. Harris's b. f. Miss Robinson, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. dis

On Friday, the 18th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each (with 20gs added) for all ages;—4 miles. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, by Walnut, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1
Ld Stamford's ch. c. Edgar, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2

Fifty Pounds given by Peter Patten, Esq. for all ages—4-mile heats.

Mr. Ackers's Ben Devaynes, by Soldier, 5 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Saunders's Orange-flower, 4 yrs old 2 2

*** During the Race-week, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, (Goodhill, feeder) and Richard Crosse, Esq. (Lister, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200 the main, which was won by his lordship.

	Goodhill. M. B.	Lister M. B.
Tuesday	2 0	2 3
Wednesday	4 0	1 2
Thursday 1st Inns.	2 1	3 0
Thursday 2d Inns.	4 0	1 1
Friday	2 2	3 0
Saturday	1 2	4 0
	15 5	14 6

ASCOT HEATH.

ON Tuesday, the 22d of June, the King's Plate of 100gs, for horses, &c. that had regularly hunted with his Majesty's staghounds the past season; four yr olds, 11st. 2lb. five yr olds, 11st. 9lb. six yr olds, 11st. 12lb. and aged, 12st. Mares allowed 4lb. —4-mile heats.

Mr. J. Sutton's gr. h. Hackneyman, (late Emperor) by Overton, 5 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Abbey's ch. h. Acmon, aged - 2 2
Mr. Smith's ch. m. Trull, 5 yrs old - 3 dr
Mr. Reeve's ch. g. Speculation, by Aurelius, 6 yrs old - 4 dr
Mr. Gosden's Ginger, aged dis

Even betting on Hackneyman.

The first year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, (with 25gs added) for three yr old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb. the New Mile. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Highflyer 1
Sir C. Bunbury's br. f. Julia 2
Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler - 3
Ld Clermont's ch. c. by Trumpator - 4
Ld Egremont's f. Amazon 5

2 to 1 on Mr. Wilson's colt, and 4 to 1 agst Julia.

The first year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, (with 25gs added) for all ages; four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. Mares allowed 4lb. two miles and a half; with this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. Durand's ch. h. Sir Sidney by Pegasus, 5 yrs old 1
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's br. c. by Fidget, 4 yrs old 2
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. h. Mistery, 5 yrs old - 3
Mr. Bird's br. h. Ambo, 5 yrs old - 4
H. R. H. the D. of York's br. h. by Sir Peter, out of Storace, 6 yrs old - 5
Mr. Harris's b. h. Gig, 5 yrs old 6
Mr. Wardell's ch. c. Malta, 4 yrs old - 7

5 to 2 agst Sir Sidney, 4 to 1 agst Mistery, and 5 to 1 agst Malta.

On Wednesday, the 23d, no Race, only two horses being entered for the Plate; and the Pony Match being off by mutual consent.

On Thursday the 24th, 50l. for horses, the property of huntsmen, yeomen-prickers, &c. carrying 12st. —4-mile heats.

Mr. Gosden's Whip (late Midnight) by Justice 1 1
Mr. Sharpe's b. g. Staghunter 2 2

A Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, about two miles, 124 rods each; starting at the King's Stand.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's br. c. by Fidget, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 1 1
Mr. Harris's Gig, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb 3 2
Mr. Durand's ch. f. by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 2 dr

On Friday the 25th, 50l. for three yr olds; colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—heats, the New Mile.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. f. Julia, by Whiskey 1 1
Mr. Whaley's b. c. Gulliver 3 2
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. by Precipitate, out of Certhia - 2 dr

Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c. that had not won a Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, of 50l. value, in the year 1802; four yr olds to carry 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st.—heats, two miles and a half each; starting at the Half-mile Post, on the New Course. Mares allowed 4lb. The winner of this Plate to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Captain Hatton's ch. h. Brighton, by Volunteer, 5 yrs old 1 1
Ld Egremont's br. h. Ambo, 5 yrs old 2 2

On Saturday the 26th, a Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, about two miles, 124 rods each.

Ld Egremont's Ambo, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. - 1 1
Mr. Whaley's Friday, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2 2
Mr. Gosden's Whip, aged, 8st. 5lb. 3 dis

Mr. Slark's Brighton recd. from Mr. Sutton's Hackneyman, 8st. 7lb.

7lb. each, four miles, 50gs, h. ft.

Mr. Wardell's Malta, by Buzzard, beat Mr. Browne's Whiskerandos, 8st. each, the last mile and half, 50gs.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

ON Monday, the 21st of June, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—2-miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Lardella 1
Mr. Lonsdale's ch. c. by Beningbrough, dam by Ruler 2
Sir H. T. Vane's ro. c. by Beningbrough, dam by Phœnomenon 3

A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for four yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—four miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Brandling's b. c. Alonzo, by Pegasus 1
Ld Darlington's br. b. c. by Alexander, out of Fairy 2

Ld Darlington's b. h. Agonistes, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, beat Mr. Fletcher's ch. h. Applegarth, aged, 8st. each, three miles, for 1000gs. 3 to 1 on Agonistes.

Tuesday the 22d, the King's Plate, for five yr olds, 10st.—3-mile heats.

Ld Strathmore's b. h. by Walnut 1 1
Mr. Cornforth's b. h. Wrestler 2 dr

Wednesday the 23d, the Members' Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 4lb. A winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes since the first of March, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb extra. Mares allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Ld Darlington's b. c. by Alexander, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Fletcher's br. c. Antelope, 4 yrs old 3 2
Sir H. V. Tempest's ro. c. by Traveller, 4 yrs old 2 3

The Macaroni Stakes of 20gs each, for horses, carrying 12st. mares and geldings, 11st. 11lb.—four miles, Horses, &c. having won one Plate or Sweepstakes, 4lb. two or more, 7lb. extra, and horses, &c. that never started, allowed 4lb. Rode by gentlemen. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Fletcher's ch. h. Applegarth, by Stride 1
Sir W. Gerard's bl. h. Collier, by Comet 2
Mr. Hopper's ch. h. Quilter, by Standard 3
Mr. Ilderton's b. h. Chatsworth, by Columbus, out of Archer's dam 4

Thursday the 24th, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, by a Subscription of 10gs each, the surplus in specie, for horses, &c. of all ages; three yr olds, 5st. 12lb. four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 8lb. and aged, 8st. 10lb. Mares allowed 2lb.—four miles. (16 Subscribers.)

Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old 1
Mr. Fletcher's b. h. Lethe, 5 yrs old 2
Mr. Storey's b. h. Blacket, 5 yrs old 3

4 to 1 on Sir Solomon.

The Freemen and Innkeeper's Plate of 50l. for horses that never won that sum in Plate or Sweepstakes; three yr olds, 6st. 10lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, and upwards, 8st. 7lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Antelope, by Stride, 4 yrs old 3 1 1
Mr. Hutton's ch. m. by Walnut, 5 yrs old 1 2 dr

Sir J. Lawson's b. c. by Stride, 3 yrs old, 2 3 dr

Friday the 25th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, rode by gentlemen; 12st.—heats, two miles and a quarter. (7 Subscribers.)

Major Hopper's ch. g. Sweetbriar, by Banker, aged 1 1
Major Shore's b. g. Slapbang, by Icelander, 5 yrs old 5 2
Major Dalbiac's ch. g. Cop, by Regent, aged 2 3
Mr. Sowell's b. g. Shaver, by Hercules, 5 yrs old 3 4
Mr. Bridge's gr. g. Sultan, by the Grey Arabian, aged 4 5
Mr. Cromwell's b. g. Cocktail, by Young Trentham pd

The Gentlemens' Plate of 50l. for all ages, was not run for,

Saturday the 26th, the Ladies' Plate of 50l. for all ages;—heats, two miles and a quarter each, was not run for.

*** During the Race-week, a Main of Cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Northumberland (Small, feeder), and the gentlemen of Durham (Sunley, feeder), for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main, which was won by the latter.

NORTHUMBERLAND.		M.	B.
Monday	—	1	2
Tuesday	—	3	1
Wednesday	—	4	1
Thursday	—	2	1
Friday	—	2	3
Saturday	—	2	1
		14	9

DURHAM.		M.	B.
Monday	—	4	1
Tuesday	—	2	2
Wednesday	—	2	1
Thursday	—	4	2
Friday	—	4	0
Saturday	—	4	2
		20	8

LUDLOW.

ON Wednesday, the 23d of June, a Maiden Plate of 50l. —heats, twice round.

Ld Stamford's ch. f. Alfreda, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 5st. 11lb. 1 1
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mountaineer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2 2

2 to 1 on Mountaineer.

A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, (with 20l. added)—4-miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim, by Restless, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1
Mr. H. Sitwell's b. h. Meteor, 6 yrs old, 9st 11lb. 2
Mr. Craven's ch. h. Frolic, aged, 9st. 2lb. 3

The field the favourite.

Thursday, the 24th, 50l. for all ages—4-mile heats.

Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 4 1 1
Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, 8st. 12lb. 1 2 2
Mr. H. Sitwell's b. h. Meteor, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. 3 3 3
Mr. Craven's ch. h. Frolic, aged, 9st. 7lb. 2 dr

Dapple the favourite.

BIBURY MEETING.

(N. B. The Races stand in the order in which they were run.)

ON Tuesday, the 29th of June, a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—2-miles. (3 Subscribers.)

General Grosvenor's Little Boy Blue, by Asparagus, 5 yrs old, 10st. 1
Ld Sackville's Robin Redbreast, 6 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 2

The Bibury Craven Stakes, a Subscription of 10gs each, with 20gs

20gs added by the Club, for three yr olds, 10st. four yr olds, 11st. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, and aged, 11st. 12lb. the New Course. The winner to be sold for 250gs, if demanded. (4 Subscribers.)

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Pacificator, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old - 1
Colonel Kingscote's Chuckle, 5 yrs old - 2
Mr. Cholmondeley's Knutsford, 4 yrs old - 3

The Welter Stakes, a Subscription of 20gs each, for horses, &c. the property of the Subscribers, that never started, paid or received forfeit, before the day of naming, carrying 13st. each—3-mile heats. (25 Subscribers.)

Ld Milsintown's ch. g. by Pegasus, out of Gawkey, aged -	1	1
Mr. Fuller's b. h. by Precipitate, dam by Highflyer, out of Nettletop, 6 yrs old -	7	2
Ld Foley's b. g. Baby, by Driver, out of Crazy, by Bishop, 6 yrs old	2	3
Mr. Elton's ch. m. Biddy Tipkin, sister to Barnaby, 6 yrs old -	3	4
Mr. Heming's b. h. by Pegasus, out of a sister to Escape, 5 yrs old	5	5
Mr. Græme's br. g. Aircastle, by Jupiter, out of Thatchella, 6 yrs old	4	6
Mr. A. Smith's b. g. by Spartacus, dam by Goldfinder, aged	6	7

On Wednesday, Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier, by Mercury, 11st. 3lb. beat Capt. Pigot's Moorland Gelding, 10st. 3lb. two miles, 50gs.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each; colts, 11st. fillies, 10st. 11lb.—two miles. Untried stallions and mares at the time of naming (25th March, 1800) allowed 3lb. each. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Bigges's ch. c. Phœnix, by Dragon - 1
Mr. Elton's b. c. Yam 2
Mr. Miles's b. c. Florist 3

A Sweepstakes of 5gs each, by horses, &c. that never won more than 100gs at any one time, except at Bibury; four yr olds, 10st. 7lb. five yr olds, 11st. 5lb. six yr olds, 11st. 12lb. and aged, 12st.—three miles. Those that never won any thing, allowed 3lb. and those that never started, paid or received forfeit, allowed 5lb. (27 Subscribers.)

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Lucan, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old 1
Mr. Mills's Florist, by Escape, 4 yrs old - 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's Bellona, by Mercury, aged - 3

A Sweepstakes of 25gs each, 15 ft.—four miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Ld Sackville's Warter, by King Fergus, aged, 11st. 12lb. 1
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Tag, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 2

The Barrington Stakes of 25gs each, 10gs ft. for all ages—two miles: three yr olds to carry 9st. 7lb. four yr olds, 10st. 10lb. five yr olds, 11st. 4lb. six yr olds, and aged, 11st. 9lb. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c. (7 Subscribers.)

Ld Graves's Mittimus, by Ruler, 5 yrs old - 1
Mr. Cholmondeley's Knutsford, 4 yrs old - 2

Fifty Pounds, by horses of all denominations—2-mile heats.

Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier, aged, 10st. 12lb.	1	1
Gen. Grosvenor's Little Boy Blue, 5 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.	3	2
Mr. Howorth's Gazer, 5 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.	2	3

On Thursday, a Sweepstakes of 10gs

10gs each, for horses, the property of the respective Subscribers, carrying 11st. 7lb.—heats, two miles and a quarter. (17 Subscribers.)

Ld Milsintown's ch. g. by Pegasus, aged, (8lb. extra) 1 1
Mr. Fuller's b. h. by Precipitate, 6 yrs old (ran out of the course) dis

Fifty Pounds, by any horse, &c. that never won more than 50gs at any one time, carrying 12st. each—two miles. Those that never won 50l. allowed 4lb. and those that never started, paid or received forfeit, allowed 7lb.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's br. c. Pacificator, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old - 1
Mr. Fuller's b. h. by Precipitate, 6 yrs old - 2

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 10gs each; two miles. (11 Subscribers.)

Ld Milsintown's ch. g. by Pegasus, aged, 10st. 12lb. 1
Mr. Howorth's Mittimus, 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. - 2
Colonel Kingscote's Chuckle, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 3

On Friday, a Sweepstakes of 25gs each; two miles.

Mr. Pigot's Moorland gelding, by Cavendish, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. - - 1
Mr. A. Smith's Spartacus, aged, 11st. 2lb. - 2
Mr. Miles's Planet, aged, 12st. 3

Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier, by Mercury, 10st. 13lb. beat Colonel Kingscote's Chuckle, 11st. 10lb.—four miles, 50gs.

Mr. Miles's Planet, by Mercury, 12st. beat Mr. Pigot's Moorland Gelding, 10st. 7lb. from the Distance Post in. Mr. M. staked 30gs to 20gs.

Mr. Howorth's Mittimus, 11st. 10lb. received 15gs from Mr. A. Smith's Spartacus, 11st. 5lb.—last mile, 25gs.

Fifty Pounds for all horses, &c. Heats, one mile.

Mr. Elton's Yam, by Potso's, 4 yrs old, 11st. 10lb.	3	1	2	1
Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier, aged, 10st. 12lb.	1	3	3	2
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Pacificator, 4 yrs old, 12st.	4	2	1	3
Mr. Howorth's Gazer, 5 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.	2	dr		

TENBURY.

ON Tuesday, the 29th of June, a Maiden Plate of 50l.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Graham's b. f. by King Fergus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. - - 1 1
Mr. Lewis's br. c. by Bruiser, 3 yrs old, 6st. - 2 2

NEWCASTLE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

ON Wednesday, the 30th of June, a Maiden Plate of 50l.—No race, only two horses being entered.

On Thursday, the 1st of July, the Member's Purse of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lockley's b. c. Attainment, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 1 1
Mr. Billington's gr. h. Nautilus, 5 yrs old - 2 2
Mr. Massey's br. c. by Soldier, 3 yrs old 3 3

IPSWICH.

IPSWICH.

ON Tuesday, the 6th of July, the King's Plate of 100gs, for 3 yr olds, 7st. IIlb. 4 yr olds, 9st. 5lb. Fillies allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. f. Julia, by Whiskey, 3 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Pipylin, 3 yrs old - - 2 2
Sir F. Standish's b. f. by Sir Peter, out of the Yellow Mare, 4 yrs old - 3 dr

2 to 1 on Julia, and after the heat 4 to 1.

On Wednesday, the 7th, 50l. for all ages—4-mile heats. The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Golding's b. f. Lampedo, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. - - 1 1
Sir F. Standish's b. f. by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2 dr

On Thursday, the 8th, no race for the Plate. Mr. Golding's b. h. Peace-maker, being the only one entered, received 20l.

KNIGHTON.

ON Tuesday, the 6th of July, 50l. given by W. Wilkins and R. Price, Esqrs.—4-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's ch. h. Chanter, by Pipator, 5 yrs old, 8 st. 3lb. 2 1 1
Mr. H. Sitwell's b. h. Meteor, six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. - - 1 2 2
Mr. Clifton's b. g. Grinder, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3 3 dr

On Wednesday, the 7th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added (the owner of the second horse receiving back his Stake)—4-mile heats.

Mr. H. Sitwell's Meteor, by Meteor, six yr olds, 9st. 1 1
Ld Stamford's Chanter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. - 2 2
Mr. Saunders's b. f. Eliza, 4 yr olds, 7st. 12lb. - dis.

STAMFORD.

ON Tuesday, the 6th of July, the Town Plate of 50gs—heats, twice round. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Watson's b. f. by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 1 1
Mr. Girdler's b. c. by a son of Pharamond, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. - - 2 2

On Wednesday, the 7th, a Plate of 50l.

Not run for, for want of horses.

On Thursday, the 8th, the Marquis of Exeter's Plate of 50l. was not run for, for the same reason.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages; twice round. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum-Vitæ, 5 yrs old, 8st. - 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. Woodpecker, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 6st. - - 2
Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Fieldfare, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. - 3

LAMBOURN.

ON Wednesday, the 7th of July, 50l. given by the Earl of Craven—4-mile heats.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's br. c. by Fidget, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. - 1 1
Mr. Bowes's br. g. by Dungannon, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. - - 4 3

Mr. Elton's

Mr. Elton's b. c. Yam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. - 2 3
Mr. Bullock's b. g. Philpot, (late Wirley) aged - 3 4

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 5gs each, wt. 12st. — 2-mile heats. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. Bowes's ch. h. Anthropophagos, by Diomed, 5 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Dundas's br. h. Emsdorff, by Antæus, 5 yrs old - - 2 dr

On Thursday, the 8th, a Maiden Plate, of 50l. for 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. 5 yr olds, 8st. 7lb. 6 yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Fortescue's br. h. Mittimus, by Ruler, 5 yrs old - 4 1 0 1
Mr. Heming's ch. c. Pugilist, 4 yrs old 1 2 0 2
Mr. Whaley's b. c. Wilkes, 4 yrs old 2 3 dr
Mr. Payn's ch. f. Sally Rockingham, 4 yrs old - 3 dr
Mr. Mills's b. g. Florist, 4 yrs old (ran out) - dis

LAMBERTON.

ON Wednesday, the 7th of July, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 10lb. and yr olds, 8st. 10lb. The winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes since the 1st of March, carrying 3lb. of two or more, 5lb. extra. Fillies allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats

Mr. Lonsdale's ch. c. by Beningbrough, dam by Ruler, 3 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Fletcher's br. c. Antelope, 4 yrs old - 2 2
Mr. Cuming's b. c. by John Bull, out of Ariadne, 4 yrs old - - 3 3
Col. Renton's b. f. by Buzzard, 4 yrs old (fell) dis

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, 12st.—3-mile heats. (4 Subscribers.)

Col. Renton's gr. m. by Comet - - 1 1
Mr. Ilderton's b. h. by Columbus - - 2 2
Mr. Don's ch. h. Sharp Shooter - - 3 3

Mr. Fletcher's b. h. Seven's-the-main, by Toby, beat Mr. Johnstone's g. Suwarrow, half a mile, 50gs.

Thursday, the 8th, the 50l. Plate was not run for, for want of horses.

Mr. Fletcher's black pony beat Mr. Johnson's Logie O'Buchan, rode by the owners, fifty yards, Mr. Johnson staking 5000gs to 500gs.

Mr. Johnson's br. c. Antelope, by Stride, beat Mr. Fletcher's black pony, rode by the owners, 100 yards.

NEWMARKET, JULY MEETING.

ON Monday, the 12th of July, Mr. Heathcote's b. m. Aniseed, by Coriander, 8st. 7lb. beat Ld Milsintown's Pic-Nic, 6st. 12lb. Ab. M. 100gs.

3 to 1 on Aniseed.

Renewal of the July Stakes, a Subscription of 50gs each, 30gs ft. by 2-yr old colts, carrying 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st. Two yr old course. (10 Subscribers.)

D. of Grafton's b. f. Duckling, by Grouse, out of Bounty - - 1
Ld Stawell's b. f. by Waxy, out of Active - 2
Mr. Ladbroke's b. f. by Young Woodpecker, out of Equity - - 3

Sir

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. by Whiskey, out of Laïs 4
Mr. Panton's f. by Pot8o's, out of Young Camilla 5
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by John Bull, out of Nike - 6
5 and 6 to 4 agst Sir C. Bunbury's filly, and 5 to 2 agst Duckling.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. 4lb. and fillies, 8st.—the last mile and a distance of B. C.—N. B. The late Mr. Perram, by his will, directed his executors to pay 20gs to the winner of this Plate.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Julia, by Whiskey - 1
Sir F. Standish's ch. c. brother to Eagle - 2
D. of Grafton's b. c. brother to Chuckle - 3
5 to 2 on Julia.

On Tuesday, 50l. by Subscription, for three yr olds carrying 6st. 9lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. D. I.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. f. Julia, by Whiskey, three yrs old 1
D. of Grafton's b. m. Hornby Lass, six yrs old - 2
Mr. J. Edwards's ch. h. Slapbang, six yrs old 3
Mr. Payne's ch. h. Canterbury, 6 yrs old - 4
6 to 5 on Slapbang, 2 to 1 agst Hornby Lass, and 4 to 1 agst Julia.

On Wednesday, Ld Stawell's f. by Waxy, out of Active, and Mr. Ladbroke's f. by Young Woodpecker, out of Equity, 7st. 12lb. each. Two yr old Course. 100gs, h. ft. ran a *dead heat*.

5 to 2 on Mr. Ladbroke's filly.

Mr. J. Edwards's ch. h. Slapbang, by Delpini, 8st. 8lb. beat Ld Milsintown's Pic Nic, 6st. 8lb. Ab. M. 100gs.

5 to 4 on Pic Nic.

NANTWICH.

ON Wednesday, the 14th of July, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages, three yr olds, 6st. 8lb. four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb. The winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes, this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra. Horses that had started twice this year, and not won, allowed 3lb. if three or more times, 4lb. three miles. (8 Subscribers.) N. B. The winner to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Mainwaring's gr. c. Knutsford, by Delpini, 4 yrs old 1
Mr. Bayley's gr. h. Nautilus, 5 yrs old - 2
Mr. Melburne's b. c. by Trumpator, 3 yrs old - 3
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. f. Bonduca, 4 yrs old - 4
Mr. S. Hill's b. f. by Alexander, 4 yrs old - 5

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 40l. added by the Town, for three yr olds, 7st. and four yr olds, 8st. 5lb. A winner of one Plate, or Sweepstakes, in the present year, carrying 3lb.; of two, 5lb. extra. —2-mile heats.

Mr. Lockley's b. c. Attainment, by Sir Peter, four yrs old	2	1	1
Mr. Massey's b. c. Moston, three yrs old	1	2	2

On Thursday, the 15th, 50l. for three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. A winner of one plate this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra. Mares allowed 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Bayley's gr. h. Nautilus, by Citizen, 5 yrs old	1	4	2	1
Mr. Massey's br. c. by Soldier, 3 yrs	2	2	1	2

Ld Stamford's ch. f. Alfreda, 3 yrs old 4 1 3 3
Mr. Lord's b. c. by Precipitate, 3 yrs old - 3 3 4

STOCKBRIDGE.

ON Thursday, the 15th of July, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by the Members for the Borough; three yr olds, carrying 6st. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 12lb. six yr olds, 9st. 5lb. and aged, 9st. 7lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Rattler, by Mr. Teazle, 3 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Abbey's ch. h. Acmon, aged - 4 2
Mr. Dilly's b, m. by Satellite, 6 yrs old - 2 dr
Mr. Thorp's gr. m. by Pilot, 5 yrs old - 3 dr

On Friday, 50l. for three and four yr olds—2-mile heats.

Mr. Scrope's b. c. Dotterel, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. - 1 1
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's, br. c. by Fidget, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. - 3 2
Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. - 2 dr

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses that never started, paid or received forfeit, before the first of March, carrying 12st. four miles. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. Heming's b. h. by Pegasus, out of a sister to Escape, 5 yrs old - - 1
Mr. Stratton's b. g. Skylight, by Trinket, 6 yrs old 2
Mr. Abbey's ro. m. by Asparagus, 5 yrs old - 3
Mr. Batson's b. m. Novice, aged - - 4

EDINBURGH.

ON Monday, the 19th of July, the City Plate of 50l. for horses, &c. carrying 11st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Kincaid's br.h. by Overton, 5 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Sharp's gr. g. 2 2
Mr. Fletcher's ch. m. aged 3 3

Mr. Fletcher's Lethe, by Sir Peter, 8st. 6lb. beat Mr. Johnson's Antelope, 7st. 10lb. two miles, gs.

Tuesday, the 20th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six yr olds, 9st. 5lb. and aged, 10st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Driver, by Huby, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Lonsdale's Logie O'Buchan, 6 yrs old 2 dr
Mr. Williamson's gr. m. by Delpini - dis

Wednesday, the 21st, 50gs for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's Driver, 4 yrs old - 1 1
D. of Hamilton's bl. f. by Restless, 4 yrs old 2 2

Thursday, the 22d, Hunter's Plate of 50gs, wt. 12st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's ch. m. by Mercury, aged 3 1 1
Mr. Sharp's gr, g. 1 3 2
Mr. Don's yellow b. h. 2 2 3

Friday, the 23d, 50gs for all ages;—4-mile heats.

D. of Hamilton's bl. f. by Restless, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Lonsdale's br. c. Antelope, 4 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Webb's ch. c. by Volunteer, 4 yrs old 3 dr

Saturday, the 24th, a Purse for the beaten horses.

Mr. Lonsdale's Logie O'Buchan, by Rockingham 1 1
Mr. Webb's c. by Volunteer 2 2

By

By the pressure of the crowd, both horses were thrown down the second heat, and one of the riders much bruised by the fall.

CHELMSFORD.

ON Tuesday, the 20th of July, Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for fillies; three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. and four yr olds, 9st.—2-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. f. Julia, by Whiskey, 3 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Browne's b. f. by Bacchus, 3 yrs old - 2 dr

On Wednesday, the 21st, the Steward's Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Golding's b. f. Lampedo, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Cross's b. m. 2 2

On Thursday, the 22d, the Town Plate of 50l. (Maiden);—2-mile heats, was not run for.

Mr. Golding's ch. f. Remnant, received 20l.

WINCHESTER.

ON Tuesday, the 20th of July, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs; for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's ch. h. Sir Sidney, by Pegasus, 5 yrs old - - 1 1
Mr. Elton's b. c. Yam, 4 yrs old - 5 2
Mr. Heming's b. h. Parnassus, 5 yrs old - 2 dr
Mr. J. Sutton's gr. h. Hackneyman, 5 yrs old 3 dr
Mr. Mills's b. c. Florist, 4 yrs old - 4 dr

The Brookwood Stakes of 15gs each, rode by Gentlemen, 13st.—two miles. (4 Subscribers.)

Mr. Assheton Smith's b. g. by Spartacus, aged 1
Mr. Byndloss's br. h. Brown Bread, 5 yrs old 2

On Wednesday, the 21st of July, the City Purse of 50l. free for any horse, except the winner of the King's Plate this year; five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 6lbs.—4-mile heats.

Mr. J. Sutton's gr. h. Hackneyman, by Overton, 5 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Snell's b. h. St. Vincent, 5 yrs old 2 0
Mr. Heming's b. h. Parnassus, 5 yrs old 3 0
Mr. Hyde's b. h. Skyrocket, 5 yrs old - 4 0
Mr. Smith's b. g. by Spartacus, aged dis

The judge could not place the horses the second heat.

For the 50l. for three and four yr olds.

Mr. Scrope's b. c. Dotterel, walked over.

Thursday, the 22d of July, the Ladies' Plate of 50l. for horses that had not won a Prize of that value; four yr olds carrying 7st. 12lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Mills's b. c. Florist, by Escape, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Payne's ch. f. Sally Rockingham, 4 yrs old 2 2

The County Members' Plate of 50l. for horses, the property of resident Freeholders, 13st.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Cox's b. m. Satellite, 6 yrs old - dis 1
Mr. Payne's ch. f. Sally, 4 yrs old - dis dis

Sally was distanced the first heat, and it was said Satellite ran on the wrong side of a Post, of course, it was run over again, and ended as marked.

We have inserted the last race exactly as sent to us, but cannot

help remarking on the apparent absurdity of the decision—If Satellite ran on the wrong side the Post, we conceive Sally won the heat, and Satellite was distanced.

HAVERFORDWEST.

ON Monday, the 26th of July, 50l. for horses bred in the Principality of Wales;—4-mile heats.

Col. Colby's gr. m. Bet Blossom, by Magog, aged 9st. 1 1
Ld Cawdor's ch. g. Serjeant, aged, 9st. - 2 2

A Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb.—4-miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. M. Philipps's br. h. Rolla, by Overton, 5 yrs old 1
Mr. Jenner's b. g. True Briton, 6 yrs old - 2

On Tuesday, the 27th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Jenner's b. g. True Briton, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. - 2 1 1
Mr. J. Philipps's b. c. Whiskey, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. - 1 2 dr

On Wednesday, the 28th of July, the 50l. for three and four yr olds, was walked over for, by

Mr. J. Philipp's b. c. Whiskey

The 50l. for all ages:—4-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's b. h. Collector, by Spadille, aged, 8st. 13lb. 1 1
Mr. Mansel Philipps's b. h. Rolla, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2 2

SALISBURY.

ON Wednesday, the 28th of July, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Scrope's b. c. Dotterel, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Heming's b. h. Parnassus, 5 yrs old 2 2

On Thursday, the 29th, the Silver Bowl, for horses, &c. carrying 10st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Wilkinson's b. g. Shaver (late Philpot) by Mercury, aged - 1 1
Ld Folkestone's Monkovitz 2 2
Mr. Arqual's Warrior 3 3
Mr. Smith's ch. m. Trull 4 dr

The Member's Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb. Winner of one Plate, this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Major Snell's b. h. St. Vincent, by Fortunio, 5 yrs old 2 2 0 1 1
Mr. Hyde's b. h. Skyrocket, 5 yrs old - 3 1 3 2 2
Mr. Mills's b. c. Florist, 4 yrs old 1 3 0 3 dr

On Friday the 30th, 50l. for maiden horses, &c. four yr olds, carrying 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Abbey's ch. f. Sally, by Rockingham, four yrs old 1 1
Mr. Pain's ro. m. Eliza, 5 yrs old (bolted) dis

BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

ON Friday, July 30, the first year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 4lb. and fillies, 8st.—the last mile of the Course. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c. (11 Subscribers.)

H. R.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's b. c. Shock, by Waxy 1
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Alchymist; Ld Milsintown's b. c. Pic Nic; Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler; and Mr. Panton's b. c. French-horn; also started, but the Judge could not place them.

5 and 6 to 4 on Pic-Nic.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 30gs ft. for two yr old colts, 8st. 6lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb. Two yr old Course. (13 Subscribers.)

D. of Grafton's b. f. Duckling, by Grouse, out of Bounty 1
Mr. Harris's ch. f. sister to Allegranti 2
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's gr. f. by Precipitate 3
Several others started, but could not be placed.

2 to 1 on Duckling.

Mr. Heathcote's Anniseed, by Coriander, 8st. 1lb. beat H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's Tag, 8st. 4lb. the last mile, 200gs, h. ft.

6 to 4 on Tag.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Surprise, by Buzzard, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Norton's Hippona, 9st. 3lb. one mile, 100gs.

Fifty Pounds, for four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 9st. 2lb. and aged, 9st. 5lb. —heats, the New Course, about a mile and three-quarters. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Sir F. Poole's br. m. Tawney, by Mentor, 5 yrs old	3	1	1
Capt. Hatton's ch. h. Brighton, 5 yrs old	1	2	2
Mr. Fortescue's br. h. Mittimus, 5 yrs old	2	3	dr

6 to 4 against Brighton, 6 to 4 against Mittimus, and 3 to 1 against Tawny.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each;—the last mile.

Ld Egremont's Bobtail, by Precipitate, 9st. recd. 35gs each from Mr. Neale's Hippona, 8st. 7lb. and Mr. Heathcote's Popinjay, 8st. 4lb.

On Saturday, the 31st of July, the first year of the Petworth Stakes of 10gs each, for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 3lb. —Four-mile Course. Mares allowed 2lb. The winner to be sold for 250gs, if demanded, &c. (14 Subscribers.)

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's br. h. Fidget, 4 yrs old 1
Mr. Wardell's ch. c. Malta, 4 yrs old 2
Mr. Howorth's b. h. Chippenham, 6 yrs old 3
Even betting, Fidget agst the field.

Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds, 7st. 6lb. four yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and five yr olds, 9st. 7lb. A winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes, in 1802, carrying 3lb. extra. of two, 7lb. extra. Mares allowed 3lb.—heats, the New Course.

H. R. H. the P. Wales's ch. h. Tag, by Precipitate, 5 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Durand's ch. h. Sir Sidney, 5 yrs old	2	2
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Alchymist, 3 yrs old	3	3
Mr. Wardell's ch. c. Malta, 4 yrs old	4	4
Mr. Browne's b. f. by Bacchus, dam by Seagull, 3 yrs old (fell)	dis	

The Bacchus filly was ordered to be killed, having broke her back.

6 to 4 agst Tag, 3 to 1 agst Sir Sidney, and 3 to 1 agst Alchymist.

On Monday, the 2d of August, a Handicap Plate of 50l. heats, the New Course.

Mr. Harris's b. h. Gig, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	1

Mr.

Mr. Durand's ch. f. by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2 2
Mr. Fortescue's br. h. Mittimus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4 3
Mr. Howorth's b. h. Chippenham, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3 4
Mr. Edwards's ch. h. Slapbang, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. dr
Chippenham the favourite; and after the heat, even betting, and 5 to 4 on Gig.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. Two yr old Course, 8st. (4 Subscribers.)
Mr. Howorth's ch. c. by John Bull, out of Doxy, walked over.

The Match between Shock and Shocking was off by consent.—And that between Trombone and Rosetta, is agreed to be run at Lewes.

OXFORD.

ON Tuesday, the 3d of August, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, (the remainder in specie) a Subscription of 10gs each; for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb. —four miles. (14 Subscribers.)
Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Fieldfare, by Alexander, 4 yrs old 1
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's br. h. Lucan, 6 yrs old 2
Mr. Warrington's b. c. Pyrrhus, 4 yrs old 3
6 to 4 on Lucan, and 3 to 1 agst Fieldfare.

The Town Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's br. h. Lucan, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 2 1 1
Mr. A. Craven's ch. c. Hackney, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 1 2 2
Colonel Kingscote's b. h. Chuckle, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 3 3 dr
Lucan the favourite.

On Wednesday, the 4th of August, a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for regular Hunters, rode by Gentlemen; five yr olds carrying 11st. 5lb. six yr olds and aged, 11st. 7lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—four miles. (23 Subscribers)
Mr. G. F. Stratton's b. g. Skylight, by Trinket, 6 yrs old 1
Mr. Lockley's b. g. by Cœur de Lion, dam by Pot8O's, yrs old 2
Lord F. Spencer's b. m. Madcap; and Mr. Whitmore's ch. h. by Little Isaac; also started, but were not placed.

No race for the 50l. Plate, for want of horses.

On Thursday, the 5th of August, 50l. given by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, for all ages (Cup weights)—3-mile heats.
Mr. F. Buckle's b. c. Pyrrhus, by Alexander, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Craven's ch. c. Hackney, 4 yrs old 2 2

HUNTINGDON.

ON Tuesday, the 3d of August, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and five yr olds, 9st. 3lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.
Mr. Golding's ch. f. Remnant, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old 1 1
Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, 3 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Best's ch. m. Jilt, 5 yrs old 3 3
Col. White's ch. c. Kœyser, 4 yrs old 4 4
Mr. J. Griffith's ch. m. Doubtless, 5 yrs old dis
Orlando the favourite against the field.

On

On Wednesday, the 4th of August, 50l. for four yr olds and upwards;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Payne's ch. h. Canterbury, by Pot8o's, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. - 1 1
Mr. Preston's b. g. Piccadilly, aged, 8st. 7lb. 4 2
Mr. Williams's b. h. Peacemaker, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 3
Mr. Sitwell's br. g. Cockboat, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3 dr
Mr. M. Stephenson's b. f. Maria, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. dis

On Thursday, the 5th, 50l. for four yr olds and upwards;—4-mile heats. The winner, with his engagements, to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Payne's ch. h. Canterbury, 6 yrs old, 8st 9lb. - 2 1 1
Mr. Golding's b. f. Lampedo, 4 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. - 1 2 2
Mr. Preston's b. g. Piccadilly, aged, 8st. 5lb. 3 3 3
Mr. Sitwell's Cockboat, 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (broke down) 4 dis

N: B. The winner was purchased by the owner of the second horse.

KNUTSFORD.

ON Tuesday, the 27th of July, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—3-mile heats. Mares and geldings, allowed 2lb.

Mr. Billington's ch. m. Moonshine, by Meteor, aged 0 1 2 1
Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. Old Nick, by Traveller, out of Kilton's dam, 4 yrs old 0 3 3 2
Mr. Jodrell's b. h. Supervisor, 5 yrs old - 3 2 1 3

Mr. Jodrell's br. h. Mobberley Crab, by Young Eclipse, 8st. beat Mr. Brooke's gr. h. Baron Nile, 9st. three miles, 300gs, h. ft.

On Wednesday the 28th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each; three yr olds, 6st. 10lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—three miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Stamford's ch. c. Edgar, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old 1
Mr. Jodrell's b. c. Macclesfield, 3 yrs old 2

A Subscription of 5gs each, with 40gs added, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—2-mile heats. The winner of one Plate or Stakes in the present year, carrying 3lb. and of two or more, 5lb. extra, the owner of the second-best horse having his Stake back.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mountaineer, by John Bull, dam by Mercury 1 1
Ld Stamford's ch. f. Elfrida, by Buzzard, out of Edgar's dam 2 2
Mr. Lord's ch. c. Turn-toe, by Mr. Teazle 4 3
Mr. Graham's ch. c. by Delpini, dam by Asparagus 3 4

On Thursday the 29th, 60l. for three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb. The winner of one Plate or Stakes in the present year, carrying 3lb. and of two or more, 5lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Ld Stamford's ch. c. Edgar, 4 yrs old 3 1 1
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mountaineer, 3 yrs old 1 2 3

Mr.

Mr. Smith's br. h. Citizen, 5 yrs old 4 3 2
Mr. Cholmondeley's b. c. Macclesfield, 3 yrs old 2 dr

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Stewards, for horses the property of the Subscribers;—once round the Course. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Stamford's ch. c. Edgar, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb. 1
Mr. Cholmondeley's br. h. Mobberley Crab, 6 yrs old, 1st. 10lb. - 2
Ld Grey's ch. f. Elfrida, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. - pd
Mr. Jodrell's b. c. Macclesfield, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. pd

TAUNTON.

ON Tuesday, the 3d of August, 50l. for horses, &c. that never won a Prize of that value;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Payne's ch. f. Sally, by Rockingham, 4 yrs old, 8st. - 1 1
Sir J. Davie's b. h. Magog, aged, 9st. 6lb. 2 2
Col. Bassett's ch. h. King David, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. - 3 3
Mr. Webb's b. m. Maid of Creedy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. - 4 dis

On Wednesdas, the 4th, a Free Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Hyde's b. h. Skyrocket, by Skyscraper, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. - 1 1
Mr. Chichester's ch. h. Cripple, aged, 9st. 3lb. 3 2
Major Croft's b. h. Coriander, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 3

LEWES.

ON Thursday, the 5th of August, the third and last year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each; for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8lb.—the last mile and half. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Whaley's b. c. Informer, by Drumator 1
Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratle 2
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's b. c. Shock 3
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Alchymist - 4
Sir F. Poole's b. f. by Waxy 5

6 to 4 agst Shock, and 2 to 1 agst. Informer.

Ld Egremont's ch. h. Bobtail, by Precipitate, aged, 9st. beat Mr. Fortescue's br. h. Mittimus, five yrs old, 6st.—the last mile, 200gs.

5 to 2 on Bobtail.

Mr. Panton's Trombone, by Trumpator, four yrs old, 9st. beat Mr. Ladbroke's Rosetta, two yrs old, 7st.—the last three-quarters of a mile, 50gs.

6 and 7 to 4 on Trombone.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs; for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's b. c. Teddy the Grinder, by Asparagus, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. J. Edwards's ch. h. Slapbang, 6 yrs old 2 2
Ld Sackville's b. h. Warter, aged 3 3
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's ch. h. Tag, 5 yrs old 4 4

5 to 4 agst Teddy, 4 to 1 agst Warter, 8 to 1 agst Slap-bang, and 9 to 1 agst Tag.

On Friday the 6th, the County Plate of 50l.—heats, two miles and a half.

H. R. H.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's b. g Rebel, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1 1
Mr. Edwards's Slap-bang, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3 2
Mr. Neale's ch. m. Hippona, aged, 8st. 9lb. 2 dr

Even betting on Rebel, and 5 to 4 agst Slap-bang; after the first heat, 7 to 4 on Rebel.

Mr. Howorth's Rosetta, by Young Woodpecker, 7st. 13lb. beat Mr. Ladbroke's Bumpkin, 8st. 4lb. the last three-quarters of a mile, 25gs.—6 to 4 on Rosetta.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7s. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 7lb. and aged, 8st. 8lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—heats, two miles and a half.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's br. c. by Fidget, 4 yrs old 4 3 1 1
Sir F. Poole's br. m. Tawny, 5 yrs old 5 1 2 2
Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler, 3 yrs old 2 2 3
Lord Egremont's b. f. Amazon, 3 yrs old 1 4 dr
Mr. Panton's b. c. French-horn, 3 yrs old 3 5 dr

2 to 1 agst Tawny, 2 to 1 agst Fidget; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst Tawny, 7 to 4 agst Fidget, and 7 to 2 agst Amazon; after the second heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on Tawny, and 10 to 1 agst Fidget; after the third heat, 6 to 4 on Fidget.

On Saturday the 7th, the first year of a Subscription of 10gs each; for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—four miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Durand's ch. h. Sir Sidney, by Pegasus, 5 yrs old 1
H. R. H. the P. of Wales's b. h. Surprize, 5 yrs old 2
Ld Egremont's ch. h. Bobtail, aged 3

3 and 4 to 1 on Bobtail.

The Ladies' Plate, value 60gs.—four miles.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's g. Rebel, by Trumpator, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 1
Mr. Durand's c. Teddy the Grinder, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ran out of the Course.

3 to 1 on Teddy.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, two miles and a half.

Ld Sackville's br. c. Pacificator, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 1 1
Sir F. Poole's m. Tawny, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2 2
Mr. Durand's ch. f. by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (ran out) dis

6 to 4 on Pacificator, 4 to 1 agst the Buzzard filly.

Mr. Wardell's ch. c. Malta, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. received ft. from H. R. H. the P. of Wales's ch. h. Tag, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. the last mile, 100, h. ft.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

ON Monday, August 9, a Maiden Plate, of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. four yr olds, 8st. 6lb. five yr olds, 9st. six yr olds, 9st. 4lb. and aged, 9st. 7lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Jenner's gr. g. Highlander - 2 1 1
Mr. Wrixon's gr. g. Peter the Great - 1 2 2
Mr. Jones's br. g. Pic Nic - 3 3 3

Pic Nic the favourite.

On Tuesday the 10th, a free Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's br. h. Ben Devaynes, by Soldier, 5 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Johnson's ch. m. Gazer, 5 yrs old 2 2

On Wednesday the 11th, a free Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's b. h. Collector, by Spadille, aged 1 1
Mr. Jenner's b. g. True Briton, 6 yrs old 3 2
Mr. Johnson's Gazer, 5 yrs old 2 3

WORCESTER.

ON Tuesday, August 10, 50l. for horses, &c. that never won or received forfeit previous to the 1st of May, 1802.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Saunders's br. c. Orange Flower, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 1 1
Mr. Cotes's gr. g. Little Ben, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2 2
Mr. Coventry's b. g. Logie, aged, 8st. 11lb. 3 3

On Wednesday, the 11th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr olds, 6st. 3lb. four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 2lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Saunders's Orange Flower, 4 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Coventry's ch. m. Jenny Spinner, 5 yrs old 4 2
Col. Kingscote's ch. f. Harriot, 3 ors old 2 3
Mr. Painter's br. c. Creswell, 4 yrs old 3 dr

Hunters' Purse, value 50l. given by the Members for the County, King's-plate weights, with an allowance of 3lb. to mares and geldings —Distance not mentioned.

Mr. Paine's ch. g. Partner, by Ratler, (by Imperator) - 4 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Squire's b. c. Bittersweet, by Flying Gib, 4 yrs old - 2 dis
Col. Newport's gr. m. Vanity, 6 yrs old 3 dis
Mr. H. Hammond's b. g. Minister, by Minister, aged 4 dis

On Thursday, the 12th, 50l. free for any horse, &c. that never won a King's Plate.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's ch. h. Chanter, by Pipator, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb. - 2 1 1
Mr. Cotes's b. c. Pyrrhus, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb. 1 2 2

NOTTINGHAM.

ON Tuesday, August 10, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. 5 yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Sitwell's br c. Fieldfare, by Alexander, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Barratt's ch. g. Express, aged 2 dr
Mr. Graham's b. f. by King Fergus, 4 yrs old (bolted) dis

Hunters' Sweepstakes, of 10gs each, 12st.—Four miles.—(Nine Subscribers.)

Mr. Baker's ch. h. Quilter, by Standard, 5 yrs old 1
Mr. Abbey's ro. m. 5 yrs old 2

On Wednesday the 11th, 50l. for four yr olds.

Mr. Sitwell's Fieldfare, walked over.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with the County Members' Plate of 50l. added; for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—1-mile heats.

Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Pipylin, by Sir Peter - 1 1

Mr.

Mr. Lumley Savile's br. f. Moss Rose - 4 2
Mr. Johnson's ch. c. Fisher 3 3
Mr. Massey's br. c. by Soldier - 2 dr

On Thursday, the 12th, the Town Plate of 50l. (Maiden) for three yr olds, 5st. 10lb. four yr olds, 7st. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lumley Savile's br. f. Moss Rose, by Sir Peter, out of Attraction, 3 yrs old 1 2 1
Mr. Bettison's br. f. 3 yrs old - 6 1 2
Mr. Massey's br. c. by Soldier, 3 yrs old 2 dr
Mr. Johnson's ch. c. Fisher, 3 yrs old 3 dr
Mr. Cooper's gr. g. 5 yrs old - 4 dis
Mr. Barrat's ch. g. Express, aged 5 dis

MONTROSE.

ON Wednesday, the 11th of August, a Plate of 100l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's b. h. Lethe, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old 1 1
D. of Hamilton's bl. f. 4 yrs old - 2 dr

On Thursday, the 12th, the Ladies' Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

D. of Hamilton's bl. f. by Restless, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Fletcher's Applegarth, aged - 3 2
Mr. Kincaid's h. by Overton, 5 yrs old - 2 dr

BRIDGNORTH.

ON Wednesday, the 11th of August, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by Thomas Whitmore, Esq. for all ages; 4 yr olds carrying 7st.—4-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Tityrus, by Alexander, 4 yrs old 1 2 1
Mr. Bailey's gr. c. Knutsford, 4 yrs old (bolted) - 2 1 dis

On Thursday, the 12th, 50l. given by I. H. Browne, Esq. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, by Citizen, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. - 1 1
Mr. Bailey's gr. h. Nautilus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2 2
Mr. Sparkes's br. g. Volunteer, by Minister, aged, 8st. 7lb. - - dis

On Friday, the 13th, the Ladies' Purse of 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats,

Sir W. W. Wynn's Tityrus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1 1
Mr. Bailey's Knutsford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. - 2 2

Mr. Lord's b. f. by Fortunio, out of a sister to Maria, beat Mr. T. Carr's b. f. by Dungannon, out of Maria, 7st. 10lb. each, both 2 yrs old, 100gs.

BLANDFORD.

ON Thursday, the 12th of August, 50l. for horses, &c. that had not won that value since March, 1801, (Matches excepted) four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. five yr olds, 9st. six yr olds, 9st. 6lb. and aged, 9st. 10lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Wilkinson's b. g. Shaver (late Wirley) by Mercury, aged - 1 1
Mr. Bell's ch. m. by Woodpecker, aged - 2 2
Mr. Barnard's b. g. Tom Styles, 5 yrs old 3 3

On Friday, the 13th, 50l. for

three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Scrope's b. c. Dotterel, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. - 1 1

Mr. Mills's b. g. Florist, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. - 2 2

The County Members' Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Hyde's b. h. Skyrocket, by Skyscraper, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 2 1 1

Mr. Elton's b. c. Yam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 1 2 2

7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Yam.

CANTERBURY.

ON Tuesday, the 17th of August, the second and last year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Whaley's b. c. Informer, by Drumator - 1

Mr. Watson's b. f. by Sir Peter 2

The first year of a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three and four yr olds;—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Durand's b. c. Teddy the Grinder, by Asparagus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 1

Ld Sondes's Paulo, 4 yrs old, 8st. - - 2

The first year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages:—two miles. (12 Subscribers.)

Mr. Durand's Teddy the Grinder, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1

Mr. Watson's ch. f. Patch, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2

The Kentish Hunters' Stakes of 5gs each, 12st.—4-mile heats. (13 Subscribers.)

N. B. A fox's head (silver) to the owner of the second horse.

Mr. Hilton's g. Young Magpie, 6 yrs old - - 1 1

Mr. H. Crosoer's ro. m. Miss Swain, by Magpie, 6 yrs old - 3 2

Miss S. Sawbridge's gr. m. Moggy - - 2 3

Mr. Huggesson's b. g. Amderby, aged dis

On Wednesday, the 18th of August, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, &c.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's Sir Sidney, by Pegasus, 5 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Hilton's g. Young Magpie, 6 yrs old 2 2

A Maiden Plate of 50l. given by the County Members.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Grisewood's b. f. Miss Newland, 3 yrs old, 5st. 12lb. - 1 1

Ld Sondes's b. c. Paulo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 2

On Thursday, the 19th, the City Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds—2-mile heats.

Mr. Grisewood's Miss Newland, 7st. 1 1

Mr. Sawbridge's b. f. Patch, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 2

On Friday the 20th, the County Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Watson's f. Ransom, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, 5st. 0 2 1 1

Mr. Durand's Sir Sidney, 5 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. - 0 1 dr

DERBY.

ON Tuesday, the 17th of August, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by the Duke of Devonshire, three yr olds, 7st. 2lb. four yr olds, 8st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

M

Mr. Bailey's gr.c. Knutsford, 4 yrs old, by Delpini 1 1
Mr. Harris's b. c. 3 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Lord's ch. c. 3 yrs old 3 3
Mr. Saunders's b. f. 4 yrs old dis

Wednesday, the 18th of August, 50l. for horses, &c. that never won above 50gs at one time, (Matches and Sweepstakes excepted) three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yrs old. 8st. 3lb. six yrs old, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 9st. The winner of one 50l. this year carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of three, 7lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Hurt Sitwell's b. h. Meteor, by Meteor, 6 yrs old (1 plate) - 1 1
Mr. Clifton's b. g. Grinder, 5 yrs old, (1 plate) 4 2
Mr. Bailey's gr. h. Nautilus, 5 yrs old, (1 plate) 5 3
Mr. Simpson's gr. c. by Delpini, 3 yrs old - 3 4
Mr. Graham's b. f. by King Fergus, 4 yrs old, (1 plate) 2 5

HEREFORD.

ON Wednesday, the 18th of August, 50l. for all ages—4-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, by Citizen, 6 yrs old, 9t. 11lb. - - 1 1
Mr. Delme's Lucan, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. - 2 2
Col. Kingscote's Harriet, 3 yrs old, a feather 3 dis

On Thursday, the 19th, 50l. for three and four yr olds—2-mile heats.

Mr. Saunders's br. c. Orange Flower, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, walked over.

Hunters' Sweepstakes. (8 Subscribers) 10gs each.

Mr. Coventry's Logie o'Buchan, by King Fergus, walked over.

On Friday, the 20th, 50l. for all ages—4-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's Dapple, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. - 1 1
Mr. Painter's Creswell, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. - 2 2
Mr. Owen's Cantator, (late True Briton) 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. - 3 3

YORK.

ON Saturday, the 21st of August, a Handicap Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for four yr olds;—two miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Lancaster, by Sir Peter, 7st. 7lb. 1
Sir W. Gerard's b. c. Belleisle, 8st. - 2
Mr. Fawkes's b. c. Dr. Solander, 8st. - 3
6 to 4 agst Lancaster, the same agst Belleisle.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. four miles.

Ld Darlington's b. h. Hap-hazard, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. - 1
Mr. Wentworth's b. h. Chance, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2
Sir H. T. Vane's b. h. Cockfighter, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3
Mr. Lumley Savile's ch. h. Cinnamon, 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 4
D. of Hamilton's b. m. by Walnut, 5 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 5
Mr. Baker's b. h. Jonah, aged, 8st. 2lb. - 6
2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst Chance, the same agst Hap-hazard, 4 to 1 agst Cinnamon, and 8 to 1 agst Cockfighter.

On Monday the 23d, the first year of a Subscription of 25gs each, for horses, the property of Subscribers three months before running, and to be named on the Saturday,

Saturday preceding;—four miles. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. - 1
Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2

High odds on Sir Solomon.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four year olds, 10st. 4lb. five year olds, 11st. 6lb. six year olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Four miles.

Mr. Dawson's ch. c. Quiz, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old 1
Sir W. Gerard's b. c. Belleisle, 4 yrs old - - 2
Ld Strathmore's b. h. by Walnut, 5 yrs old - 3
Ld Darlington's br. c. by Alexander, 4 yrs old 4
Mr. Broome's br. c. Trowsers, 4 yrs old - 5
Mr. Boulton's ch. h. by Windlestone, aged - 6

5 and 6 to 4 on Quiz.

Produce Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for four year olds;—four miles. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. G. Crompton's ch. f. Rosamond, by Buzzard, out of Roseberry, 8st. 1lb. 1
Mr. Wilson's b. f. Sophia, 8st. 1lb. - 2
Ld Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Miracle, 8st. 7lb. - 3

2 to 1 on Sophia, 4 and 5 to 1 agst Rosamond.

On Tuesday, the 24th, Mr. Sitwell's b. f. Regina, by Moorcock, out of Rally, 8st. beat Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Beningbrough, out of Tippet, 7st. 12lb. from Middlethorpe Corner, in, 100gs.

Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Regina.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr olds, 8st. 2lb. from Middlethorpe Corner, in. (4 Subscribers.)

Mr. W. Lee's b. c. Strap, by Beningbrough, dam by Highflyer 1
Ld Darlington's b. c. by Sir Peter, out of Skelton's dam 2
Mr. Wilson's gr. c. brother to Honest John 3

5 to 4 on Ld Darlington's colt.

Fifty Pounds for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. L. Saville's Cinnamon, by Coriander, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1 1
Ld Middleton's b. g. Bolter (late Bantam) 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2 2
Mr. Garforth's ch. c. Cynthius, by Acasia, 3 yrs old, 5st. (bolted) dis

6 to 4 on Cinnamon; after the heat, 5 to 1.

On Wednesday the 25th, the Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7ts. 12lb.—two miles. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wardell's ch. c. brother to Brough, by Stride 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c. Orville, by Beningbrough 2
Ld Belhaven's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Miss Tomboy 3
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Beningbrough, out of Golden Locks 4

7 to 4 agst the winner, 2 to 1 agst Orville, and 3 to 1 agst Ld Belhaven.

Fifty Pounds given by the City of York, added to one-third of the 25gs Subscription, for five yr olds, the property of Subscribers, 8st. 7lb. each;—four miles.

Ld Darlington's Hap-hazard, by Sir Peter 1
Mr. Wentworth's Chance 2
Mr. Garforth's Marcia 3

Even betting on Hap-hazard, and 6 to 4 agst Chance.

On Thursday the 26th, the Sweepstakes of 50gs each, for three yr

yr old fillies, 8st.—the last mile and half. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. by Pipator, out of Farewell 1
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Violet 2
Mr. Peirse's b. f. by Beningbrough, out of Rosamond 3
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. Rouge, by Standard, dam by Sir Peter 4

2 to 1 on Sir T. Gascoigne's filly, and 10 to 1 agst the winner.

Fifty Pounds, given by the City of York, added to one-third of the 25gs Subscription, for six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st.—four miles.

Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old 1
Sir H. T. Vane's br. h. Cockfighter, 6 yrs old 2

2 to 1 on Sir Solomon.

On Friday, the 27th, Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 20 ft. for three yr olds fillies, 8st.—the last mile and half. (4 Subscribers.)

Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. f. by Beningbrough, out of a sister to Constitution - 1
Mr. J. Fenton's ch. f. Countess, by Phœnomenon, out of Baron Nile's dam - 2
Sir H. T. Vane's br. c by Overton, out of Beningbro's dam - 3

6 to 4 agst the winner, and 2 to 1 agst Countess.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—2 miles. (4 Subscribers.)

Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c. Sparrowhawk, by Buzzard, out of Termagant - 1
Sir R. Winn's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Skelton's dam 2
Mr. T. Richardson's b. c. Abraham Newland - 3

2 to 1 on Sparrowhawk.

Fifty Pounds given by the City, added to the remaining third of the 25gs Subscription, for four yr old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—four miles. N. B. Twenty-five Subscribers to the three Plates, &c.

Mr. Dawson's Quiz, by Buzzard 1
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. Lennox 2
Mr. Brandling's b. c. Alonzo 3
Ld Darlington's ch. c. Muly Moloch 4

6 to 5 and 5 to 4 on Alonzo, 5 to 2 agst Muly, 5 to 1 agst Quiz, and 10 to 1 agst Lennox.

On Saturday the 28th, the Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10 ft. for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—two miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Lardella 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c. Orville 2
Sir R. Winn's ch. c. Tankersley, by Overton 3
Mr. Croft's b. c. by Traveller 4

Even betting on the winner.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for five yr old mares, 10st.—four miles.

Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, by Coriander, out of Faith 1
Mr. Carter's b. m. Quiver 2
Mr. Hutton's ch. m. Minerva 3
Mr. Shepheard's ch. m. Diana 4

5 and 6 to 4 on Marcia.

The Ladies' Plate for all ages;—four miles.

Sir T. Gascoigne's Lennox, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 1
Mr. Savile's Cinnamon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2
Mr. Garforth's ch. c. Trim, by Acacia, 3 yrs old, 5st. 13lb. 3

5 to 4 on Lennox.

Mr.

Mr. Milner's b. h. by Fortunio, beat Mr. Kirwan's Flugelman, from Middlethorpe Corner, in; rode by gentlemen, 50gs.

READING.

ON Tuesday, the 24th of August, 50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 11lb.—heats, once round.

Mr. Smith's b. c. by Grouse	1	1
Mr. Howdell's br. c. by Fortunio	3	2
Mr. Knowle's br. f. Fanny (fell)	2	dis

On Wednesday, the 25th, a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, h. ft. with a 50l. Plate added—4-mile heats.

Capt. Taylor's ch. h. Slapbang, by Delpini, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1	1
Col. Gower's b. f. Pomona, by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (fell)	2	dr
Mr. Scrope's b. c. Dotterel, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	pd	ft.

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each; four yr olds, 11st. 2lb. five yr olds, 11st. 9lb. six yr olds, 11st. 12lb. and aged, 12st.—2-mile heats. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Stora's ch. g. Emperor, aged	1	1
Mr. Sutton's br. f.	3	2
Mr. Howdell's ch. h. Warrior	2	3

On Thursday the 26th, 50l. for all ages; three yr olds 6st. 9lb. four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 10lb. Mares allowed 3lb. The winner of one Plate this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of more, 7lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Col. Gower's gr. h. Hackneyman, by Overton, 5 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Best's ch. m. Jilt, by Asparagus, 5 yrs old	3	2
Mr. Chinnock's br. g. Teddy the Grinder, 5 yrs old	4	3
Capt. Batson's b. m. Novice, aged	2	dr

TEWKESBURY.

ON Wednesday, August the 25th, a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 40gs added from the Race Fund.—2-mile heats.

Ld Stamford's ch. h. Chanter, by Pipator, 5 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Delmé's br. h. Lucan, 6 yrs old	3	2
Mr. Jones's Ben Devaynes, 5 yrs old, (broke down)	4	3
Mr. M. Phillipps's br. h. Rolla, 5 yrs old	3	4
Major Snell's b. h. St. Vincent, 5 yrs old	pd	

On Thursday the 26th, 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 8lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. A winner of one Plate, since the 25th of March, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of more, 7lb. extra. A horse having started since that time, and not won, allowed 3lb. if twice, 5lb. and if three or more times, 7lb.—4-mile heats.

Major Snell's b. h. St. Vincent, by Fortunio, 5 yrs old	3	1	1
Mr. M. Phillipps's br. h. Rolla, 5 yrs old	1	3	3
Colonel Kingscote's b. h. Chuckle, 5 yrs old	2	2	2
Mr. Coates's gr. g. Little Ben, 5 yrs old	dis		

PRESTON.

PRESTON.

(On Fullwood Moor.)

ON Wednesday, September the 1st, 50l. by any horse, mare, or gelding, that never won a 50l. plate (Sweepstakes and Matches excepted). Four yr olds, 7st, 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb.—3-mile heats. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.

Mr. W. Wilson's b. f. Julia, by Pipator, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. J. Longley's b. f. Shutless, 4 yrs old 2 2

A Sweepstakes of 20gs each; 3 yr old colts, 8st, 3lb. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—two miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's b. c. Peter, by Beningbrough, out of Lardella - 1
Mr. Jodrell's b. c. Macclesfield - - - 2

On Thursday, the 5th, 50l. given by the Earl of Derby, for 3 yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—2-mile heats. A winner of Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, carrying 3lb. extra.

Mr. Jodrell's b. c. Macclesfield, by Rockingham 1 1
Mr. Harris's b. c. - 2 2

A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters; 12st.—2-mile heats. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. g. Welch Ambassador, by Spadille - 1 1
Mr. Gillibrand's b. g. Gather Scraps - 2 2

On Friday, the 3d, the Members' Purse, of 50l. for all ages.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Clifton's b. c. Lancaster, 4 yrs old, walked over the course.

On Saturday, the 4th, 50gs, given by the Corporation of Preston, for all ages; 3 yr olds, 6st. 4 yr olds, 7st. 9lb. 5 yr olds, 8st. 5lb. 6 yr olds and aged, 8st, 10lb. A winner of one Plate in the present year, carrying 3lb, of two or more, 5lb. extra, Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.——4-mile heats,

Mr. Clifton's b. c. Lancaster, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Harris's b. c. 3 yrs old 2 2
Mr. W. Wilson's b. f. Julia, 4 yrs old - 3 dr

CHESTERFIELD.

ON Wednesday, September the 1st, the Gold Cup, a Subscription of 5gs each; 4 miles. (15 Subscribers.)

Mr. Watson's b. c. Striver, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 7st, 7lb. 1
Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Fieldfare, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2

Mr. Butler's bl. m. 6 yrs old, 13st. beat Mr. Hurt Sitwell's gr. m. Arabella, 5 yrs old, 12st. 7lb, 4 miles, 100gs, h. ft.

A Maiden Plate of 50l. given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for 2 yr olds, 5st. 5lb. 3 yr olds, 7st. 8lb. 4 yr olds, 8st. 12lb, and 5 yr olds, 9st. 8lb.—Horses, &c. that had started this year for a Plate or a Sweepstakes (if beat) allowed 3lb. if twice or more, 5lb. Mares and geldings allowed 5lb, 2-mile heats.

Mr. Stevenson's b. f. Cotillion, by Overton, out of Fanny, 4 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Sotheron's b. c. by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Harris's b. f. Miss Robinson, 4 yrs - 3 3
Mr. Hotham's b. f. 4 yrs old 4 4

Mr. Lord's ch. c. Turn-toe, 3 yrs old - 5 5

On Thursday, the 2d, 50l. for horses, &c. that never won a Plate of greater value;—3 yr olds, 6st. 5lb. 4 yr olds, 7st. 9lb. 5 yr olds, 8st 4lb. 6 yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Every horse, &c. that had started once in the present year, for Plate or Sweepstakes, and not won, allowed 3lb. if twice, and not won, 5lb. and if thrice, 7lb. Any horse, &c. that had won one Plate or Sweepstakes this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of three, 7lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Broome's br. c. Trowsers, by Traveller, 4 yrs old - 4 1 1
Mr. Smith's b. h. Young Citizen, 5 yrs old 5 2 2
Mr. Lord's ch. c. Turn-toe, 3 yrs old - 3 4 3
Mr. Watson's b. c. Striver, 4 yrs old - 1 3 dr
Mr. H. Sitwell's h. h. Meteor, six years old (two Plates) - 2 dr

WARWICK.

ON Tuesday, September the 7th, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for 4 yr olds, 10st. 4lb. 5 yr olds, 11st. 6lb. 6 yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb. (Four-mile heats.)

Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple by Citizen, 6 yrs old 1 3 2 1
Mr. Lockley's br. c. Attainment, 4 yrs old 2 4 1 2
Mr. Buckle's b. c. Pyrrhus, 4 yrs old 4 1 3 dr
Ld Stamford's ch. horse, Chanter, 5 yrs old 5 2 dr
Mr. Wynn's b. c. Mr. Giles, 4 yrs old 3 5 dr

Between the heats for His Majesty's Plate, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages; the owner of the second horse receiving back his Stake; heats, one mile. (7 Subscribers)—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Lockley's b. c. Minimia, by Trumpator, out of Niké, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 1 1
Mr. Saunders's b. f. Eliza, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 2
Mr. Saunders's b. f. by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3 3

The 50l. Plate was not run for, only two horses being entered.

Mr. Coventry's ch. m. Jenny Spinner, by Dragon, 5 yrs old, beat Mr. Craven's b. m. by Weasel, dam by Espersykes, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. each, the last mile, 100gs, h. ft.

On Wednesday, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by the Members for the Borough;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Massey's b. c. Bay Moston, by Soldier, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 1 1
Mr. Delmé's b. h. Surprise, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses that had been regularly hunted the preceding season, carrying 12st. Mares and geldings, 11st. 12lb. gentlemen riders:—2-mile heats. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Craven's ch. h. Frolick (late Egham) by Diomed - 1 1
Mr. Jone's b. h. Forestaller 4 2
Mr. Adams's bl. h. Pilgrim 2 3
Mr. Byndloss's b. g. Sir Simon - 5 4
Mr. Lockley's b. g. by Cœur de Lion - 3 dr

The Town Purse of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Major Snell's b. h. St. Vincent, by Fortunio, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 2 1 1

Mr.

Mr. Court's br. h. Citizen, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. - 3 2 2
Mr. Delmé's br. h. Lucan, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (fell) 1 dis

EGHAM.

ON Tuesday, the 7th of September, the Magna Charta Stakes of 25gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st. —the New Mile.

Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler, by Mr. Teazle 1
Mr. Whaley's br. c. Gulliver 2
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. by Precipitate - 3
Ld Egremont's b. f. Amazon 4
Mr. Browne's b. f. by Precipitate - 5

Even betting on Amazon.

Subscription Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Durand's ch. f. Tulip, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. - 1 1
Mr. Bradley's ch. h. Brighton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 dr
Mr. Sutton's br. f. Thistle, 4 yrs old, 7st. - dis

On Wednesday, the 7th, the Ladies' Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Ratler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 1 3 1
Mr. Harris's br. c. brother to Lurcher, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb, 4 1 2
Mr. Howdall's br. c. Simper, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 5 5 3
Mr. Knolly's b. f. Fanny, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 2 2 dr
Mr. Smith's b. c. by Grouse, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. - 3 4 dr

On Thursday the 9th, the Town Plate of 50l.—2-mile heats: winner to be sold for 250gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Durand's ch. f. Tulip, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. - 1 3 1
Mr. Bradley's ch. h. Brighton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. - 3 1 3
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. 2 2 2
Mr. Sutton's gr. h. Hackneyman, 5 yrs old, 9st. - 4 4 dr

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

ON Tuesday the 7th of September, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50l. added by the Corporation of Richmond, for all ages; four yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. The winner of a 50l. Plate or Subscription this year, carrying 3lb. extra. —3-mile heats. (5 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's br. h. Haphazard, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old - 1 1
Mr. Brandling's b. c. Dr. Solander, 4 yrs old 2 dr

High odds on Haphazard.

On Wednesday, the 8th, Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb. —once round. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Strathspey, by Pipator, out of Queen Mab - - 1
Mr. Danby's b. c. by Stride, dam by Drone - 2
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. Woodpecker, by Buzzard 3
Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by Pegasus, out of Rose 4

Even betting on Strathspey.

The Gold Cup, a Subscription of 10gs each, for three yr olds, 6st. 3lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. Fillies allowed 2lb.—4-miles (10 Subscribers.)

Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Beningbrough, out of Mary Ann, 3 yrs old	1
Ld Strathmore's ch. c. by Beningbrough, dam by Ruler, 3 yrs old	2
Ld Darlington's br. h. Haphazard, 5 yrs old	3
Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Traveller, out of Faith, 3 yrs old	4
Mr. Brandling's b. c. Alonzo, 4 yrs old (bolted)	5
Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, 6 yrs old	pd
Mr. Hutton's b. c. by Stride, dam by Drone, 3 yrs old	pd

2 to 1 on Haphazard, 4 to 1 agst Alonzo, and 4 to 1 agst the winner.

On Thursday, the Members' Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, that had not won that value this year, colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 12lb. —2-mile heats.

Mr. Danby's b. c. by Stride	1	1
Mr. W. Fletcher's b. c. by Buzzard, dam by Matchem	5	2
Mr. Garforth's ch. c. Cynthius	2	3
Mr. Fenton's ch. f. Countess	4	4
Mr. Price's b. f. by Star, dam by Paymaster	3	5

Even betting on the winner.

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, rode by gentlemen; 12st.—2-mile heats. (9 Subscribers.)

Sir H. T. Vane's bl. h. Collier, by Comet, (Mr. F. Hartley)	4	1	1
Mr. Baker's br. g. Sowerby (owner)	1	3	3
Ld Strathmore's b. h. Risby (Mr. Jadis)	2	2	2
Sir F. Boynton's b. h. Leviathan, by Jupiter, (Mr. Boynton)	3	4	4

6 to 4 on Risby, and 3 to 1 agst Collier

LINCOLN.

ON Wednesday, the 8th of September, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four and five yr old mares;—2-mile heats.

Sir G. Heathcote's b. m. Aniseed, by Coriander, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1	3	1
Mr. Crompton's ch. f. Rosamond, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	3	1	3
Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, five yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	4	2	2
Mr. Golding's ch. f. Remnant, four yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	dr	

The field the favourite.

On Thursday the 9th, the City Purse of 50l. for all ages;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	1	1
Mr. Crompton's ch. f. Rosamond, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2	2

10 to 1 on Sir Solomon.

On Friday the 10th, seventy guineas for all ages;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, 9st.	1	1
Mr. Richard Williams's ch. h. Canterbury, 6 yrs old, 9st.	2	2
Mr. Sawdon's ch. c. Claret, by Devi Sing, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11st.	dis	

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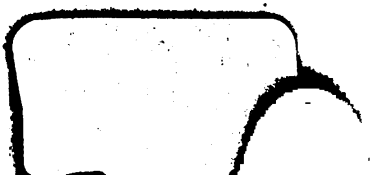
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